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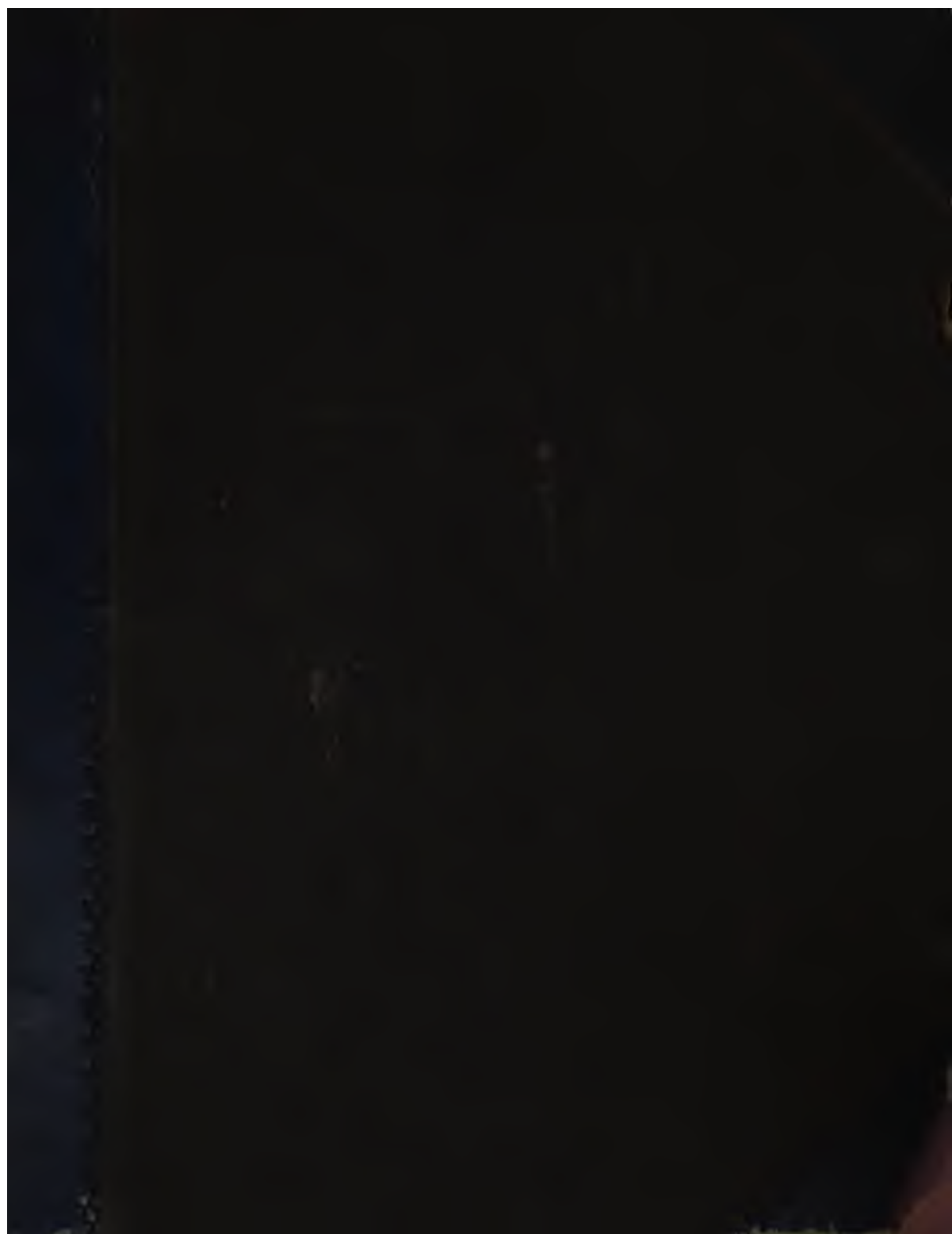
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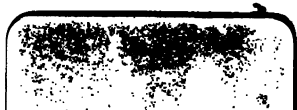
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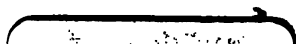


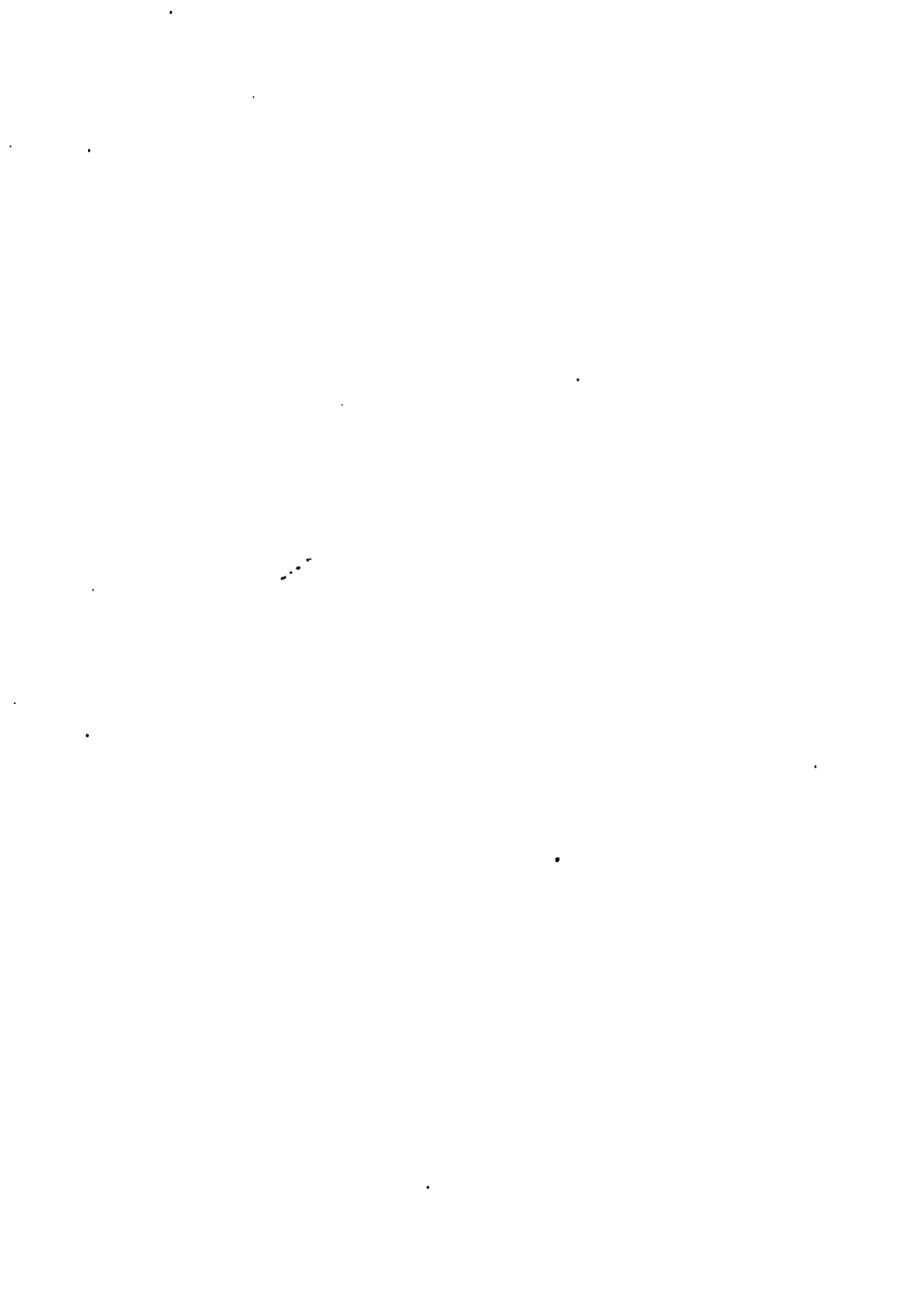
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THE ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK

AND

NATURALIST'S RECORD

*A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and
subjects of Natural History.*

"Fast bind, fast find."

THE GREEN SERIES COMPLETE.

WITH SIX WOODCUTS.



LONDON :—
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Epilogue.

"Here our play has ending" * for the present, and following a worthy precedent it might be said, "if it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no Epilogue." † But a few words of self-gratulation may be pardoned on looking back upon the many interesting topics which have been treated in the pages of this GREEN SERIES—so we will term it—of the NOTE-BOOK. The Rev. Professor Skeat, William Henderson, Thomas Westwood, Joseph Crawhall, T. Q. Couch, J. W. Douglas, and many other names dear to fishermen and naturalists have contributed to its columns some admirable articles. The wealth of Folk-lore which underlies our native birds, fishes and plants has been briefly indicated. Many practical directions for the fisherman's craft embodying large and varied experience, have been collected together. That angling has more than any other sport a poetical side and that tuneful minstrels yet live amongst us, have been illustrated by some excellent fishing-songs. A multitude of anecdotes and particulars connected with fish, flesh and fowl, has been appended. Each of these subjects can be referred to in a moment by the aid of the Index, and the result of our venture is, we trust, a volume complete in itself and of permanent interest to Anglers and naturalists. The Editor hopes that he "has won the hearts of all that he did angle for," ‡ and that many a fisherman will "read it o'er like a book of sport," § as Hector says, and find mingled pleasure and profit each time he does so.

If any possessor of this volume grieves over the conclusion of the present series, the Editor can only express his hope of beginning another at no distant day, when, by Sibyll-like craft, the present volume has become more scarce and risen in value proportionally. While thanking all who have so kindly assisted him with advice and contributions and trusting they will again lend him as zealous help when the new Series commences, he will now conclude his labours in well-known words : "A good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I." ||

* Shakespeare's *Pericles*, end.

† *As you like it*, Epilogue.

‡ *I. Henry iv.* 4, 3

§ *Troilus and Cressida* v. 5.

|| *II. Henry iv.* Epilogue.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN ANCIENT HOUSE IN THE CITY OF DURHAM.

BRINKBURN ON THE COQUET.

ASHIESTIEL BRIDGE ON THE TWEED.

THE THRUM MILL ON THE COQUET.

WARKWORTH CASTLE ON THE TWEED.

NORHAM CASTLE ON THE TWEED.



AN ANCIENT HOUSE IN THE CITY OF DURHAM.

The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

*A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and
subjects of Natural History.*

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No. I.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1880.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
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season when the hearth offers more charms than the river-side to many naturalists and sportsmen; perhaps it will thereby be the more welcome. It is meant to be acceptable alike in the field and at the fireside. Our objects are to afford information, both literary and practical; to preserve notes and observations of fishermen and naturalists; to discuss moot points of angling, woodcraft, bird, beast, and insect life; to collect every fact that bears on natural history and its folk-lore, and on sport, all the world over, but especially in our own islands. Our Note-book, it is hoped, will thus be pleasant and entertaining when new; but like old friends and old wine, dearer and more acceptable with every year that passes, for special pains will be taken to provide each volume with an excellent index. Notes, theories, and questions from all quarters are sought and welcomed. Each correspondent will please add his name to his contribution, to be printed or not, as he wills.

May we ask all well-wishers to second our good intentions and send from their note-books any interesting facts which they may be willing to share with a wide circle

To our Readers.

"IR SAPIT QUI PAUCA LO-
QUITUR," says Holofernes,
and the same virtue attaches to
a Preface. To all lovers of sport and
dalliance by winding stream and merry
greenwood we present, with many good
wishes, our *First number*. It comes at a

readers, for the grip of rod or gun everywhere opens the kindly hearts of a brotherhood far larger and more universal than all the close-tiled lodges which uncloseto a Freemason's grip? Our best promise shall be performance. We will not any longer let our friends from their diversions. "*Pauca verba!* Away!" again Shakespeare warns us—"the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation!"—"Love's Labour Lost," iv. 2.

FISHING CATS.

FOR common with all anglers, and indeed with all who love to observe and to note the many curious facts in natural history which come under the observation of the true lover of Nature, I am glad of an opportunity of recording my hearty thanks to you for providing a permanent record of scenes and incidents which would otherwise find no resting-place more lasting than the columns of a sporting paper. I believe that many (like myself) will gladly welcome a permanent record of incidents in natural history; a record to which they can at once refer, and which will enable us to compare the experience of others with our own daily observations. May I now ask you for a little space, that I may tell of two feline friends, in whose doings I used to take a great interest?

For several years it has been my happy fortune to fish the lovely Tweed for salmon and trout; from Tweed-Well to Coldstream is a long stretch, but I have fished it all, and believe that though other rivers have their special advantages, there is not one in Britain which offers such varied and successful angling as the grand Border-stream. Many have been the boatmen whom I have employed whilst fishing for salmon, and all were fairly honest, except in the matter of a little poaching. Some had the complaint more fiercely than others, and some so bad as to be incurable. One of the afflicted (Donald by name) was an excellent boatman by day; as to his nocturnal doings I deemed it best not to inquire, except on those occasions when he needed a holiday to attend a summons with which the police had favoured

him. Now, anyone who has studied the proclivities of poachers knows that they have wonderful powers over all animals who depend upon them, such as dogs, cats, ferrets, tame badgers, otters, &c., &c. Donald's special favourite was a lady-cat, which followed him in his frequent fishings, and took deep interest in the sport. Near to his cottage on the river bank was a dam or weir, over which the water trickled here and there a few inches deep. In the evenings of spring and summer Donald was generally to be found fishing upon this favourite stretch with artificial fly, for trout, and being an adept in the art he seldom fished in vain. Pretty puss always kept close behind him, watching the trail of the mimic flies till a fish was hooked, and then her eagerness and love of sport could not be controlled, and so soon as the captive was in shoal water in sprang puss up to the shoulders, and fixing her claws firmly in the fish, brought it to bank, when with a caress from Donald she again took her place behind him till another trout was on the line and the sport was repeated. In this way did puss and her master pass their evenings, each proud of the other's doings, and happy in their companionship. Such was the affection of the cat for her master, that she could not even bear to be separated from him by day. Donald had charge of a ferry across the river, and no sooner did a bell at the opposite side of the stream give notice that a passenger was ready to voyage across, than down scampered puss to the boat, and leaping in, she journeyed with her master to the further side, and again returned, gravely watching each stroke of the oar. Many a voyage did she thus daily make, and I question with these luxurious boatings, and the exciting fishings in the evenings, if ever cat was more truly happy.

The love of fishing once developed itself to the disturbance of my own sport. With careful prevision my boatman had, in the floods of November and December, secured a plentiful supply of minnows, to be held in readiness till wanted in my fishings for salmon in the ensuing February and March. The minnows were placed in a well 2 ft. or 3 ft. deep, and the cold spring water rendered them as tough as angler could desire. All went well for the first few days of the salmon-fishing,

the minnows were deemed admirable for the purpose, and the supply ample for our needs, but this good fortune was not to last. One morning the boatmen reported a serious diminution of stock in the well, and on the following day things were still worse. Suspicion fell on more than one honest person, and we determined to watch late and early till the real thief was discovered. When the gudewife and bairns were abed the boatman kept watch from the cottage window, and by the aid of a bright moon the mystery was soon solved. At the well-side stood puss, the favourite of the household; with arched back and extended paw she took her prey. When an unfortunate minnow approached the surface sharp was the dash made by puss, arm and shoulder were boldly immersed, and straightway the victim lay gasping on the bank; fishing in this manner she soon captured half-a-dozen, and was then driven away; from that evening the well was always covered with a net, which scared puss into enforced honesty.

By nature cats love dry, warmth, and sunshine, whilst they hate water and cold. Who has not seen the misery of a cat when compelled to step into a shallow pool, and how she examines her wet paw with anxiety, holding it up as a something to be pitied? and yet the passion of destructiveness is so strong within them as to overcome even their aversion to water. It is this passion which drives them into the woods and rabbit-burrows, and when once it has fastened upon a cat, farewell to all restraints, there is but one remedy: shoot her down without mercy, and, like the German sportsman, console yourself with the belief that all cats found in woods are fair game.

MARCH BROWN.

THE CAMEL AND THE FOWEY.

IN the extreme west of England where, as Carew says, Nature has "shouldered out Cornwall into the farthest part of the realm," are two rivers—the Camel and the Fowey. They have their beginning to the north and south of the great central granite ridge, which is an extension westward of the Dartmoor range, and longitudinally bisects and forms the back-

bone of the county. The Camel runs by tor and peak, o'er moor and fen, through boulder-strewn gorges and wooded hills, to meet the sea at Padstow, on the Bristol Channel: whilst the Fowey trends southward by a softer path to its southern estuary on the English Channel. The county is a narrow one, and these two central streams are short in course and small in calibre; liable to sudden seasonal floods and droughts, which often enable one to cross on stepping-stones dry-shod. On a rough estimation they are about twenty-five miles in length from source to sea, about six miles of which are tidal. Both streams abound with trout of small size and minor fish, such as eel, minnow, stickleback, and roach, &c., as well as with the migratory peal and salmon.

These rivers, although small in length and volume, are full of interest to the angler, but puzzling both to naturalist and legislator. It is well known that migratory beast and bird, swallow and salmon, led either by reason or instinct, come back from devious wanderings, year by year, to the spot of their kindly engendure. Consequently, in the narrow rivers of Mid-Cornwall, with their scant supply of water, the fish are not able to mount to their spawning-beds at the time when, in the larger rivers of England, their fellows are ascending.

It is a well-known and, I believe, admitted fact, that our Camel and Fowey salmon are, perforce, exceptional in their habits. They do not enter these rivers in the months of summer, except in wet seasons, when perchance a few may be found, but in such scant numbers as hardly to make it worth the fisherman's while to spend his time about them. Here I speak not of the devoted disciple of the rod who feels himself amply rewarded for his toil with a catch, be it ever so slight, but of the less enthusiastic angler who wishes to turn his labour to some account in the market. In September, again, they barely repay the fisherman for his pains. They are in greatest abundance and in best condition during October, November, and the early part of December. But by Procrustean law it is enacted that we can catch our salmon only when it is least abundant and unfittest for food, and are prohibited from taking them when they are fatter and fittest. On account of these regulation

is fairly estimated that the fishermen of the Fowey are deprived of a yearly earning of a thousand pounds—no small sum in the calculations of a few poor men. There are the fat fish, *stoiting*, leaping in the exuberance of health and good condition, in the sight of the mortified and prohibited fishermen.

These local peculiarities of the *Salmonidae*, who know nothing of and care less for 24 & 25 Vict., cap. 109, &c., were much better left, as of old, to the judgment of the local magistrates assembled at Quarter Sessions. It has been objected that if a rigid, open, and fixed season were not enforced, it might lead to collusion and unlimited poaching. My father, the late Jonathan Couch, suggested as a check that every salmon sent out of the county should be marked with a burnt official stamp on tail, gill-cover, or dorsal-fin, imitations of which should be punished as misdemeanour. These are, however, matters of controversy. Turn we now to a curious occurrence which is worth recording anent the Camel—a novelty in salmon conservation. For some time there had been but little rainfall, and a long run of fine frosty weather had ice-bound the stream, so that it became impossible for fish to face the formidable weir thrown up above by the Bodmin Waterworks Company, at any time difficult of ascent to fish gravid with roe. In the pool below this embankment were imprisoned by low water and ice many salmon unable to proceed to their spawning-grounds, and to be the ready prey of poachers and others when the ice gave way. The conservators and their clerk, assisted by many willing hands, made an opening in the ice, and drew the pool, netting about 15 fish, varying in estimated weight from 9 lb. to 30 lb., mostly in fine condition. They were all tenderly put in washing trays on beds of fallen leaves in water, and carried to a deep lake, the Black Pool, above, where, without a single mishap, they scudded into the deep water and disappeared. This river is not nearly so productive as it once was, chiefly on account of the working of the Salmon Acts, which do not take into account the local peculiarities of the stream and its fish.

In the river Fowey is a fish known to us as *the Blue Poll*, so called from the lovely steel-blue, almost iridescent, colour of the head and

back. Its habits differ in many respects from the *Salmo salar*. It does not enter our rivers in the summer months, and but rarely before December or January, and is in such abundance in the early part of February as to be known as the *Candlemas schull*. It is, therefore, to us a prohibited fish. Couch describes it ("Hist. Fishes of Brit. Isl." iv. p. 219), but speaks doubtfully of it as a separate species. It is probably the grilse condition of the true salmon, varied by ground and other circumstances. There is a remarkable disparity in the proportion of the sexes in the blue-poll. An old fisherman says that the great majority are *kippers*, there being twenty males to one pea-fish. The following, which very lately appeared in *Land and Water*, respecting this doubtful member of a very puzzling tribe, may interest your readers and set them observing. Mr. F. Buckland writes:—"I have received the following from my friend, Mr. Forster, chairman of the Fowey Board:—'Clean contrary to law—but hearing there were numbers of salmon in the Fowey estuary, I ordered two fishermen to try and catch a "blue poll" for me. I now send you a fine specimen, and shall be very much surprised if you do not say that the fish is in good and proper condition for food. It is quite impossible that all the salmon now in and around Fowey Harbour could ascend the river for spawning purposes; there would not be room enough on the gravel-beds for them. I cannot but think, therefore, that these fish visit the estuary after some particular food; and that we might well be allowed to catch them, at all events in tidal waters. I would not ask for more.' For years I have been endeavouring to get a blue-poll, and am, therefore, much obliged to Mr. Forster for his kindness. The fish is certainly *Salmo salar*, the true salmon. It weighed 8 lb.; the colour was that of a most lovely steel blue, and it had no red or black markings of a spawning fish; but, nevertheless, on pressing the abdomen, the milt came out freely. The fish had evidently come direct from the sea. Mr. Couch says: 'It is only from October to December the fishermen can follow their occupation with prospect of profit.' The Fowey is one of the most puzzling rivers in England; it is the latest of the late. No legislation will ever make the Fowey earlier. I should be

glad if Mr. Foster could suggest some plan by means of which the Fowey fishermen might be allowed to reap their salmon harvest."

Bodmin.

T. Q. COUCH, F.S.A.

TROUT AND SALMON AT THE ANTIPODES.



FULL and clear account of the present condition of the *Salmonidæ* in New Zealand and Tasmania will be found in Mr. Senior's "Travel and Trout in the Antipodes" (London, Chatto & Windus, 1880). Omitting the travels, pleasant though their recital is, we may summarise Mr. Senior's observations on the success of those who have attempted to acclimatize these fish, and so add, not merely to the material wealth, but still more to the resources of the colonies in the matter of recreation. In Australia, no very great success has yet been achieved with salmon and trout, though English perch have been introduced and thrive well in inland waters. Mr. Senior dilates on the offensive condition of the Yarra Yarra, owing to the fell-mongering yards and the like on its banks; yet the Inspector of Fisheries reported in the spring of 1879, that salmon of from 9 in. to 12 in. long had been found in it, making their way from their breeding-places up the river to the salt water. In all probability, unless the foulness of this river between Melbourne and the sea can be remedied, salmon will no more return to it than they do to the Thames. From independent sources we learn that a letter was sent by the Chief Secretary (Australia) to Mr. Frank Buckland this last summer, stating that the successful acclimatization of English trout in the streams of the colony of Victoria has been thoroughly established, and that the honour of this is due, in the largest degree, to Mr. Buckland and Mr. F. Francis, who presented some boxes of trout ova in 1864. Mr. Senior, however, gives no account of his fishing in Australia; probably the time is hardly ripe at present for general angling.

In Tasmania, on the contrary, Mr. Senior saw and participated in a good deal of trout-fishing. To begin, however, with salmon. He visited the salmon-breeding ponds on the river Plenty, on the estate of Mr. Read, who has devoted himself to the subject. Then he

saw the governor of the island hook, and also lose, a salmon in the Derwent. But he was fortunate to make up for this by catching with spinning bait a salmon of 8½ lb., said to be the largest yet taken in Tasmania, and a grilse of 4 lb. with a fly of bright blue body, silver-laced, mixed wings, and jay hackle. An enormous number of smolts, however, have disappeared, with very few salmon to show for them, and there is an uneasy feeling in the colony that the so-called salmon which have been taken are after all only salmon-trout. Mr. Senior quotes a paragraph from the *Hobart Town Mercury*, of July 6, 1879, which seems at length to set the question at rest. Mr. Read captured on the spawning-beds of the river Plenty a splendid female salmon of 20 lb., and returned it, after examination, to the water. It was attended on the ridds by a male fish of about 14 lb. A trout of 20 lb. (or 23 lb., as this fish would have been had she not parted with more of her spawn when taken) is all but unknown. The last item of news about Tasmanian salmon is contained in the *Times*, December 20, 1879. During some recent netting operations in the Derwent, just below Hobart Town, for the purpose of securing live specimens of the *Salmonidæ* for the Sydney International Exhibition, as many as 300 fish were taken with one haul of the net, averaging from 16 to 23 inches in length. Of these, only two, measuring 16 and 18 inches respectively, were *Salmo salar*, the rest being salmon-trout or trout.

The *Salmo fario* (brown trout) thrives wonderfully in Tasmania. Fish of 4 lb. and 5 lb. are frequently killed by anglers, and one of 16 lb. was taken in the Derwent by spinning with a white fish. Attempts had been made to acclimatize trout from Scotland before 1849, but these were reported by Governor Denison to have failed. Several more attempts in subsequent years also proved failures. Finally, in 1864, and again in 1866, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Youl (whose name will always be honoured among Tasmanian fishermen), and the kindness of Messrs. Wigram & Co. in carrying ova gratuitously, salmon and trout were hatched by the thousand in the above-mentioned ponds. Thence the trout have been introduced in many native streams, which present the same features of gravel-banks, mimic falls, and deeps as


our English rivers, and seem to thrive admirably and breed in all. They certainly grow to a much larger size than they ordinarily do with us, and that in a very short time. This is probably due first to the fine climate, next to the abundance of insect food which they can procure. Instead of a blessing, this latter circumstance, however, bids fair to become a bane. It indisposes the fish to rise to a fly, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Senior heard and saw that most captures by colonists were effected with the natural grasshopper. Needless to say, he is too good a sportsman to condescend to this inartistic mode of taking trout. His accounts of fly-fishing in Tasmanian waters are very interesting, though partly from being in that country rather late in the season, partly from not having it in his power to stay long at each stream, he himself made no very distinguished captures. In the Huon and Lachlan rivers he finds trout, and takes what is known as the "cucumber mullet" with fly. This turned out to be a near relative of our grayling; in fact, a migratory Australian grayling, known as *Thymallus Australis* (*Protolotus marana* of Professor McCoy). In the Ouse he caught a 2 lb. trout, and heard of this fish in the St. Patrick, Esk, and many other rivers. Like a true Englishman, however, he still believes that there is no country for fishing, all the world over, to be compared with the British Isles. Besides their unwillingness to rise to fly, Mr. Senior hints grave suspicions concerning these acclimatized strangers preserving the fine flavour and gameness of their English ancestors. *Di meliora!*

It is difficult to trace the acclimatization of trout in New Zealand. Mr. F. Francis helped to send ova from the Wycombe and Alton trout. Mr. Johnson brought some from Tasmania in 1867; he has also successfully introduced the English perch and the American brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), a splendid variety, which some of our readers may have seen in Mr. Buckland's Fish Museum at South Kensington. Mr. Senior caught several trout in the Avon, at Christchurch and on the Cust, and with a companion took sixty-four trout, fairly killed, with the artificial fly, on the Lee, "the largest a magnificent fellow of 3½ lb." In this stream, and, doubtless, he adds, in the other New Zea-

land waters, the trout are in no ways inferior to their English ancestry. "As for salmon," to use Mr. Senior's own words, "they are among the possibilities of the future, but numbers of fry from California have recently been turned loose. In the course of a year or two, however, New Zealand should be a magnificent island for the trout fisher. Each provincial district has its own acclimatization society."

M. G. WATKINS.

FROZEN SALMON.

 MOST interesting experiment in relation to the food supply of this country has recently been made by the importation from New Brunswick of a cargo of frozen salmon. The *Louise*, of Campbellton, a small port in Chaleur Bay, near the mouth of the river Ristigouche, on the northern coast of the colony, arrived in the Millwall Docks with nearly 3,000 of these noble fish, weighing about 50,000 lb., or an average of nearly 20 lb. each, the whole in a perfectly frozen state, but fresh as when taken out of the water; and when gradually thawed, undistinguishable from fresh salmon bought at the fishmonger's shop. The great defect of the tinned salmon so largely imported of late years from the United States, Canada, and British Columbia is, that in the process of cooking, to which it is necessarily subjected in order to secure its preservation, the richer and more nutritious portion of the fish is boiled out of it, and is found in a liquid state in the tin, leaving the solid part comparatively dry and tasteless. Fish preserved for any lengthened period by being placed in contact with ice is well known to be deteriorated in flavour thereby. As witness the fine Norway mackerel, which are frequently sent to us from that country packed in ice, but which are found comparatively tasteless, and quite unfit for the table of the connoisseur in fish. The preservation, however, is complete, in so far as sweetness is concerned, but flavour is sacrificed by contact with the ice. The feature of the present importation is that the fish do not come in contact with ice at all, but are simply frozen into solid blocks in a refrigerator specially constructed for the purpose; they are then stored in ice-houses until a sufficient number are prepared for shipment.

The *Louise* is a brigantine of about 250 tons. A square tank of galvanized iron is placed in the hold of the vessel, nearly filling it, but leaving space at the sides for a packing of sawdust between the tank and the sides of the vessel. The tank is divided into compartments, leaving spaces between each compartment for a freezing mixture, composed of pounded ice and salt. A waste-pipe is connected with the tank to carry off the water from the freezing mixture as the latter slowly melts. Each compartment of the tank has an opening at the top kept closed by two movable lids, one at some distance below the other, which lids are not removed except when it is required to gain access to the contents of the tank. The fish in the frozen state are removed from the store house or houses on shore, and placed in the compartments of the tank. The lids are then put on, thereby entirely excluding the external air, and a packing of the freezing mixture is then placed in the intervening spaces outside each compartment. The fish in the compartments are therefore quite excluded from external air, and are kept at a temperature considerably below freezing by the action of the freezing mixture which surrounds them. It is necessary to renew the freezing mixture periodically, for which purpose a supply of block ice and salt is carried in the vessel. To give an idea of the temperature of the hold, it may be mentioned that the man whose duty it is to renew the freezing mixture is furnished with a suit of vulcanized india-rubber, somewhat similar to that used for submarine work by professional divers. This suit he dons when performing his work, in order to guard himself from the cold.

The salmon fisheries in the Ristigouche river are so prolific that the entire cargo of the *Louise* was accumulated in a fortnight, in the month of June last; and as large quantities of salmon in a frozen state are sent to the States and parts of Canada in refrigerating cars by rail, some idea may be formed of the resources of the district. The fisheries are in the hands of local proprietors, and the art of pisciculture is extensively practised, many thousands of young fish artificially hatched being set at liberty annually to find their way to the sea, with the moral certainty on the part of the owners that a large percentage of them, namely, such as escape

their natural enemies in the form of predatory members of the finny race, will return to the parent stream weighing nearly as many pounds as they left it weighing ounces.

When taken from the tank the fish is perfectly solid, and can be divided only by a saw or chopper. Before using it must be thawed, and this is done either by exposure to the atmosphere or immersion in cold water. It is a slow process in either case. The writer saw half-a-dozen of the fish which had been in a barrel of water for twelve hours; the effect being that a coating of ice a quarter of an inch thick was formed over each fish, and a similar coating of ice on the surface of the water. He also had the opportunity of tasting a piece of a fish thawed by exposure to the atmosphere at the masthead of the vessel for thirty-six hours, and then boiled in the usual manner without further preparation. The flavour was excellent, and he thinks no one could have suspected that the salmon was caught five months previously, and had travelled some thousands of miles in a frozen state.

A serious drawback, however, to the general use of this salmon by the middle and humbler classes of the community exists in the fact that it cannot be supplied to the consumer at less than from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per pound. It is to be hoped, however, that if the experiment now made by the importation of the cargo of the *Louise* should succeed, and a market be obtained even at the present price, the venture may be repeated, and a less price be accepted and found remunerative. The expense of fitting up a vessel with the necessary tanks and apparatus is considerable, and in a speculative importation must be covered by the profit of the first cargo; but the fittings once made are available for future use, and consequently their expense would not need to be taken into account. Besides, if the trade were found to answer, and a ready sale could be fairly anticipated, competition would soon be set up, and prices would fall to the lowest remunerative level.

We hope to see this salmon imported and sold to the public at 1s. per pound, a price which would place it within the reach of those of ordinary means, to whom it would be a great boon.

We hold salmon to be one of the most beautiful gifts of God to man in the way of food

requiring no cost in production, except when bred artificially, and then repaying the outlay a thousandfold.

To rear a sheep, an ox, or a pig requires time, labour, and money; but the salmon, allowed fairly to develop in his native element, asks only time to grow, immunity from unfair or untimely destruction, and then offers himself a rich dainty for the rich and poor alike.

Sydenham Park.

H. W. BENTLEY.

POEM ON TAKING A SALMON.

BY JOSEPH HEELY.

THE following is a truly descriptive poem on taking a salmon in the river Usk, near Crickhowell, by Joseph Heely, Esq. :—

'Twas May the second, eighty-seven.
The morning mild, and just eleven,
When down to Usk I gaily trod
With winch and fly and line and rod;
A soft and genial western breeze
The water wav'd, and wav'd the trees.
Entranc'd, I view the lovely scenes
That rise from woods or hills or plains,
Or gushing rills, in sportive play,
As down the shelving rocks they stray,
While low-tun'd birds on bush or wing
In rural concert jocund sing.

But when in view the rolling stream,
The salmon's favourite haunt doth gleam,
Unheeded then the woods, the hills,
The birds, the plains, or gushing rills;
O'erjoyed with quicken'd step I move
To meet the sport I fondly love.
Where Yengolth's silver current ends,
And with the Usk her beauty blends;
Delighted there, with dextrous art,
The whizzing line around I dart—
Now here, now there, with anxious mind,
Nor leave one stream untry'd behind;
When in fam'd Cambolt pool at last—
A Rise!—I strike—I hook him fast!

Not gladder Shobden's wealthy peer
Eyes his fat oxen or his deer;
Nor peeress, when her alms she gives,
Nor those her charity relieves;
Nor Gripus, when he views his store,
And counts and counts it o'er and o'er;
Nor Stella, just commenc'd a bride,
Trimm'd out in all her nuptial pride,
Than I, to feel—O bliss divine!
A salmon flound'ring at my line.

Sullen at first he sinks to ground,
Or rolls in eddies round and round,

Till more inflam'd he plunging sweeps,
And from the shallow seeks the deeps;
Then bends the rod, the winch then sings,
As down the stream he headlong springs;
But turn'd with fiercer rage he boils,
And plies, indignant, all his wiles,
Yet vainly plies—his courage flown,
And all his mighty prowess gone.
I wind him up with perfect ease,
Or here, or there, or where I please,
Till feeble and exhausted grown
His glitt'ring silver sides are shown.
Nor e'en one final plunge he tries,
But at my feet a captive lies.
His tail I grasp with eager hand,
And swing with joy my prize to land.

I cut this poem from *my own* note-book, to which it had been transferred from the pages of *Notes and Queries*, where it appeared in November, 1867. It was found by Mr. T. Westwood, the well-known author of the invaluable "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," in an interleaved copy of C. Bowlker's "Art of Angling" (Ludlow, 1806), in the handwriting of Mr. White, of Crickhowell, an angler, and one of the earliest collectors of books on the sport. Mr. White adds, that "the writer of the above poem used to visit (from Worcestershire) this favourite spot (Crickhowell) every summer for the sake of fishing. He wrote and published 'The Beauties of Hagley and the Leasowes,' 12mo. 1777, . . . I think he died at Ludlow in the year 1797." Mr. White was probably the first compiler of a "Bibliotheca Piscatoria." Mr. Westwood states that the MS. of this list was in his possession, "headed, A Catalogue of all the Books that have been published on the Art of Angling, and bears date (*circa*) 1806-7, thereby taking precedence of the Ellis list published in the 'British Bibliographer' in 1811."

F. C. LUBBOCK.

REASON AND AFFECTION IN FISH.

LET my contribution to your storehouse of noteworthy facts be the accompanying cuttings from the *Fishing Gazette* of November 8th, one being an extract from a German paper, and the other a personal experience of that observant and ardent angler, Mr. R. B. Marston :—

A BRAVE GUDGEON.—"In the *Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung* for October 27, we find this curious and interesting note :—The following occurrence, of which I was an eye-witness, is, I think, worthy of mention as a contribution to the psychology of fishes. Herr Podhorsky, fish-merchant, of Prague, has a large and beautifully-furnished aquarium, where a year ago, amongst other aquatic animals, he had also

some small turtles in a tin zig-zag-shaped reservoir. These he fed on small fish, principally gudgeon. It was perfectly repulsive to see the way these beasts of prey, fixing their staring eyes on their victims, would crawl slowly forwards, until they had driven the poor fish into a corner, and then, all way of escape being cut off by their awkward bodies, make an end of them. Happening one day to be passing the tank, I noticed a little fish in imminent danger of being devoured in this way. I thought to myself, 'Poor little devil, it's all up with you!'—when, I saw coming swimming up an older and larger gudgeon who, also, as it seems, had noticed the murderous intentions of the turtle. What will happen now? we asked one another. The gudgeon did not keep us waiting long for the answer; with extraordinary exertion and powerful strokes of the tail he squeezed himself past the turtle up to the poor victim, covered him with his own body, and then, whilst splashing violently in the water, placed himself close to the young one, pushed him forwards, until he was in a more open part of the tank, and out of danger—and so he saved him, whilst the turtle stared on stupidly during the whole proceeding, then turned round and retired into her den. This is a plain statement of fact. Further reflections as to whether any and what kind of feeling was aroused in the fish that was the cause of 'saving his neighbour's life' in this way, I leave to the reader. There were several fish who might also have noticed, and yet all the others remained inactive.—*Leon Bucek.*"

A DEVOTED CHUB.—"The above anecdote reminds us of an instance of devoted attachment between fish which we witnessed many years ago when fishing in Onny brook near Craven Arms. We were fly-fishing for trout; it was a hot summer's day, and in walking past some dead water to get to the next stream we noticed two very large chub swimming slowly close together near the surface; stooping behind an alder-bush, we let the end fly on our cast, a small black gnat, drop gently on the water just in front of the largest fish; he rose leisurely, opened his portmanteau-like mouth, and a slight but instantaneous movement of the wrist fixed the hook in his leathern lip. After one grand rush he soon gave up struggling and came to the top again. Having no landing-net, and the banks being covered with bushes, we were playing him gingerly whilst thinking how to land him, when to our astonishment the second chub now appeared on the scene, came up to the captive, and commenced swimming round him in an uneasy and most persistent way. We were so convinced from its actions that the second chub knew its companion was in

danger, that we almost expected to see it lash the line with its tail to release it—indeed, we were so convinced it would come to the rescue that we threw a dead stick at it to frighten it away; it disappeared for an instant, but only to return apparently more anxious than ever. This lasted about five minutes, when chub number one suddenly made another dash and this time got the line fast by one of the dropper-flies in a thorn-bush under the water. This seemed to exhaust him completely, and he turned over and over with but faint efforts to escape. Putting the rod down we quickly slipped off shoes and stockings and got into the water below to release the line. There was our prize, and there was our line now hopelessly entangled, and to our utter amazement there was chub number two swimming close to the bush and not a yard from the place where we were standing and splashing in the water! The only chance of landing number one was to raise the bush bodily from the water until he could be grasped with the other hand. In attempting to do this a thorn must have pricked him, at any rate he made another dash and we had the mortification, and satisfaction, of seeing him sail away free—mortification at losing a 5 lb. fish, and satisfaction at seeing him and his faithful friend depart together like shadows in the depths of the pool. This is a plain statement of fact, and like Mr. Bucek we leave our readers to form their own opinions as to the feelings which prompted such devotion in that shyest of fish, a chub."

Manchester, 14th Dec.

Ephemera.

FOLK-LORE.

FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS.—SECURING "GOOD LUCK."—Are any of our readers aware of any custom now obtaining among the fishermen of our coasts for the purpose of securing "good luck," similar to that mentioned in the following extract from the *Banff Journal* of 1855?—"The herring fishing being very backward, some of the fishermen of Buckie, on Wednesday last, dressed a cooper in a flannel shirt, with burs stuck all over it, and in this condition he was carried in procession through the town in a hand-barrow. This was done to 'bring better luck' to the fishing. It happened, too, in a village where there are no fewer than nine churches and chapels of various kinds, and thirteen schools." A. C.

IRISH OBJECTION TO SKATE.—The peasantry of Western Ireland will not eat skate, however plentiful that fish may be and however furnished themselves are. It has been suggested that this superstition, for such it may be deemed

arises from the resemblance which the fish, with its depending rays, bears to the human face, and possibly to mediæval representation of the Virgin Mary. Is the repugnance to be otherwise accounted for? X. Y. Z.

FISH AND FLEAS: A FISHERMAN'S ANCY.—There is a fisherman's fancy on the Norfolk coast that fish and fleas come together. "Lawk, sir!" said an old fellow, near Cromer, to T. D. P. (*Notes and Queries*, Oct. 7, 1865), "times is as you may look in my flannel-shirt and scarce see a flea, and then there ain't but a werry few herrins; but times that'll be right alive with 'em, and then there's sartin to be a sight o' fish." A. C.

A BADGER'S TOOTH BRINGS LUCK AT CARDS.—I once knew an old gentleman—it is needless to mention his calling—who always had a long canine tusk sewn into his waistcoat beneath a button-hole to give additional security to his watch-guard, which passed through the opening. So said the village tailor. This old gentleman was very fond of a quiet rubber—sixpenny points, no more, no less. Chancing the other day to turn over an old "Book . . . of things useful to know, 1784," this passage caught my eye: "A badger's tooth sewn within the waistcoat brings luck at cards." I wonder if my old acquaintance knew this? T. S.
Hampstead.

HOW A FOX CARRIES HIS TUSK.—For the last ten or fifteen years my waistcoat pocket has held a fox's tusk. Showing the "treasure" recently to an old fox-hunter, he exclaimed, "Ah! do you know how the rascal carries it? It passes through his jaw and sticks out at either end." Protest was useless. I bowed to authority. Is this strange notion general? T. S.
Hampstead.

BONE CHARMS.—The *os mirabilis* of the walrus is used as a charm in Alaska; and the *os penis* of the raccoon elsewhere in America. (Bulletin of U. S. N. Museum, No. 14.) X.

FISHING IN CHURCH WATERS.—"At Pozzuoli, under the convent wall, is a fish-pool and an old statue of a man, who (says the story) was struck blind while fishing in the waters of the church, and could not see the fish which he had caught." (Bartley's "Curiosities of History," 1781.) The story is borrowed from Martial, and probably alludes to some wretch whose eyes may have been put out by order of Domitian for fishing in his pond, and who may have been afterwards compelled to act the part of a scarecrow (*Amos*):

Ad Piscatorem.

"Baiano procul a lacu monemus,
Piscator, fuge, ne nocens recedas.
Sacris piscibus hæ nantantur undæ,
Qui norunt dominum, manumque lambunt,
Illam, qua nihil est in orbe majus.
Quid quod nomen habent, et ad magistri
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus?
Hoc quondam Libys impius profundo,
Dum prædam calamo tremante ducit,
Raptis luminibus repente cæcus.
Captum non potuit videre piscem:
Et nunc sacrilegos perosus hamos,
Baianos sedet ad lacus rogator.
At tu, dum potes, innocens recede
Jactis simplicibus cibus in undas,
Et pisces venerare dedicatos."—"Ep." iv. 30.
Edinburgh. S.

FISHING DOGS.—A curious mode of capturing fish was formerly practised on the southern coast of Wales, in which dogs were used to drive the fish into the hands of the fishermen. The fishermen commenced their operations, at the ebbing of the tide, by stretching a seine across the river several hundred paces from the mouth, and whilst drawing it downwards towards the sea they incessantly disturbed the water by beating the surface and hurling stones. The affrighted fish made at once for the sea, which, however, they could not reach except by passing over the intervening shallows of the river bar. Here they were pursued by dogs trained for the purpose, and clubbed or speared by the men. One or two hundred fine salmon, weighing from ten to twenty pounds, were frequently taken at one time in this extraordinary manner. The establishment of iron-works on many of the Welsh streams put an end alike to the fish and the practice. A note of its former existence may be preserved in the *Note-Book*, which seems designed to serve a most useful purpose, and which I most heartily welcome.

A. GUEST.

DOG-WHIPPING DAYS.—I detach from an old common-place book the subjoined cutting from a Newcastle paper of five-and-twenty years ago, and pray you to insert it in your periodical, which seems to meet a want long-felt by those who, like myself, collect odd notes and cuttings of interest, and are too indolent to make further use of them:—"The Hull dogs had once a day of penance, and every year on the 10th October were beaten by the boys, according to an ancient custom, for which tradition has preserved the following reason. Previous to the suppression of monasteries in Hull, it was the custom of the monks to provide liberally for the poor, and the wayfarer who came to the fair held annually on the 11th of October, and while busy in the

necessary preparation the day before the fair, a dog strolled into the larder, snatched up a joint of meat and decamped with it. The cooks gave the alarm; and when the dog got into the street, he was pursued by the expectants of the charity of the monks, who were waiting outside the gate, and made to give up the stolen joint. Whenever, after this, a dog showed his face while this annual preparation was going on he was instantly beaten off. Eventually this was taken up by the boys, and until the introduction of the new police was rigidly put in practice by them every 10th of October. The tradition varies, but the custom obtained also in York, where "Whip-dog day" was October 18th, St. Luke's Day. In the "History of York" (York, 1788), it is stated "that in times of popery, a priest celebrating mass at the festival in some church in York, unfortunately dropped the pix after consecration, which was snatched up suddenly and swallowed by a dog that lay under the table." And so a persecution began which on this particular day continued to be carried on against all the species found at large in the city almost until our own time." W. A. W.

EPITAPHS ON DOGS.—Here are a few, to which your readers can probably add.

Eheu ! hic jacet Crony,
A dog of much renown ;
Nec fur, nec macaroni,
Though bred and born in town.

In war he was acerrimus,
In dog-like arts perite ;
In love, alas ! miserrimus,
For he died of a rival's bite.

His mistress struxit cenotaph,
And as the verse comes pat in,
Ego qui scribo epitaph,
Indite it in dog-Latin.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (May 21, 1864), says, "I wish to preserve the memory of three of my dogs in a more enduring manner than by the marble slabs on which their epitaphs are engraved :—

MOCO.
Hoc in loco
Jacet Moco ;
Frustra voco
Moco, Moco !

UNA.
E pluribus una.

SPOT.
Tache sans tache."

Epitaph on a dog left by a brother officer in the Island of *Minorca*, on his return to England,

A.D. 1772. By the Hon. Thomas Erskine, Lieut. R.N. :—

"Approach, vain man ! and bid thy pride be mute ;
Start not !—this monument records a brute.
In sculptured shrine may sleep some human hog,—

This stone is sacred to a faithful dog.
Though reason lend her boasted ray to thee,
From faults which make it useless he was free :
He broke no oath, betrayed no trusting friend,
Nor ever fawned for an unworthy end ;
His life was shortened by no slothful ease,
Vice-begot care, or folly-bred disease.
Forsook by him he valued more than life,
His generous nature sank beneath the strife ;
Left by his master on a foreign shore,
New masters offered,—but he would no more,—
The ocean oft with seeming sorrow eyed,
And pierced by man's ingratitude, he died."

H. F. P.

HOW AN IRISHMAN CUT OFF HIS OWN HEAD.
—One of the most difficult feats to perform is to cut off one's own head. An Irishman did it once, and I suppose no one but an Irishman could do it. Sir Jonah Barrington is the authority for the following story ("Personal Sketches of his Own Time," vol. ii. p. 122). About the year 1796, two labourers were going to mow some grass. Their road lay along the banks of the Barrow. They spied a large salmon lying half-concealed under the bank :—

" ' Oh ! Ned—Ned, dear ! look at that big fellow there ; it is a pity we ha'n't no spear, now, isn't it ? ' "

" ' Maybe,' said Ned, ' we could be after piking the lad with the scythe-handle.' "

" ' True for you,' said Dennis ; ' the spike of yeer handle is longer nor mine ? give the fellow a dig with it, at any rate.' "

" ' Ay, will I,' returned the other ; ' I'll give the lad a prod he'll never forget, anyhow.' "

" ' The spike and the sport was all they thought of : but the blade of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulder, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank : the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

" ' Now hit the lad smart ! ' said Dennis : ' there, now—there ! rise your fist ; now you have the boy ! Now, Ned, success ! success ! ' "

" ' Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling. But whether ' the boy ' was piked or not never appeared, for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebræ in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders ; and his head came tumbling splash into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive how it could drop off so suddenly. But the next minute he "

the consolation of seeing the head attended by one of his own ears, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade. The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at a mill dam near Mr. Richardson's by one of the miller's men.

"Who the devil does this head belong to?" exclaimed the miller.

"Whoever owned it," said the man, "had three ears, at any rate, though they don't match."

E. LEATON BLENKINSOP, in *Notes and Queries*.

DESTRUCTION OF FISH SPAWN BY WATER-OUZELS.—To show the destruction done by water-ouzelts to salmon-fry I have sent you by post two of those birds that I shot at the fish-pond. You will find in their gizzards and throats sufficient proof that they are very destructive to young fry. The two I send are young ones. I shot an old one yesterday, and there were over a dozen remains of young salmon in the gizzard. I never saw anything so effectually frighten the young fish as the water-ouzel. After he has been at work there is not a fish to be seen in the pond where there are over 100,000 young fry; they all take under the hides.

NICOL McNICOL, Gamekeeper.

Westfield Thurso. Communicated to the *Field*.

OCCURRENCE OF RARE BIRDS.—A fine bittern was shot at Christchurch on the evening of December 6th; the bird was in very fine plumage, but the contents of its crop were only a few water-beetles.—A good-plumaged White-fronted goose (*Anser albifrons*) was obtained in Poole harbour on the night of the 12th inst.

Bournemouth, Dec. 28.

T. J. M.

HERON ATTACKING A MAN.—Some years ago the Vicar of Nether-Witton, in Northumberland, sent an account to the *Field* (March 26, 1870) of a singular attack made by a heron on a farmer whilst he was crossing a field, and not apparently molesting the bird. It flew at his face, seized him by the nose and had to be strangled before it would desist. Does this remain a solitary instance? Bitterns, it is well known, habitually strike at the face and eyes when wounded and held incautiously, and I remember one night in the year 1848, on the upper waters of the Essequibo, that a Tiger-bird (one of the same family), after being allured by an imitation of its mate's call and shot, was thrown into the bottom of the canoe, from which it suddenly raised itself, unseen in the dark, and struck at a burly Yorkshireman, who was with me in the "woodskin," missing his eye, but transfixing the fleshy part of his nose with its long and slender bill.

Hampstead.

T. S.

A SAGACIOUS GAMEKEEPER'S DOG.—You must not neglect to gather up anecdotes of the dog. My portfolio is full of them—here is one. In September, 1863, Isaac Jellings, a watcher, in the employment of a relative, was out with assistants between one and two in the morning. In a field occupied by Mr. Sykes, of Rothwell, they saw four men who had nets spread, and, with the assistance of a dog, were ranging after game. They went to them, and a struggle commenced. The result, however, was that the men escaped, and Jellings placed a dog he had with him upon the track and followed after. He came up to his dog while it was standing on the brink of a pond, and said to it, "Where is he?" The dog immediately sprang into the water, but he could not think that any one was there, and took no steps. The dog came out of the pond and he repeated the question, whereupon it ran along a hedge side until it came to a place where a man was concealed, who was apprehended and secured. Jellings and his dog then returned to the side of the pond, and Jellings repeated the question, "Where is he?" The dog again jumped into the water, and this time he followed it, and in going through the water he trod upon another poacher, who was up to the neck in the pond, his head being concealed under a tree root. He seized him and pulled him out of the water, and he also was secured.

F. C.

Wakefield.

SALMON FEEDING ON TROUT.—The Rev. Joseph Jekyll writes to the *Fishing Gazette* of Dec. 20th:—"Mr. Bayley Collins, of Morebath House, Bampton, was here with his keeper shooting with me last Thursday and Friday. The keeper, Charles Quick, picked up a dead salmon on the bank, at the confluence of the Barle and Exe rivers, on Monday, the 8th inst. It was a large fish (about 24 lb.), and had not long been dead. He opened it and found within two trout of the size (to use his own expression) of those we catch of about six to the pound. One was nearly digested and the other quite fresh, and had not long been swallowed. His master, Mr. B. Collins (one of the Exe salmon conservators), saw the fish and can substantiate the man's statement."—[That this fact should be regarded as something new is very remarkable.—ED.]

ALLIGATOR TEETH.—An extensive trade in alligator teeth has sprung up within the last ten years. Ten establishments in Eastern Florida are engaged in their manufacture into fancy articles, such as buttons, cane-handles, whistles, and jewellery. (Bulletin of U.S. National Museum, No. 14.)

X.

FOREIGN BIRDS IN OUT-DOOR AVIARY.—It will interest those who keep foreign birds to learn that in a large out-door aviary at Hampstead I have kept during the recent severe weather a number of African, South American, Australian, and Chinese birds without any apparent injury to their health. No artificial warmth has been used, but a carpet has been hung over the wire-work by night. The glass on more than one occasion has registered twenty degrees of frost, and the drinking-water has been frequently turned into a solid block of six-inch ice. With the exception of a sickly Wax-bill no bird has succumbed to the weather; indeed, all appear livelier and stronger than birds of the same species kept indoors. A drawing of this aviary, which has some special features, is at the editor's service; and the structure itself will be shown to any Hampstead reader who cares to call and examine it.

Downshire Hill House.

W. S.

[We shall be glad to have a working drawing for publication in the "Note-book."—ED.]

COMBAT OF ELEPHANT AND BULLS.—The following extract from a letter, written by a lady living at Saragossa, in 1864, gives a graphic account of a combat between a Ceylon elephant and two bulls, which took place in October of the year mentioned, and is worth preserving in your pages:—"The elephant," she says, "was walking quietly about the arena when the first bull was released, and rushed at it with all his might. The elephant received his antagonist with great coolness, and threw him down with the utmost ease. The bull rose again and made two more attacks, which the elephant resented by killing him with a thrust of his tusks. The conqueror did not seem in the least excited, but quietly drank some water offered by his keeper, and ate several ears of Indian corn. A second bull was then released, and in a few minutes suffered the same fate as the first." J. WEST.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEVONSHIRE FOOTPRINTS IN 1854.—The imprints in the snow in Devon, which, during the Crimean winter, made not only the peasants believe that the devil had broken loose, but the various ministers of religion preach about the circumstance as if it were an accomplished fact, still crop up in the papers occasionally, and are generally spoken of as "quite inexplicable." Yet the matter was fully explained at the time; and Mr. J. C. Mitchell, in whose garden the footprints were found, states in the *Daily News* of last week that he saw the marks in the snow made by his own cat, and in this way:—"The snow was of an unusual kind; it fell so lightly that in the paths in

my garden it was several inches high, but so crisp that a little pressure would reduce it to one inch. Consequently when a cat travelled over it by the skips or jumps which it makes on snow in going quickly, the forefeet made a deep impression, leaving a projection between as if done by a cloven hoof, and the hind legs coming close to the same spot and sinking up to the second joint so enlarged the foot, or feet, print by repetition to the size of my pony's hoof, and seemed perfect as one mark only; thus I had along one of the paths, which no one had used during the snow, a single line of footprints of the size and distances given and shown by an illustration in the *London News* at the time. The cat approached this path through a hole in the wall, and myself and friends saw her many times use the same spots in going up the path, so that I am quite sure they were made that way." J. WEST.

QUERIES.

"THE ANGLER: A POEM."—Who is the fortunate possessor of the vellum copy of "The Angler; a Poem in Ten Cantos, with Notes, &c., by T. P. Lathy, Esq.," of which the following amusing account is given by the late Mr. William Pinkerton? During the second decade of this century there was a kind of mania for angling books, and many dodges were the consequent result. One of these may be mentioned as a curious piece of literary history. "A person named Lathy one day called upon Gosden, the well-known bookbinder, publisher, and collector, with an original poem on angling. Gosden purchased the manuscript for £30, and had it published under the title given above, with a whole-length engraved portrait of himself, in a fishing dress, armed with rod and landing-net, leaning sentimentally against a votive altar dedicated to the manes of Walton and Cotton, as a frontispiece. A number of copies were printed on royal paper, and one on vellum, the vellum alone costing Gosden £10, before it was discovered that the whole was a plagiaristic swindle, the manuscript being very little more than a copy of a rather rare poem, entitled "The Anglers; Eight Dialogues in Verse. London. 1758."

Oxford, Dec. 19, 1879.

THE PALMER.

ALBINISM.—I am anxious to obtain well-authenticated instances of albinism in birds and quadrupeds, and especially among those found in a wild state. Albinism appears to be always attended by peculiar traits of character and constitution, and according to a French naturalist, Dr. Seibel, by deafness in the

In this instance, however, Dr. Seibel found that if there is the smallest spot of black, brown, or grey on the coat of the cat, or if the iris be any other colour than blue or greyish blue, then the power of hearing will be the same as in another animal. Does the observation of your readers bear out this assertion? Is albinism often noticed in fish?

C. P.

Huddersfield.

HOW TO MAKE A RED FLY.—It has been my habit to dress this fly in the following fashion, but an experienced angler having taken exception to my method I should be glad to have the opinion of your correspondents on the subject. The four wings of a dark drake's feather; the body of the red fur of a squirrel, and a red cock's hackle wrapped twice or thrice under the wings for legs.

A. B. C.

[The male fly is well described and a pattern given in Mr. Aldam's "Quaint Treatise on Flies and Fly-Making," of which the first issue to non-subscribers is now being made by our publishers. The female fly is described and drawn in Ronalds' "Fly-Fisher's Entomology."—ED.]

THE THATCHT HOUSE AT HODDESDEON.—Do any remains exist of the tavern at Hoddesdon, of which Piscator says: "I know the Thatcht House very well. I often make it my resting-place, and taste a cup of ale there, for which liquor that place is very remarkable."

A WALTONIAN.

LINES ON IZAAK WALTON.—It is certain that the first number of the NOTE-BOOK will contain many allusions to a writer whose book will hold its place in our literature, "as long as the white-thorn blossoms in the hedge-row, and the lark carols in the cloud." Let this query stand among them. By whom was the poem signed "C. C., 1812," printed in Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia" (ed. 1829), written?

A WALTONIAN.

SALMO FEROX, FOOD OF.—Is the supposition of Stoddart ("Angler's Rambles," p. 115) that this fish feeds on "vegetable sustenance" confirmed by any other authority? Stoddart says that "vegetable sustenance is no doubt engrossed to a large extent by fresh-water trout;" but I have never observed any fact which could corroborate this sweeping assertion. His only proof that *S. ferox* eat weeds seems to be, that though one caught in Loch Shin "cut redder than salmon, the flavour was weedy in the extreme." I may add that last July I saw a *ferox* of 7½ lb., which had been caught in Loch Merkland, Sutherlandshire, opened very soon after its capture, and its stomach contained nothing whatever. To enlarge my query, with the exception of the carp and tench, is any British fish a vegetable

feeder? F. Buckland says that the grey mullet is "a seaweed feeder," but he seems to mean only that it searches for its food among seaweed.

M. G. WATKINS.

LARGE PERCH.—The *Leisure Hour* for April has an article about large perch and other fish taken in English waters, there are also other notices respecting this very popular fish in the *Fishing Gazette* of June 13th, and subsequently. According to Dr. Norman of Yarmouth, the largest perch he has ever caught or seen were two taken in the same year; the larger fish, in June, weighed 5 lb. 3 oz., the other, full of spawn, in March, 5 lb. 4 oz., but an inch shorter than the other fish. Dr. Norman has also a perch preserved by John Cooper, of Radnor-street, 4 lb. 2 oz. Perhaps some of our readers will kindly give the length and weight of the largest perch that have fallen under their notice. The lakes in Mayo abound with this fish, perhaps therefore some of our Irish friends will kindly give the result of their experience. The Serpentine perch and that from Dagenham lake, Dr. Norman believes to be mere myths, and we think so too, but there are no doubt very large specimens in the Norfolk and Suffolk waters.

ESOX LUCIUS.

"DARTFORD WARBLER."—Can any of your readers kindly inform me if this restless little bird has been proved to remain in Hants the whole of the winter? "Yarrell," in vol. 1, page 366, speaks of it as having been seen "as early as the end of February, 1830, near Blackheath," and says that it is known to winter in Devonshire. In the second week in October a young male bird was shot near here; hearing of the locality I went on the 30th November, and saw two more. I regret to say that a few days after the male bird was shot; since then I have seen the female bird on the 2nd and 3rd December, and again on the 9th; if this bird had thought of crossing the Channel, surely it would have left ere this?

Bournemouth.

T. J. M.

TAME FISH.—Martial (lib. x. 30) writes: "Nata ad magistrum delicata muræna." Does this mean more than that the fish came to be fed? It was, by the way, a fish of this species that Antonia, the beautiful daughter of Mark Antony, was so fond of, and adorned with earrings, according to Pliny (lib. v. cap. 55). Have fish ever been really tamed?

ALEPH.

PERFUMES FROM FISH AND REPTILES.—We have three perfumes from mammals—musk, ambergris, and castoreum; perfumes innumerable from flowers, but none from fishes or reptiles. Do any exist? A. M. RICHARDSON.

WEEQUASHING FOR EELS.—I met with a notice of this sport in an American paper, and would be glad to learn how it is practised.

DUBIOUS.

JAPANESE FISHING-LINE.—Can this line be purchased in this country? It has been highly praised by a most competent judge, Mr. Francis Francis.

F. BLOOMFIELD.

EELS.—To eat and be eaten seems a law of nature, but how does it apply to the eel? Eels are most destructive to all and every kind of fish. By whom are *they* eaten? They are so tenacious of life that it may well be doubted whether any fish could retain one in its pouch.

A ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

DOG-COLLAR INSCRIPTIONS.—Our forefathers were quaint and curious in these legends. Can your readers help me to a good one? ADAM.

THE NIGHTINGALE IN IRELAND.—Can any reader furnish the facts on which is based the assertion that the nightingale cannot be introduced into Ireland, and that young birds hatched from imported eggs fly across the Channel as soon as they have strength for the task?

INQUIRER.

Notices of Books.

"My Life as an Angler." By William Henderson, author of "The Folk-lore of the Northern Counties," with portrait and sixty-eight wood engravings, by Edmund Evans. W. Satchell & Co., London.



WE have received this book from our publishers with the laconic injunction, "No praise." In these circumstances we must content ourselves with quoting—

"WORM-FISHING IN THE DARK.

"One evening in June, when seated by the fireside of the inn at Weldon Bridge, Charlie and I fell into a discussion on night-fishing with worm for trout in warm weather, and we agreed that it would be well to give it a trial and ascertain how far our views were correct. 'Well, then,' said I, 'no time like the present,' but Charlie was too comfortable and too sleepy to respond to my summons. So preparing my rod and line off I started to a stream half a mile down the river. The night was very dark, and I found my way with difficulty. Arriving at the intended spot I waded across a somewhat deep stream to reach one still deeper near the to further bank. Standing in the water I placed a lively lob on the hook and cast my line up stream; the worm scarcely touched the

water when I felt a tug and succeeded in drawing a large trout towards me. Having basketed this I threw again with the same result, and now astonishment awaited me. There was not a breath of wind—the water was flowing gentle and caused but little sound, when all at once my ears were assailed by such a tumult of fish spattering and splashing as I had never before heard; the river seemed alive with large fish. My heart beat, for there seemed something uncanny in the affair; still I persevered, and succeeded in securing four more fish. Suddenly all was still; not a fish was heard to move, and not another bite was to be had. I could neither see nor hear anything to account for the sudden change, so home I started, proud of my prize of six fish considerably larger than any we had taken in the river by daylight. The unpleasantness of angling with worms in the dark is so great that I have never tried the experiment again, but of its success there can be no doubt."

FLY-FISHING BY NIGHT.

"One night when at Gernsbach, in the Black Forest," Mr. Henderson writes, "a strange fancy took such strong possession of me that I felt constrained to bow to it. The night was pitch dark, and distant thunder gave the proverbial warning that all fishing was out of the question; still, mad as the idea seemed, I determined to make an essay in front of the hotel. So black was the night that a lighted lantern was necessary to guide me in arranging my rod and tackle at the door. This done, I sought the edge of the lawn, by the side of which rushed a rough, rapid stream, which sped from a mill immediately above. Scarcely had I taken my position near to the top of the stream when the lightning blazed forth, illuminating the pine-clad hills and making a sudden glare far exceeding that of the brightest sunshine. Each tree of the forest might be distinguished whilst the lightning quivered in the sky, and then followed a darkness so intense that I could not see the rod, and could scarcely distinguish my hand. The dark intervals between the flashes might be five minutes, and it was during these that I cast my flies straight across the rushing mill-stream. The instant the flies fell on the water I felt a tug, then a rush, and all was quiet. I was amazed! but at length concluded that a passing stick had struck my hook. Another cast of the line, and here was no room for doubt, a heavy fish was pulling violently. It was long before the strength of the current allowed me to land my prize, indeed it was only by the lightning's flash that I could judge where or how to do this. I fished the stream steadily downwards for about a hundred yards; the lightning showed me where to throw

flies: all around was inky blackness. I cast, and rarely failed either to hook or take a fish. The strength of the current enabled many a fish to break away, but at the end of half-an-hour my basket held eight fish, and when these were tabled at the hotel they proved to be three trout, three grayling, and two fish resembling chub. The least was three-quarters of a pound in weight, and the largest a pound and a half—altogether a beautiful dish, and the fish by far the largest in size that I had captured during my week's angling. . . . What speculations these two experiments force upon the angler's mind, as to the feeding of fish on dark nights, when they are commonly supposed to be at rest! I am compelled to the conclusion that in these night banquets is frequently to be found the true answer to the fisherman's too common question, 'Why do the fish not take? the water is in good order, the wind is right, and everything bespeaks a good day's sport, but they won't take.' The response should be, 'Dined already, and requiring time for digestion.'"

"Catalogue of the Collection to illustrate the Animal Resources and Fisheries of the United States." Prepared under the direction of G. Brown Goode. (Washington, 1879.)

THIS work is the fourteenth of a series of papers intended to illustrate the collections of Natural History and Ethnology constituting the United States National Museum, of which the Smithsonian Institution was placed in charge by an Act of Congress. Like all American works of its class it is characterized by a "thoroughness" which, notwithstanding our free trade and free ports, does not appear to gain a ready admission into this country. The classification and arrangement are admirable. They were those adopted when the objects were exhibited at the International Exhibition in 1876. First we have the "useful and injurious animals;" then the "means of pursuit and capture," the "methods of preparing them for use," the "useful products," and, finally, "the means of protection and culture." The collection appears to be very full under every head. The perusal of the catalogue is most instructive and entertaining. In section two, every kind of missile, implement, net, trap, rod, hook, line, fly, bait, decoy, &c., used by the American hunter and fisher is gathered together. The bare enumeration of them occupies many pages of the catalogue. Curious, interesting, and useful notes abound, many of which will hereafter be laid before our readers. *Mr. Brown Goode has played his part most ably.*

Answers to Correspondents.

CAPTAIN D. H.—Much obliged.

F. M. (Bury).—"Snuffer oil" is extracted by exposure to the sun from *Phocæna Americana*. We have no knowledge of its use as a lubricant to relieve cough. "Deer fat" is recommended by our old women for this purpose.

IGNORAMUS.—Menhaden is not an artificial bait, but the fish so-called in America. It is one of the Clupeidæ (*Brevoortia tyrannus*, Latr.), and also bears the names, "Mossbunker," and "Pogie." It is the "ocean trout" and "American club-fish," and when preserved in oil is the "American sardine" and "shadine."

J. MCD.—When Dame Juliana Berners tells us how to dub "xii. flies wyth which ye shall angle to ye Trought and grayllying," she was not our first instructor. Artificial fly-fishing is of very ancient date. Elian in his "History of Animals," tells how the Macedonian angler, on the banks of Astreus, made the fly *hippurus*.

AJAX.—We demand FACTS told in an easy, chatty manner, and in as few words as possible. "Word painting" and "fine writing" would be out of place in our pages.

A. H., junior; P. I.; Rev. W. G.; Rev. W. H.; J. J. R. (Bayswater); C. C. C.; T. E. G.; H. W. (Warwick Gardens); JAS. A. M.; J. T. C. (Llangollen); J. C. (Bedale); G. T. R.; T. C. (Taunton); J. G. F. (Barnes) are sincerely thanked. In many instances precise references would be desirable.

J. L. B.—We are much obliged. The letter will be used in our next number.

Delayed by the pressure of matter: "The Conqueror Worm," by Joseph Crawhall; Notice of the "Transactions of the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union," by J. W. Douglas; and many other papers of interest.

BOOKS, ETC., WANTED.

(No charge for insertion. Particulars to be sent to the publisher).

"The Rod in India." By Thomas.

N.B.—As a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication, unless desired, we require the names and addresses of our correspondents. Communications will not be returned unless stamps accompany them.

All business communications should be addressed to "The Publisher;" and all matter for publication, to "The Editor of THE ANGLERS' NOTE-BOOK," at No. 12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

*A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and
subjects of Natural History.*

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31ST, 1880.

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HOW TO FLY-FISH FOR TROUT AND (IN ONE SENSE) WHERE.



T the suggestion of an old friend interested in your undertaking I offer the following contribution, choosing as text the above. My experience includes thirty-five years, during only half of which have I understood *the mode*. And though in this period I have acquired much, more re-

mains to learn, but there is a limit to physical endurance, which I presume comes to all men in time. Some—yes, shoals of men—never can be taught even the alphabet of fishing, while others take to the sport kindly and naturally. It is the latter I address, and will suppose they have mastered the first difficulty, viz., throwing a fly with precision, seeing a rise, being able instantly to drop the point-fly some few inches above the circle made. I will take for types of a trouting-stream such rivers as the Coquet, the Eden, and the Derbyshire Derwent. These have a character found in most English streams, the banks being either wooded or grassed to the very margin. In Scotch, and in some, Welsh rivers, I think, the stream divides considerable shores of shingle whereon nothing vegetable grows. Of the former, and for English fly-fishers in particular, I treat. It is best to commence at the bottom of a length of water intended to be fished, put on wading-trousers, grasp a 5-foot strong cane landing-net in the left hand, a 10-foot (eight-ounce) fly-rod in the other, with a basket on the back, of course. The river at the point selected may probably present these features: 100 yards of pool, all fishable. At the upper end, water shallow, with rapids from the pool above. Then it deepens to a couple of feet, and is split up by huge stones in mid-current, or on either or both banks, but still runs swiftly, these occupying, say 50 yards. Following is a deep, only just wadeable. It is at the bottom of the deep that you begin

Get into the middle of it, but don't fish the middle, unless there is seen a rising fish. Let your attention be given to the banks, and if the water be coloured cover every foot of it, as near to them as you can possibly put your flies. The point-fly in many places might be made to drop from the grass. The other two or three flies, on 9 feet of gut, will in such case be seen by every feeding trout. In this deep portion of the pool throw often, letting the flies rest or float for, say, 2 feet only. Rising trout will take them almost the instant they are dropped; but every cast should be delivered as perfectly as skill can accomplish; though that will certainly multiply the chances of success, it is not so much to be insisted upon as knowing *where* to throw; and this is, as I have written and repeat must be, wherever the water seeks the banks, to which may be added, wherever a big stone is seen furnishing hide or haunt. Pursue this style for the lower 50 yards of pool, fishing up stream, devoting more time to it if the water be coloured than otherwise. Then step to either bank, shorten line somewhat, and fish carefully one edge or outskirts of the main current,—which I am assuming flows down about mid-river,—making casts also in front wherever you may afterwards wade. Another 30 yards has now been fished on one-half the river only. Turn round, stepping more into the middle, and retrace; fishing as carefully the other half downwards for the above distance. Returning upwards, fish the same portion, casting close to the bank which has not as yet been touched. Every foot of the remaining 20 yards at head of pool should be diligently searched by the flies, the angler casting right, left, and all over. There are probably innumerable rests for fish, caused by the nature of the bottom, and many a good trout may be picked up, at certain times, in the very shallowest places. I might expand these remarks considerably, rivers presenting infinite varieties, but having written enough for guidance to the initiated and those interested in “How to Fly-fish for Trout, and Where,” and probably occupying more space than can be conveniently allotted, will conclude by wishing that the “Angler's Note-book” may grow into a big and lasting success.

NOOE.

GRAYLING FISHING.




OT-POT; OR, MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.” By Francis Francis (*Field Office*, 1880). There is one chapter in this book on grayling fishing which contains many useful hints on a branch of angling which all anglers cannot easily practise, and on which little to the point has been written since Sir H. Davy's famous “Salmonia.” The grasshopper is spoken of as an unfailing bait, Mr. Francis having seen a 25 lb. creel filled twice in a day with it in Shropshire; and he rightly points out as the precise place for a grayling “the end of the sharp, where the rough merges into the smooth in a few big eddies.” The gentle manner in which grayling rise, too, and the fact that they will frequently rise at and refuse the wet fly, but in such a case seldom refuse a dry one, after the lapse of a few minutes, are further noted. Nor need a grayling fisher despair if he throws a dozen times over a rising fish without effect; as likely as not he will catch the grayling at the thirteenth cast. Trout-fishers frequently strike a grayling too hard, and, as its mouth is very tender, lose it in consequence. Mr. Francis very properly warns the fly-fisher on this matter. The state of the water is all-important in grayling fishing, and flooded rivers in late autumn are a fertile source of disappointment to anglers. Mr. Francis is always worth listening to on all that relates to the art of fishing, and another chapter recommends as good flies for chub large palmers, the silver-turkey, and the artificial humble-bee. Artificial cockchafers or beetles are occasionally useful. “The silver-turkey is a fly of grilse size; indeed, it may be used even larger: the body is of silver tinsel, the hackle, cock-y-bouddu of the deepest red; wings, a few fibres of green peacock herl, and over that two strips of darkish turkey. To make the fly more tempting, a tail of a bit of wash-leather is sometimes appended, and with good effect.” To our mind the surest way of catching chub is with bait. This fish is always more or less capricious in rising at a fly. While on the subject of flies for chub, however, let us remind readers of Kingsley's words—(“Chalk Stream Studies”) “chub will rise greedily at any large palmers, the

larger and rougher the better. A red and a grizzled hackle will always take them ; but the best fly of all is an imitation of the black-beetle—the ‘undertaker’ of the London shops. He, too, can hardly be too large, and should be made of a fat body of black wool, with the metallic black feather of a cock’s tail wrapped loosely over it. A still better wing is one of the neck feathers of any metallic-plumed bird, *e. g.*, *Phlogophorus Impeyanus*, the Menaul pheasant, laid flat and whole on the back, to imitate the wing-shells of the beetle, the legs being represented by any loose black feathers—(not hackles, which are too fine). Tied thus, it will kill not only every chub in a pool (if you give the survivors a quarter of an hour, wherein to recover from their horror at their last friend’s fate) but also, here and there, very large trout.”

M. G. W.

PISCICULTURE IN GERMANY.

HE following account of the establishment in the Selzer Hof, Hexenthal, for which I am indebted to my friend Captain G. Malcolm, R.N., of Freiburg, will be perused with great interest by your readers. The Selzer Hof establishment has been gradually improved. The conditions of success are simple. They are these : Firstly, to obtain a supply of clean water, which should not, in winter, freeze ; second, to arrange that the water after falling, or rather being led into the first trough, shall subsequently feed the second, and so on ; third, to see that the power of the water is such that it does not move the ova,—that there is a fall of a few inches between each trough, or, if possible, a separate supply to each trough ; fourth, to place at the end of the trough, about a foot from the outlet, a wire grating to prevent the fish being washed away ; fifth, to place the ova on wire gratings instead of gravel, with about an inch of space between each grating, and these one over the other.


Tin aëratators are now used in place of those of earthenware, and these are placed in the water-way over each trough. By making them in telescopic form, to fit one inside the other, the quantity of water flowing into the trough can be

regulated to a nicety. When closed no water enters, but the outer tube having holes corresponding with holes in the inner tube, by turning it we can admit little or none, as we please. In the centre of the inner tube is placed the air-tube, which is higher than the water-level and open at the top, and into this the water passes from the inner tube through small holes, and falls, sucking down air with it, into the trough below. In some of the troughs this air-tube, or rather aërated water-tube, comes down into a larger tube, which stands in the trough below, with holes at the side out of which the water comes bubbling, and this plan Captain Malcolm thinks best.

J. L. BROUGHTON.

Sugwas Court.

FISH-REARING AND FISH-CATCHING IN CHINA.

HAPTER XXX. of the Rev. Dr. Gray’s “China” (Macmillan, 1878), contains so many interesting particulars of the rearing of fish in artificial ponds, and of the various modes of fishing practised by the Chinese, that a condensed account preserved in the NOTE-BOOK will be acceptable both to those who have read the Archdeacon’s valuable work and to the probably much larger number of your readers who have not. The observations on fish-breeding were apparently made in the neighbourhood of Hong-Kong and on the Canton or Pearl river. The spring tides of March and April bring great quantities of spawning fish up this river. Their eggs are deposited amongst the long grass and reeds, and as soon as they are hatched the young fish are taken with nets and deposited in well-boats, where they are fed with a “paste made of the flour of wheat and beans and the yolks of hard-boiled eggs of hens or ducks.” The fishermen living in these boats carefully avoid the use of oil in cooking their food, as the “smell of any unctuous or greasy matter is considered to disagree with the fish, and sometimes to make them blind.” When the fish become large they are placed in shallow ponds, a great depth of water being held prejudicial to their growth. Rockeries are erected in these ponds to shelter the fish from the sun, and portions are also sometimes shaded with vine

on trellis-work. Plantains or bananas are planted abundantly on the banks of the ponds under the belief that the rain which falls from their leaves during a shower promotes the health of the fish. "In other districts, trees called Foo-lin are also planted by the sides of the fish-ponds, the fruit being regarded as very fattening food." Water-lilies grow in profusion along the margins, and are supposed to prevent the intrusion of other aquatic plants. The banks of the ponds are supported by low stone walls, but these are never placed on the north side. The Chinese carefully keep from the water whatever is likely to prove injurious to the fish; they rarely keep pigeons in the neighbourhood of the ponds, as the dung of these birds is considered very destructive. "No willow-trees are allowed to grow in the vicinity of the preserves, as the leaves of the willow are included in the list of hurtful substances." The fish are fed with grass twice a day, and this is invariably thrown from the north side of the ponds. They are only fed during the summer months. The breeders carry the young fish in water-tight baskets for sale among the villages in the vicinity of Kow-hong for the purpose of stocking the village ponds. Great care is taken by the carriers not to shake these baskets, each of which contains five or six hundred fish.

The modes of capture observed by the Arch-deacon are numerous. In the neighbourhood of Macao he noticed a very simple and successful mode practised by a fisherman who had anchored his boat in the middle of the river. Taking up his position in the bows the fisherman "lowered a dip-net into the water by means of shears made of bamboo. He then threw, in a direct line from the bows, large cork balls, to each of which several baits were attached. These balls were borne towards the boat by the tide, hotly pursued by a large number of fish eager to seize the bait: so soon as they floated above the dip-net it was quickly raised," and the fish secured.

Night fishing is largely pursued by the Chinese, and in several ways. Long narrow boats, called Pā-pāk-teng, are frequently employed on the rivers for this purpose. They are provided with a long white board, 12 in. in width, running fore and aft, and inclining towards the water. "Amidships a stone, made fast to the boat by a cord, is lowered

into the water." The fisherman sits in the stern and propels his boat by means of a short paddle. The suspended stone makes a rushing noise, which terrifies the fish, and causes them to leap from the water towards the white board, and most frequently into the boat itself. Again, at Ki-lung, in Formosa, Dr. Gray saw the fishermen at the mouth of the river suspending a large circular net in the water, and burning bundles of rattans, while other fishermen "outside the circle formed by the floats," were beating the water vigorously with long bamboo poles, and causing the terrified fish to leap wildly towards the bright light burning in the centre boat, and so become entangled in the net. Large quantities of flying-fish are also taken in a similar manner.

On the Yang-tsze-kiang, dip-nets of large size, in many instances raised and lowered by windlasses, were observed to be in constant use all along the banks of the river. In many of these nets decoy fish were swimming in inner nets, or were attached by cords.

Here and elsewhere another method of catching fish was observed. "A large number of strong hooks were attached to short lines, suspended from a thick cord of great length, made fast at the ends to wooden buoys. These hooks were neither baited nor barbed, but were very sharp, and seemed intended to pierce and hold all fishes which might swim against them."

Groping for fish is also widely practised, and on the Canton or Pearl river is used in the capture of eels by the fishermen, who are "able to remain under water for an astonishing time."

Rod-fishing is rarely practised in the southern provinces; but obtains in Formosa and on the Min and Canton rivers, where a very strong rod, not more than 4 or 5 ft. long, is used, with a large winch attached. Worms are often used as bait, and at Peking the blue-bottle fly is in great request for this purpose. Short stout rods of this character are in use on the Yang-tsze for the capture of small fresh-water turtles. To the end of the line are attached small hooks and a few leaden pellets, and when the fisherman, who is "generally seated on a stool with one leg," sees a turtle floating on the surface, he casts his line over it, and the hooks penetrate the shell and enable him to haul up his prey by

winding his line round the large wheel attached to his rod.

A small trident for spearing fish is in common use, and men may be seen in "vessels like ordinary washing-tubs," propelling themselves with the trident, and spearing turtle in shallow waters.

A. H. W.

FISHING FOR SHARK IN GREENLAND.

KAYAKERS angling in deep water occasionally happen to hook a shark. "The violent pull at the line soon indicates that such a fish has swallowed the bait, but by lowering the line at every subsequent brisk pull, and cautiously hauling it in again, the stupid animal is brought up close to the kayak, or skin-boat, merely by the aid of a piece of common twine for a fishing-line. Whereupon the fisher knows how to kill it instantaneously by severing the spinal cord with his knife." Of all the modes of fishing for sharks none have proved more effectual than the fishery through holes in the ice. This is done "not only with lines and chains, but also by drawing them to the hole merely by means of torchlight, and then taking them with sharp hand-hooks, two men being required to haul each of the larger fish up on the ice. The catch being first successfully commenced in a certain spot sharks will soon be attracted, and it may be continued in the same place for a great part of the winter." The huge carcasses spreading over the ice then accumulate to hundreds or even thousands.—(Dr. Henry Rink's "Danish Greenland," 1877, p. 132.)

DORP.

THE "CONQUEROR" WORM.—If you can find room in the NOTE-BOOK for the following "seasonable" song by Mr. Joseph Crawhall, it will gratify many North Country anglers, and give you the opportunity of correcting an awkward typographical error, which, notwithstanding all that gentleman's care, crept into his "Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers," Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1864. Christmas Eve, 1879.

A TYNESIDER.

[To its ain Tune.]

YE may sing o' red heckles, an' May-flees forby,
Your lang casts and fine, i' the spring;
But a bonnie red worm, i' bright June, let me try,
And to bank fast the trouties I'll bring.

*Then, here's to the blue-head and bonnie
red worm,*

*Not forgetting the mennum sae bright;
Tak' the twa i' their turn, w' fine tackle
and firm,*

I'll count the flee-fisher at nicht.

I care na to ha'e owre limmer a gad,
I care na to ha'e meikle line;
Yet still to my creel weight and number I'll add,
Though I fling but ane out at a time.

Then here's, &c.

A fifteen-fit rod, stiff out till the top joint,
Is the weapon I faintest wad wield;
But aye mak' it fine as ye near the point,
And lightsome to hand in its build.

Awa' wi' your fishers doon stream wi' lang line
When the streamlets are drumlie and drear;
An angler's skill's shown when the water is fine,
In sweet June, when she's glassy and clear.

Up! up! wi' the worm, ahint stanes, under
braes,

Wi' little mair line than your gad,
And the trouties 'll find that their deadliest faes
Are na May-flees, red heckles, or cad.

The flee's aft been sung, and its virtues extoll'd
For filling a creel wi' sma' fry;
But after this sang, gentle fisher, mak' bold
The red worm in simmer to try.

We've emptied our flasks tho' we've aye fill'd
our creels,

And now for a nicht's sweet repose;
Up early the morning, and at them like de'ils,
For to-morrow our campaign must close.

We've sung a guid sang, and imbibed *quantum
suff.*

And empty the bottle o' wine is;
'Tis as guid as a feast, the old saw says, enough;
Sae now, Brither Fishermen—FINIS.

STOAT SWIMMING.—When walking by the side of a stream in North Norfolk one summer's evening, my attention was called to the noise some water-rats were making in the thick grass by the side of the stream, some 10 yards distant. A few moments later two rats jumped into the stream closely followed by a stoat, which swam quickly, but with a series of jerks. This is the first time I ever saw a stoat or any of that family take the water without being pressed.

T. J. MANN.

PEEPUL-TREES AND HINDU SHOPKEEPERS.

—A good story, which has been many times told, but will bear repeating, may be transferred to your pages from Mrs. Aynsley's "Visit to Hindostan" (1880):—"The Political Agent at Ulwar wished to plant an avenue of trees on either side of the road, in front of the shops, for the purpose of giving shade, and had decided to put in peepul-trees, which are considered sacred by the Hindus; but the *bunniahs* (or native shopkeepers), one and all, declared that if this were done they would not take the shops, as

when pressed for a reason replied, "It was because they could not tell untruths, or swear falsely, under their shade;" adding, "and how can we carry on business otherwise?" The force of this argument seems to have been acknowledged, as the point was yielded, and other trees have been planted instead." B.

THE SPRAT (*Clupea sprattus*).—The bay at Aberystwith continues crowded with sprats and gulls, and during the last week of bright sunshine in mid-December has presented a charming scene. Myriads of gulls like snow-flakes in the air; an occasional cormorant, heavily laden, touching the water with every stroke of his wings as he wends his way to his home amongst the rocks; lines of white-breasted guillemots flying swiftly across the bay, the water like glass, its surface only disturbed by the gulls as they plunge in on the poor sprats. Some idea of the immense numbers of sprats may be formed when I say that with the poor means at hand the fishermen have been sending away from 80 to 100 barrels a day during the last week, but now they are become such a drug that large barrels holding somewhere between 15 cwt. and a ton are sold for 5s. to be used as manure. S. E. GARNETT.

STING OF SCORPIONS.—Mr. Monteiro ("Angola," 1875, p. 170), when alluding to the abundance of scorpions, some 6 or 7 inches long, in the district of Benguella, says that the sting is rarely fatal except to old people or persons in delicate health, but that the effects are very extraordinary: "in severe cases paralysing all the muscles of the body, sometimes with much pain, in others with little or none." He mentions two instances which came under his own notice. Both persons were stung on the foot; and while in one the leg only was affected, in the other the legs and also the arms were completely paralysed. The effects disappeared in ten or twelve days. A READER.

OCCURRENCE OF RARE BIRDS.—A velvet scoter was shot close to Upware, Cambs., about the middle of October, 1879. This is the first one that I have heard of being taken in Cambridgeshire.

A young male goosander was shot at Holywell, on the borders of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, on Dec. 19, 1879, in very fine plumage. Chesterton, Cambs.

PIKE, LARGE.—Lough Corrib is said to be an excellent station for anyone desirous of catching large pike. In its twenty-eight miles' stretch of water there is plenty of room for pike to grow to an immense size. A friend told me

he caught one there in 1877 weighing 36 lb., while trolling with a trout. M. G. W.

A SOUTH-AMERICAN FISH-LURE.—In "Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life, Travel, and Exploration," the authors, Messrs. Lord & Bates, mention a singular feather contrivance with which the Indians of the lakes and Pacific coast of America attract fish within their reach. It is constructed like a shuttlecock, and "loosely attached to the end of a long rod or pole, which is thrust far down in the clear deep water." When released by a sudden jerk, it "comes spinning and gyrating towards the surface. The fish on seeing it make a rush, and endeavour to effect a capture, but are transfixed by the ready spear of the Indian sportsman." It is hard to say for what the fish take this spinning monster. That it seems alive suffices them. The inhabitants of little-known waters are rarely shy in taking a bait. Artificial flies of the rudest description often prove as destructive as the most elaborately-finished specimens; and Mr. Lord, whose book is a wonderful storehouse of facts and suggestions, avers that "feathers and coloured fur or wool secured to a hook, in the shape of a rough hairy-worm, form a very killing bait for both sea and river fish." (Chapter xv.) RAMROD.

FISH AND TOMATOES: AN AFRICAN DISH.—Perhaps you will not think a novel mode of cooking fish out of place in your "Note-Book." It is described by Mr. Monteiro in his "Angola" (1875), as being "very delicious," and in common use on the coast of Africa, where it is called "Muqueca." The bottom of a frying-pan or flat earthen pan is covered with sliced tomatoes, on these a layer of small fish is placed, or pieces of larger fish, with some salt; a little salad-oil is poured over the whole, and lastly, the fish is covered with thin slices of bread. No water is added, the tomatoes and fish supplying quite enough liquid to cook the whole, which is allowed to stew slowly till done. Green chilis are added to taste, and the dish brought to table in the pan in which it was cooked.—(pp. 239-40.) A READER.

LIVE SHRIMPS: A CHINESE DAINTY.—Shrimping is carried on to a great extent in many parts of the Chinese Empire. On the Canton river small baskets, attached to a rope at intervals of 2 feet, and "baited with sediment of wine," are used for this purpose. "There is at all times," remarks Archdeacon Grey, "a great demand for shrimps. Sometimes they are kept alive by the fishermen, as many epicures prefer eating live shrimps. They are served up for the table in a vessel which contains yellow wine, strong vinegar, and sesa-

mum oil," a mixture which causes them to "leap about in an extraordinary manner," and renders them the more acceptable to the epicure. X.

CHINESE FISHMONGERS.—The freshness of the fish in the shops of the dealers is secured by the use of large wooden or stone troughs, through which a stream of water is constantly flowing, and in which the fish are stored alive. Sometimes the fish are kept in large creels or baskets suspended in the waters of an adjoining canal or river. The peripatetic dealers also carry live fish to their customers in tubs of water slung at the end of a bamboo, while on the rivers they hawk them among the boat population in well-boats.—(Gray's "China," 1878, p. 293.) X.

THE YARMOUTH HERRING VOYAGE.—The total catch of the voyage just over amounts to 11,500 lasts, each containing 13,200 herrings, making altogether nearly 140 millions of fish, which, reckoning three to the pound, is equal to 150,000 tons of good food brought on shore at one port alone from the prolific North Sea. Many of the fishermen have gone off to sea again in trawling-smacks. Forty years ago there were only one or two of these vessels sailing from Yarmouth, now there are several hundred sail of them, and a large number from Lowestoft as well. N.
Yarmouth.

SALMON AND SALT.—The diary of an English country gentleman, under date June 15, 1761, has this very interesting record, curiously illustrating change of times and prices. The Warren Point mentioned in the note is on the Tamar, which, roughly speaking, divides Cornwall from Devonshire. This river has its fount in the parish of Morwenstow, in the extreme north-east of the former county, and running a career of about 59 miles, 17½ of which are tidal, ends in Plymouth Sound:—"The Saltash fishermen, with two nets, catch'd eighty-five salmon over against Warren Point, forty-five in one net, forty in the other. They may not have such another draught for the whole summer. To Cornelius, to pay for 300 weight of salt from the Liverpool coaster now come in, and for a new gardening-pot: salt, 8s. 3d. per 100; for two of the salmon at 2d. per pound, one for the servants, as being cheaper than meat, 4s. 9d.; paid for the 300 lb. of salt as on the other side, £1. 5s.; for a water-pot of Forest, 5s." Salmon is now, in 1879, rarely sold here under 1s. a pound, and salt is bought at 2s. 4d. per hundredweight, consequently, the bill would at present stand something like this:—Salmon, 28½ lb., £1. 8s. 6d.; salt, 300 lb., 6s.; water-pot, 5s. T. Q. C.
Bodmin.

THE FAIR ANGLER.—Mr. Wye Clark, at one time Public Orator at Cambridge, lately deceased, left amongst his papers, the following memorandum:—"In the *Field*" (date not given) "a notice of a fine salmon, 17 lb. weight, appeared as having been caught by the beautiful Miss ———." It would seem that Mr. Clark was an admirer of this lovely angler, and he wrote the following lines—

Salmo loquitor—

"Not artificial flies my fancy took,
Nature's own magic lured me to your hook,
Play me no more, no thought t' scape have I;
But land me, land me at your feet to die."

The above lines having passed through four languages reappeared as—

"Why rod in hand and glowing, why,
My simple little dear?
What need have you with hook and fly
To come a-fishing here?
Smile but one smile, I'll gladly do
Much more than you desire,
I'll come to you, and quickly too,
And at your feet expire."

Barnes.

GREVILLE FENNEL.

ANECDOTE OF A GANDER.—Can you find a corner in the NOTE-BOOK for the following story, which is related by Mr. Edward B. Thompson, in his "Passions of Animals"?—"A fine old gander, which had lived from youth to age in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Solway, had become a great favourite with its owner, who used to take much pleasure in seeing the sentinel geese strutting through the long grass, rebuking the approach of every stranger, and leading forth a long train of cackling young, to dip their shooting pinions in the Solway. One season, however, either the demands for a Christmas goose or the midnight depredations of the fox or fougart, had become so numerous that the poor old gander was left without a single helpmate—a misfortune which he deplored day and night by many a doleful and sorrowful note. These affectionate repinings did not escape the observation of its owner's servants, and orders had just been given for replacing the extirpated breed of geese, when the widowed biped suddenly disappeared, to the great regret of the whole family. One blamed the fox, another the fougart, and a third the gipsies; but the event proved they were all mistaken, for one morning as Mr. Craig was entering the breakfast-parlour, he heard a well-known cackle, and immediately exclaimed, "If the old stag had not been drowned or worried, I could have sworn it was his cry." The call was immediate

repeated, and on going out to the lawn, or on looking out of the window, Mr. Craig beheld the identical old gander, surrounded by a whole flock of bonny lady geese, whose approach he was thus proudly announcing, and whose wings were still dripping with the brine of that element through which he had taught them to pilot their way for a distance of at least twelve or fifteen miles. This singular occurrence naturally excited a great deal of interest, and after making every inquiry, it appeared that the gander had either been carried away by the force of the tide, or had voluntarily swam to the opposite shore, where, landing on some English farm, he had attached himself to one of the owner's geese, and sojourned with her till she had hatched a pretty numerous brood. At length, finding that he had reared up another family, to repeople his favourite retreat, or being attracted by the woods of his old haunts while sporting on the Solway on some clear sunny day, he once more ventured to cross the water, carrying with him his English spouse and her whole brood.

A. C. S.

FOLK-LORE.

SALMON AND WOMEN.—"Over against Rosse is an Ile named Lewis, sixtie miles in length. In this Ile is but one fresh river, and it is said that if a woman wade through the same, there shall no samon be seene there for a twelve month after, whereas otherwise that fish is known to abound there in verie great plentie." (Hollinshed's "Scottish Chronicle.") X.

COCKLE-WATER.—The water in which cockles have been boiled is supposed by the Cantonese to possess certain medicinal properties, and is applied to the bodies of persons suffering from cutaneous diseases, and particularly of those recovering from small-pox. Cockles are also regarded as lucky food, and are in great demand at the celebration of the New Year festivities.—(Gray's "China," London, 1878, p. 300.) X.

IMAGES OF BUDDHA IN MUSSELS.—Chinese fishermen sometimes place small wooden or leaden images of the Buddha of Longevity, or some other popular deity, in mussels, which are returned to the water, and allowed to remain there until the figures are coated with mother-of-pearl. The shells are then sold as great natural curiosities.—(Gray's "China," 1878, p. 300.) X.

FISHING-NETS AND EVIL SPIRITS.—The Chinese suspend old fishing-nets from the *ceilings of houses, and spread them over sick*

persons to ward off evil spirits; they also attach them to the sails of junks with the view of warding off baleful influences.—(Gray's "China," 1878, p. 296.) X.

MOUSE AND CROSS-ROADS.—Amongst the Mushicongos a certain field-mouse is believed to drop down dead if it crosses at the point where one path is intersected by another.—(Monteiro's "Angola," p. 167.) X.

ALLIGATORS.—The natives of Angola affirm that the alligator is fonder of eating women and girls than men, and that its liver is poisonous, and is used as a poison by the fetishmen or sorcerers.—(Monteiro's "Angola," p. 123.) X.

QUERIES.

TAILLESS TROUT.—In Whitaker's *Almanack* for 1871, is an account of some tailless trout having been discovered in Loch Macrichen, in Islay. This loch is 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and although surrounded by other lochs in none of them were tailless trout found save in it, and there they were in excellent condition. The notice continues—"At the mines of Wanlochhead, Dumfriesshire and Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, there are, according to Dr. Grierson of Thornhill, streams coming from the shafts, in which trout without tails, and often deficient in fins, are frequently caught. Such fish are often blind." Where can further particulars be obtained about these *lusus natura*? and what are the mines named? Sulphur manufactures frequently cause decay and loss of the jawbone in men. M. G. W.

SCENTED BAITS.—There is an alternate ebb and flow of opinion on all subjects, and I should be glad to have the views of your readers on the scented "unguents for certain taking of divers kinds of fish," on which our progenitors appear to have placed such great reliance. I have just been reading a most amusing paper in "Fishing Gossip," by Mr. Greville Fennel, but notice that while speaking in a jeering tone of all the queer fancies on this subject, which he has so industriously gathered from old writers, he carefully avoids any direct expression of his own opinion of their value in securing the ends for which they were designed. My motive is the merest curiosity, it must be confessed, for I have no doubt that as "unfair angling" they must be scouted by the genuine lover of the sport. Still the matter, which involves the question of the olfactory powers of fish, may be fairly debated. Assafoetida, gums, ivy, camphor, oils of lavender,

aniseed, and camomile, the powdered bones of dead men, man's fat and cat's fat, used for anointing the bait, and steeping worm and gentle in, have all had their partisans in the past. The Chinese at the present day use wine-lees as a bait for shrimps, and it will not be forgotten that Oppian records the use of the same article mixed with myrrh by the fishermen of his time, to allure fish to their nets. A. G. TURNER.

BIRDS AND PICTURES.—A statement, which my own experience makes me consider very singular and unusual, is made by the author of "Angola and the River Congo" (p. 78). He tells us that a "plantain eater" (*Corythair Livingstonii*) in his possession took great notice of everything around it; that a change of dress excited its attention directly, and that it would utter a loud cry and open out its wings in astonishment, coming close to the bars of the cage and examining the wearer with the greatest curiosity. And further, that it was very fond of seeing a picture-book, "noticing especially those pictures that were most vividly coloured." Have any of your readers noticed a similar trait in their pet birds? W. S.

THE PUGNACITY OF MOLES.—The other day as I was walking along a mountain road in Shropshire I was attracted by a scuffling in the hedge. On approaching, the cause of the noise became apparent. Two fine moles were engaged in a fierce combat. I succeeded in capturing one, and the other would have met a similar fate if the captive had not "kept my hands full." I should say they were each 5 inches long. To free myself from any stigma of unnecessary cruelty, I may mention that I allowed the captive to depart. I should like to know if moles are pugnacious animals by nature? FLORA.

P.S.—Our keeper this morning told me he had just killed *six wood-pigeons at one shot!* Would not remarkable shots be a good topic for your paper?

POISONED ARROWS.—Perhaps some of your readers can refer me to accounts of the methods of poisoning arrows and other weapons of the chase, which are practised in various parts of the world, as I am collecting information on the subject. Dr. Messer, of Sydney, was apparently engaged in a similar investigation, and if he has published the results it would gratify me to be referred to them. In Monteiro's "Angola" it is stated that the liver of the alligator is believed to be poisonous and is used as a poison by the "fetishmen" or sorcerers. Is it known to be applied to arrows? "Some native tribes," according to Messrs. Lord and Bates ("Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life, &c."), "prepare arrow-poison by first making a hollow nest in

the liver of some dead animal and filling this with living centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, and other poisonous creatures," which are then irritated and made to discharge their venom. When this is absorbed by the liver the arrows are rubbed over it. The same gentlemen also state that the "Chinese plunge their arrows in a putrid carcase in order to poison them." What native tribes are referred to in the above extract? A method of preparing poisoned arrows which obtains in New Zealand (?) is given in the following extract from a journal kept by the son of the Missionary-bishop Selwyn. It reached me in the form of a "cutting" from a correspondent, and I should be glad to learn where it was published, which was not improbably in the reports of a Missionary Society:—"July 1st.—In the morning I went down to see a sick man, and found a man making poisoned arrows, so I made them go through the whole operation. The arrow-point is a human bone, and in this the real danger lies—not from its causing tetanus in itself, but because of its extreme fineness and liability to break in the wound. This bone is then anointed with a compound made by scraping the root of a creeper which is, I believe, a species of strychnine—roasting this over a fire, and then squeezing it with the juice of the screwpalm, to give it consistency. The arrow has two coats of this compound, then dries for ten days, and then receives a second coat of the juice of what they call 'toto.' This merely runs out of the tree, and is collected in a bamboo, where it hardens, and is warmed by the fire when ready for use. The arrow waits for a month, during which time the toto cracks and the loko (strychnine) underneath comes through. Now if I can only get the plants themselves alive to Sydney, I shall have done Dr. Messer, of the *Pearl*, a good turn, as he is investigating 'poisoned arrows' and declares that the poison has not much to do with the tetanus, and I am inclined to agree with him. It is very difficult to know what power the natives themselves attribute to them, as they mix up the *Mana*, or power of the man who shoots, so much with the effect caused—but they undoubtedly believe that both the applications are poisonous." TAU.

DOGS ON RAILWAYS.—Perhaps some reader "learned in the law," can tell me if the railway officials are justified in charging for a dog which, when travelling, I can and do carry in my coat pocket. The question reminds me of a most amusing story which Mr. Frank Buckland tells, with all his accustomed vivacity, in his "Curiosities of Natural History." "In the bag alone Jacko travelled as far as Southampton on his road to town. While taking

ticket at the railway-station, Jacko, who must needs see everything that was going on, suddenly poked his head out of the bag, and gave a malicious grin at the ticket-giver. This much frightened the poor man, but with great presence of mind, quite astonishing under the circumstances, he retaliated the insult,—‘Sir, that’s a dog, you must pay for it accordingly.’ In vain was the monkey made to come out of the bag and exhibit his whole person, in vain were arguments in full accordance with the views of Cuvier and Owen urged eagerly, vehemently, and without hesitation (for the train was on the point of starting), to prove that the animal in question was not a dog, but a monkey. A dog it was in the peculiar views of the official, and 3s. 6d. was paid. Thinking to carry the joke further (there were just a few minutes to spare), I took out from my pocket a live tortoise I happened to have with me, and showing it, said, ‘What must I pay for this, as you charge for all animals?’ The *employé* adjusted his specs, withdrew from the desk to consult his superior; then returning, gave the verdict with grave but determined manner, ‘No charge for them, sir; them be insects.’

TINY’S MASTER.

BIRDS AND TORTOISES AS FORTUNE-TELLERS.—One class of Chinese fortune-tellers, Archdeacon Gray (“China,” vol. ii. p. 6) writes, use birds in their divinations. After a client has selected from the pack a card upon which is written some sentence indicative of good or bad fortune, the cards are thoroughly shuffled and spread out upon a table. A bird, sometimes a white hen, is then released from its cage and directed to select a card. Should the bird pick out that previously chosen by the client, the latter is assured that the prediction especially refers to him. The bird rarely fails to do so. Female fortune-tellers predict the fortunes of females only, by means of tortoises. Words of good or bad import are written upon cards which are each enclosed in an envelope, and arranged round the sides of a bamboo tray. A client having selected a card as before and returned it to the envelope, a tortoise is placed on the tray and rarely fails to select the card chosen. It is not easy to see how this is managed, for if a strong scent be applied to the selected card (and this is the most probable means) it will be difficult to discriminate when the cards have been several times used, unless the scent be of a very fugitive nature. The use of minute particles of food would be at once detected, while marking with a finger-nail would imply a degree of intelligence which one would not willingly grant to the bird, and certainly not to the tortoise. Can any reader offer a solution?

A. W. H.

THE SALT DUTY AND FISH IN INDIA.—Mr. W. W. Hunter in his “Orissa” (1872) speaks of the immense harm which our system of Salt Duty does to the province. All the inland waters have been denuded of their tenants, and while the lower reaches and estuaries of the great Orissa delta abound in a hundred varieties of edible fish it is useless to take them, for the climate renders it impossible to keep them in a fresh state long enough to reach the cultivated districts, while the high duty on salt renders it impossible to cure them. With the peasant population fish is a favourite article of food, indeed, almost the sole relish which they can afford to their monotonous rice diet, and large quantities of fish imperfectly cured in the sun are consumed, and these are always more or less rotten. The dried fish stored in reed baskets is sparingly doled out, a decomposing mass, as a luxury to the husbandman’s frugal household throughout the year. Might I ask if this state of things continues and whether or no any steps to remedy this flagrant evil has been taken by a Government, which, as Mr. Hunter remarks, “is bound to protect these silent millions who cannot protect themselves”?

J. NEWTON.

“COD-MURDERER.”—Can any reader tell me what kind of an implement bears this name in Scotland, and if it be in use elsewhere?

NEMO.

PIKE’S-EYE POWDER.—What were the “wonderful effects” of this powder, which is mentioned by Mrs. Delaney (“Autobiography and Correspondence”)?

JUVENA.

“HARE-LUG” AND “ASH-FOX.”—What species of *Ephemera* are those which bear the above designations in Scotland and Ireland?

DUBITANS.

THE PHRYGANIDÆ.—What are the particular species of stone or spring-flies which furnish the fisherman with the Grannam or green-tail, the cinnamon-fly, the alder-fly, the oak-fly, “the light-brown,” and the silver-horn.

DUBITANS.

HUSO-FISHING ON THE WOLGA.—The huso enters the rivers to spawn earlier than the sturgeon, generally about mid-winter, when they are still covered with ice. At this time the natives construct dykes across the river in certain parts, formed with piles, leaving no interval that the huso can pass through; in the centre of the dyke is an angle opening to the current, which consequently is an entering angle to the fish ascending the stream; at the summit of this

angle is an opening, which leads into a kind of chamber formed with cord or osier-hurdles, according to the season of the year. Above the opening is a kind of scaffold, and a little cabin where the fishermen can retire and warm themselves or repose when they are not wanted abroad. No sooner has the huso entered into the chamber, which is known by the motion of the water, than the fishermen on the scaffold let fall a door, which prevents its return to sea-ward: they then, by means of ropes and pulleys, lift the movable bottom of the chamber, and easily secure the fish." I find this account in Kirby's "Bridgewater Treatise" (vol. i. p. 108), and should be glad to learn the size and name of the fish which is known as the *huso* in Russia.

J. JONES.

REPLIES.

SALMON FEEDING ON TROUT.—In an editorial note to the quotation from the *Fishing Gazette* respecting the above, you say, "That this fact should be regarded as something new is very remarkable." In reply to this I can only say that though I have endeavoured for the last twelve months to get reliable evidence that salmon do feed on trout (as is generally supposed) the Rev. Mr. Jekyll's letter which appeared in my paper of December 20 was the *first*, and, so far, is the only proof I have been able to obtain that such is really the case. I received letters from all parts of the country saying that the writers could find no traces of food of any kind in the salmon they had examined. I inquired of several fishmongers who get salmon from the English, Scotch, and Irish rivers, the answer was always the same,—no trace of food in the stomach. The editor of the *Deutsche Fischerie Zeitung* inserted a letter from me on the subject, and the replies were to the effect that salmon did not feed on trout in German waters. In America no traces of food were found in the 98,000 salmon opened and canned on the Columbia River in 1874, with the exception of three, and "these three had the appearance of having just left salt water." Mr. Frank Buckland told me he had opened hundreds of salmon and had never found food in the stomach, and that his inquiries of water-bailiffs and keepers in all parts of the country never elicited anything but "hearsay" evidence that salmon feed on trout. His own impression is that they do not, and that they lay up a store of fat in salt water on which they exist when in fresh water. He thinks it may be possible that a kelt which has been long in fresh water may eat trout, but very rarely. The salmon the

Rev. Mr. Jekyll refers to had been in the river for weeks, and could not get down to the sea on account of the very low state of the water. I think his observation is another example of the "exception proving the rule." My chief object in endeavouring to get at the facts was to prove to trout-fishers that they need not look on the salmon as an enemy. I know anglers who kill every samlet they catch simply because they think if they let it go alive it may some day return from the sea as a salmon and devour their trout. Mr. Bayley Collins, of Morebath, and the Rev. J. S. Jellicoe, of Dulverton, caught scores of salmon in the Barle and Exe last autumn; they both very kindly, at my request, had nearly every fish carefully examined, and although they were caught in rivers teeming with small trout, in no single instance was there a trace of anything like food in the stomachs of the fish. They told me they frequently observed salmon and trout rising repeatedly within a few feet of one another in the same still pool. I have fished in many rivers containing trout and salmon but I never yet saw a trout pursued by a salmon. I do not for one moment believe that salmon injure a trout-stream in any way; on the contrary, the salmon-roe is greedily devoured by trout at a time when they can find but scanty food in the shape of flies or aquatic insects, and the presence of the more valuable fish in a river ensures (in England at least) all the fish being properly protected from poachers. If you or any of the readers of your most valuable "Note-Book" can give me any other evidence in the matter I shall be obliged. I am sure the subject is worth attention. I prefer trout-fishing to salmon-fishing myself simply because it requires much more skill. I take it that any man of ordinary strength and intelligence would learn to throw a salmon-fly in a week and kill salmon; but would he so easily learn how to kill trout with the fly? A good trout-fisher would easily catch salmon, but a good salmon-fisher might never be able to catch trout. If salmon did feed on trout I should take the part of the latter. R. B. MARSTON.

Fishing Gazette Office, Jan. 8th, 1880.

P.S.—THE WOUND OF A JACK'S TEETH.—Here is a "note" for you. I have lately had a practical proof of the poisonous nature of the teeth of a jack. In taking a triangle from the mouth of a fish I had killed, the hold in the flesh gave way unexpectedly and my right-hand forefinger was jerked against one of the large teeth in the lower jaw which went in like a large thorn would, making a puncture which bled a good deal. The finger ached all day and at night was swelled and much inflamed, so that I could hardly use it

write. I tried as a remedy the placing a piece of cold wet rag on it, and the cold-water cure had the desired effect, though the finger was painful for two or three days. As many of your readers are open to a similar accident this note may be useful.

R. B. M.

FISHING DOGS (p. 10).—In Yarrell's "British Fishes," 1859, vol. i. p. 283, will be found an account of a water-spaniel, belonging to a gentleman at Lackham, which killed all the carp in his master's ponds, and was in consequence condemned to death. Mr. Popham, of Littlecot, in the county of Wilts, who had a famous trout-fishery, obtained a reprieve and took charge of the dog, "in the belief that so sly and so swift a fish as the trout was not to be caught by a dog. However, in this he was mistaken, for the dog soon convinced him that his largest trout were not a match for him."

M. G. W.

IN "Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History," by Cornwall Simeon (Cambridge, 1860), pp. 128-132, the author mentions a little stocky, rough, yellow terrier which was attached to a shooting-lodge in Ross-shire, and took the greatest delight in all field sports, but particularly fishing. "Many a rough day he had of it—sitting in the bow or stern-sheets—wherever there happened to be room for him, drenched with rain and spray, and perhaps half-frozen by a biting wind. But all this he endured, just as his human friends endured it, for the sake of the sport, which seemed to make up for all discomforts. Great was his excitement when a salmon was hooked, and profound the attention with which (head on one side and ears cocked) he watched all the subsequent proceedings, the salmon's rushes, his leaps, his gradual approach to the shore, perhaps an unsuccessful attempt to gaff him (for the gillies there were not very certain hands at the work), until at length the crowning effort was made, and the fish landed safely on *terra firma*. He was then a proud and happy dog. He had done his work well in his own opinion, and evidently considered himself to be off duty for a time, and entitled, in common with ourselves, to take a rest and divert himself, which, after inspecting the fish and superintending the process of weighing it, he accordingly set about, doing it in his own way, that is, instead of smoking a pipe over it as we did, he, after a preliminary stretch and roll on the heather, took out his relaxation in a hunt (not however attended with much success) after field-mice." . . . "But what he peculiarly delighted in was fishing on his own account." Large cod used constantly to come to the shore of the loch attracted by the offal there thrown into the water. "Here of an evening, after we

had done our day's work, our friend used to take his stand, perhaps occupying a commanding position on one of the stepping-stones which formed a rough pier for the purpose of embarkation, on the look-out for the cod. Although he generally saw them when they were some little distance from the shore, yet, if they seemed to be coming pretty straight towards him, he rarely made any demonstration until they were well within reach and he had a fair chance at them. Then in he went with a rush. There was a tussle, a diving, a gripping, and a blowing, and then gradually he emerged, struggling with and dragging after him the unwieldy and reluctant form of a big, helpless-looking cod." Sometimes the fish were rescued and thrown back into the water, to the great disgust of our friend, but not apparently to their own discomfort, for the author noticed several, "nothing daunted by the rough reception they had experienced, returning after a few minutes to prosecute their search for the offal as if nothing had happened."

A. C.

TAME FISH.—In the Rev. C. D. Badham's "Prose Haliotics," 1854 (pp. 44-6), much will be found on the Roman custom of keeping tame fish, chiefly from Varro and Pliny. The latter tells us that a functionary, called the "nomenclator," was maintained, who gave the fish their particular names and taught them to "wag their tails, fawn like dogs, and permit themselves to be scratched and clawed." Extraordinary attachments were formed. Hortensius, the orator, nearly broke his heart on the death of a favourite lamprey. "Many of the Conscript fathers, too, and other eminent personages were so much under fish fascination that they thought no time or trouble too great if they could but train some docile favourite to feed out of their hand; and that object once attained, they were rapt in an Elysium of delight. Cicero called two of his friends subject to this delusion 'Tritones piscinarum,' tritons of fish-ponds; and 'Piscinarii,' or stock-pond men." The pastime of feeding fish was not confined to the ancient Romans, for it obtains among various tribes of modern people. Mr. Ellis writes, "Fish are great favourites in Otaheite, and are fed in large holes half-filled with water. I have been frequently with a young chieftain when he has sat down by the side of a hole, and, giving a whistle, has brought out an enormous eel, which has moved about the surface of the water, and eaten with confidence from his master's hand."

S.

JAPANESE FISHING-LINE (p. 15).—The Japanese line referred to by your correspondent, "F. Bloomfield," appears to be the same as the "Chinese twist," which is made of raw silk,

and has the advantage of being tougher, as well as cheaper, than our best English silk lines. If required for a "running" line, it should be softened by being placed in oil for a short time and then dried. The sample enclosed I obtained from a London dealer. F. L. L.

LARGE PERCH (p. 14).—"Esox Lucius" asks your readers to contribute information respecting the weight of large perch which has come under the notice of any of your readers. I can contribute one fact which came under my own observation. Many years ago I was with Mr. H. Adams, then head-gamekeeper to the late Earl of Stamford and Warrington. He and one of his men had the previous night disturbed some poachers at the fish-ponds in the Chapel grounds in Bradgate Park, in Leicestershire, (famous for being the birth-place of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey), who were either laying or taking up night-lines, and I went with him to search for them. He found a large number of lines with fish attached to them, and on one line, which must have escaped the notice of the poachers on a previous visit, was a very large fish, much decomposed, and which stank most offensively. This fish was a perch, and its great size astonished me—its back-fin, as I said at the time, looked like the sail of a ship—as it did astonish Mr. Adams, and he carried it on the hook to his house, and I saw him weigh it in his dairy. The weight was $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb. In addition to its decomposed state, which without doubt, reduced its weight, there was a large piece bitten out of the shoulder, most likely by eels. I have no doubt at all but that the weight of the fish when alive would, at the least computation, have been 6 lb. if not more. In the summer of 1842, I killed a large number of fine perch in Naseby reservoir, one brace of which weighed over 6 lb., one fish weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. I have often killed perch with the artificial fly, indeed the first fish I took with fly, when I began to fish with fly, was a perch, and I recollect as of yesterday the spot. It was in the river Wreke, opposite Thrusington church, in Leicestershire. J. GARLE BROWNE.

Jan. 7, 1880.

LARGE PERCH (p. 14).—I think a fine *Perca fluviatilis* is one of our most beautiful fresh-water fish. I have taken some fine ones, but am sorry I cannot claim a four-pounder in my collection. The most perfectly-formed was taken when fishing, with my uncle, in the Test below Romsey, weight 3 lbs. 8 oz. T. J. MANN.
Bournemouth.

FROZEN SALMON (p. 6).—Your readers are indebted to Mr. Bentley for the first intelligible

account of this new importation from Canada. That the process was "patented" has apparently deterred other writers from entering into particulars, and showing wherein the mode of preservation differs from that which has hitherto obtained. The whole interest hinges on this point. Mr. Buckland, in *Land and Water*, has given an account of the fishery establishment to which we are indebted for this addition to our supply of "delectable viands." The substance will prove of interest. The Ristigouche empties itself into the Bay of Chaleur, on which there are upwards of a hundred fishing stations, of which the Government fishery officer (Mr. Mowat) has charge. The river is closed with ice until the 1st of May; the nets are then put in, and remain until the end of July, and another month is allowed for rod-fishing. The nets in use are $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. in the mesh, pulled tight, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. from knot to knot. Large fish only are desired. The spawning-time lasts for ten or fourteen days in the middle of October. Certain grounds are set apart for this purpose on which no fishing whatever is allowed. Ice is the great enemy to this salmon fishery; it breaks up the spawning-beds and injures the parent fish. Fish-hatching is carried on to a large extent, and Mr. Mowat adopts the following method of distributing the little fish when the bag is absorbed: "He constructs a long box in the shape of a boat, with partitions in her. He puts so many fish into each partition; the boat is floated down or taken up the river, and the partitions removed, and the fry allowed to escape at suitable places." B. R. F.

HOW TO MAKE THE RED-FLY (p. 14).—I venture to suggest the following mode of dressing the red-fly, male and female (both deadly killers) as generally adopted for Derbyshire waters. We will take the lady first: body, tied with orange or bright-brown silk with a tag of claret-coloured mohair or Berlin wool at the tail; from the claret-tag up to the shoulders, red squirrel's fur; legs, a claret-stained cockerell's hackle; wings, from the reddish-brown mottled under-covert wing-feather of a peahen of the ordinary colour—not a pied or white one. In lieu of peahen, from the reddest part of a landrail's wing quill-feather. This female fly is both described and drawn in Ronalds's "Fly-fisher's Entomology," and should be dressed on a No. 3 Kendal sneck bend hook. A mallard's feather for the wings of this fly is much too dark, and a most difficult feather to manipulate. The male fly is smaller, and may be made on No. 2 or even No. 1 Kendal sneck bend hook. Body, medium shade of orange tying-silk, with dubbing from tail to shoulders of the red-brown of from the back of a fox's ear, or from a Tass

nian opossum—fur of the exact shade can be procured; legs, a feather from the tail of a jenny wren, or from the wing quill-feather nearest the body of this bird. There are two feathers in each wing, better mottled and more equal in length of fibre, with a finer shaft and more pleasant to tie than a tail-feather, which is stiff in the shaft. If your correspondent would like to have patterns of male and female red-fly they will be forwarded with pleasure through your office on application. ROSEATE TERN.

ALBINISM (p. 13).—A milk-white dog-fox was in the autumn of 1859 taken up alive before the Isle of Wight hounds. "Although the run had been a good one, and they ran into him in the open, yet, strange to say, when they came up with him, doubtless in consequence of his unusual appearance, not a hound would touch him, and he was taken up out of the midst of them perfectly uninjured." (Simeon's "Stray Notes," p. 177.) T. S.

ALBINISM (p. 13).—Your correspondent will find in the *Field* of April 9, 1870 (p. 317), a notice of the occurrence of a white starling; in the same year, on May 14 (p. 418), that a rook was shot at Dullingham Park, "perfectly white in every feather;" on June 25 (p. 536), a description of a pair of white blackbirds; and in the following year, in the number for Jan. 14 (p. 20), a note on a white woodpigeon. A. C.

ALBINISM (p. 13).—In "Anahuac," by E. B. Tylor (1861), p. 323, mention is made of a "white negress," at a village *rancho* near Vera Cruz: "her hair and features showed her African origin, but her hair was like white wool, and her face and hands were as colourless as those of a dead body. This animated corpse was healthy enough, however, and this peculiarity of the skin is, it seems, not very uncommon." T. M.

Notices of Books.

The Transactions of the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union. (Part I. for 1877-1878, Part II. for 1878-1879). Leeds.

THIS "Union" consists of the association of about thirty local clubs or societies in Yorkshire which have natural history for their object, the terms or conditions of the Union not being apparent, but one result is the publication of these "*Transactions*." There are five Sections

in the Union—Vertebrate Zoology, Conchology, Entomology, Botany, and Geology, and the Transactions are composed of reports from the sections on the animals and plants that have been found in the county, that on geology being at present wanting.

The existence of so many small societies shows conclusively the interest that is taken in natural objects immediately at hand, and it would seem superfluous to insist on the benefits that result from the attention given thereto; still, it may be doubted if the full advantages that might be attained accrue from merely collecting objects of natural history. Yet, as a necessary preliminary the objects must be collected before investigation can be made, and they must be named before the collector is able to know what is already done or known respecting them. Independent of the ideas of order and method that must result from the study of natural organized forms, the collector thereof is induced to think about things not connected with his personal affairs or interests, and the record of his observations is not only interesting in itself, but may surely serve philosophical investigations into the geographical range of species, and the causes of their existence or persistence throughout limited, although perhaps wide, areas. Such, for instance, are the remarks on the melanochroism and leucochroism occurring in certain species of *Lepidoptera* (Entomological Report for 1877, p. 91), a subject that of late has engaged much attention in connection with evolution. Further benefit may be expected from recorded observations on insect-life, with regard to its beneficial or hurtful action in relation to man, its influence on grain, seeds, fruit, and field and garden vegetables, on the crops of which the annual loss by insect agency is, in the aggregate, enormous. Except in our own country this subject has been deemed worthy of legislative action, and in America some of the States maintain a "State Entomologist" whose business it is to make special inquiries and report with a view to concerted action in remedial measures; such are the reports of Professor Riley on the Colorado beetle and locusts.

With regard to the essential qualification of having correct names, the dictum of Linné is absolutely true, "Nomen si perit et perit cognitio rerum." A name will serve to distinguish (say) an insect from others, yet if the possessor of the insect desire to verify it by its description, learn anything about its place in nature, or, as before observed, ascertain what is known about it, he must refer to the work or works in which it has been described or noticed. All the hitherto known European insects, including those of Great Britain, have been

described in the first instance or noticed mostly in Latin or in German, French, or other European languages, and the greater part also by English authors, but their works are often costly. Hence the difficulty to English entomologists who cannot afford to buy such books and who can read no language but their own. This is feelingly expressed by Mr. S. L. Mosley in his "Report on Yorkshire Diptera," 1877, p. 19: "The species enumerated are what I have taken in Yorkshire, or rather, so far as have been determined for me. I have many others, the names of which I do not know at present, and a considerably greater number no doubt have escaped my notice altogether, so that this list must be taken as very, very far from being complete. Besides, this is one of those departments of entomology that has to be pursued under great difficulties, especially by working men like myself, and of which our Union is for the most part composed. The workers in this department are few and far between, and the consequence is that it is difficult for one to get that friendly help which naturalists should always be as happy to give as they are to receive. . . . This is one of the 'neglected orders,' and I have taken it up because it is neglected, especially in this part of the country. . . . Books on *Diptera* are scarce and expensive, and besides, the best books are written in Latin or German, and as most working naturalists do not read these languages, and as the English books are so profoundly scientific, a person has to be very enthusiastic if he (or she) gets on at all." Yet for all this the writer does not despair, for he says, "I have undertaken to write this paper not so much to show what has been done, as to form a starting-point for others to follow." There is, however, a wide field still open for the investigation of the *natural history* of insects independent of other considerations, and if by one manner or another the names be obtained, the observer is in a position to record his observations for the instruction of others, with this pleasure, at all events, that if the circumstances prove to be already known they were new to *him*, which is one of the great charms of the pursuit of natural history, and happily more and more appreciated. J. W. DOUGLAS.

8, Beaufort-gardens, Lewisham, Dec. 23, 1879.

In my Indian Garden. By Phil. Robinson, with a Preface by Edwin Arnold, M.A. Third Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co.



HE significant words "Third Edition" on this title-page tell us that our commendations have been forestalled by public approval. This is not surprising. The writer has a cultivated and obser-

vant fancy, and being "one of those happy few in whom familiarity with Indian sights and objects has not bred indifference," and having the gift to record his first impressions, has found time to do so "in a style which, with all its lightness of manner and material, has great strength and value, like those fine webs of Dacca and Delhi with the embroidered beetle-wings and feathers." So writes Mr. Arnold in the preface, which might perhaps more fitly have been styled "commendation," but is, nevertheless, a brightly-written prelude to the sketches, and they are scarcely more, which Mr. Robinson has produced. We extract his sketch of the Ichneumon, known in India as the Mongoose (*Herpestes griseus*) as most fitted for our pages:—

"As a contrast to the fidgetty birds, glance your eye along the garden path, and take note of that pink-nosed mongoose, gazing placidly out of the water-pipe. It looks as shy as Oliver Twist before the Board; but that is only because it sees no chance of being able to chase you about, catch you, and eat you. If you were a snake or a lizard you would find it provokingly familiar, and as brisk as King Ferdinand at an auto-da-fé, for the scent of a lively snake is to the mongoose as pleasant as that of valerian to cats, attar to a Begum, anised to pigeons, or burning Jews to his Most Catholic Majesty aforementioned; and when upon the war-trail the mongoose is as different to the everyday animal as the Sunday gentleman in the Park in green gloves and a blue necktie, is to the obsequious young man who served you across the counter on Saturday. Usually the mongoose is to be seen slinking timorously along the narrow watercourses or under cover of the turf edge, gliding along to some hunting-ground among the aloes, whence if it unearths a quarry it will emerge with its fur on end and its tail like a bottle-brush, its eyes dancing in its head, and all its body agog with excitement, reckless of the dead leaves crackling as it scuttles after the flying reptile, flinging itself upon the victim with a zest and single-mindedness wonderful to see. That pipe is its city of refuge—the asylum in all times of trouble, to which it betakes itself when annoyed by the cat, who lives in the carrot-bed, or the bird-boy, who by his inhuman cries greatly perplexes the robins in the peas, or when its nerves have been shaken by the sudden approach of the silent-footed gardener, or by a rencontre with the long-tailed pariah dog that lives in the outer dust. The mongoose, although his own brothers in Nepal have the same smell in a worse degree, is the sworn foe of muskrats. 'All is not mongoose that smells of musk,' it reasons, as it follows up the trail of its chitt-chittering victim; but although it enjoys this, '*le sport*,' it sometimes essays the less creditable battue. Jerdon says, 'It is very destructive to such birds as frequent the ground. Not unfrequently it gets access to tame pigeons, rabbits, or poultry, and commits great havoc, sucking the blood only of several.' He adds, that he has 'often seen it make a dash into a verandah where caged birds were placed, &

endeavour to tear them from their cages.' The mungoose family, in fact, do duty for weasles, and if game were preserved in India would be vermin. Even at present some of the blame so lavishly showered on the tainted musk-rat might be transferred to the mungoose."

Answers to Correspondents.

F. M. COOK.—The "hunter's moon" is the lunation in October; the "harvest moon" that of September. We have never heard of the "seedman's moon."

G. O. P.—The first Salmon Act on the English Statute-book is the 13th Edward I., cap. 47. It prohibited the taking of salmon "from the Nativity of our Lady" (September 8th), "until St. Martin's day" (November 11th).

G. B.—It is from the curl in the caudal appendage that the name of drake has been applied to the May-fly (*Ephemera vulgata*). The green drake is the pseudimago; the grey drake, the imago of this insect. "Tilt-up" and "cock-tail" are names used in some counties; "caughlan," in Ireland. It is stated that the Scottish fishermen almost invariably term the *Phryganea*, May-fly. The *Phryganea* has no "whisk," as erroneously depicted in Ronald's "Fly-Fisher's Entomology," and in the edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," edited by Ephemera.

J. G. M.—Dibbing, dibling, or daping, is fishing on the surface of the water with a real fly.

W. H. DIXON.—No, you cannot dispense with the *Fishing Gazette*. We have no intention of supplying "Reports on the Rivers," nor any matter of a similar character, but we purpose shortly commencing a series of articles giving descriptions, from the Angler's and Naturalist's point of view, of all the more important fishing streams in Great Britain and Ireland.

O. O. O. (Torquay).—We thank you for the names, and have requested our publishers to forward free copies of our first number to the addresses given.

J. GARLE B. is thanked for his kind advice. Our contents will depend on the wishes of our readers as indicated by their contributions.

J. ALLAN.—We should advise you to apply to the Editor of *The Live Stock Journal*.

M. A. (Cambridge).—The lines on "The Cunning Carp and the Contented Knight" were written by the late Chief-Justice Abbott at Denton, in Kent, the seat of the well-known literary antiquary, Sir Egerton Brydges, who is celebrated in it as the Knight of the Lake. It will be found in Sir Egerton's "Censura Litteraria," vol. ix. p. 369.

G. S.—Dr. Couch, of Bodmin, whose name is affixed to the article, will no doubt be glad to hear from you on the subject.

FRANK BUCKLAND.—It is certainly only by an oversight, which we must regret, that you have not been furnished with a copy of the NOTE-BOOK.

SALMO SALAR.—Your paper will have our best attention.

J. K. (Harkwick Hall).—The NOTE-BOOK may be obtained at any of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's book-stalls.

F. BLOOMFIELD.—J. S. S. (Huddersfield); N. P. C.; Nicholas (Bradford); Q. (The Copse); Delta; are thanked.

BOOKS, ETC., WANTED.

Campbell's "West Highland Tales." First series.

NOTICE.—In order that our first monthly part may on this occasion, as subsequently, contain only two numbers, we have postponed our second issue until this date.

N.B.—As a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication, unless desired, we require the names and addresses of our correspondents. Communications will not be returned unless stamps accompany them.

All business communications should be addressed to "The Publisher," and all matter for publication, to "The Editor of THE ANGLERS' NOTE-BOOK," at No. 12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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BRINKBURN ON THE COQUET.

The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 3.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1880.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

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FISH CULTURE IN ENGLAND.



UCH has been written, and with vast practical result during the last few years, on this all-important subject; but in spite of the unwearied exertions of such men as Messrs. Buckland, Walpole, Francis Francis, Youl, C. Capel, and others, we

are still far behind Germany and France, and our large establishments are, I am sorry to say, to be counted on our fingers. Many owners of streams and rivers know but little of erecting hatching-houses, and less of spawning any of the Salmonidæ. I am convinced many would do so, who at present are deterred, not so much from the cost, as want of knowledge how to set about it. I would suggest that lovers of pisciculture should write and form a society, making London their head quarters, from whence information could be forwarded to those who wish to erect hatching-houses, or to spawn their own fish. The services of a practical man in spawning, and an intelligent gentleman to undertake the duties of secretary, models of hatching-houses, tanks, filters, &c., are all we should require. If impossible to make it an addition to the Kensington Fish Department, and obtain a small grant from Government, I feel convinced there are many so deeply interested in this subject of food supply and sport combined, that if started in a right and practical way, it would not be an insurmountable undertaking to obtain the necessary annual funds. To those who could afford to pay for information, a charge should be made, but I would also propose that those not in this happy position should be provided gratuitously with all needful details. I do not bring this idea forward without due appreciation of the department of Mr. Buckland's, at Kensington, but I have not seen any models of hatching-houses, &c., and I am sorry to say it is almost impossible for Mr. Eden, (who


most obliging) to leave the covers off the tanks when the fry are hatched, or the intelligent London public would at once try the effect of the point of a walking stick, or, as they do at Brighton, throw dainty morsels of orange peel to the helpless youngsters.

We have a "Royal Agricultural Society," why not a "Royal Piscicultural Society?" Farmers would not think of leaving a meadow unstocked, and yet how many thousands of acres of land are covered with our rivers and streams, many of which are uncultivated and unprotected. I would willingly become an annual subscriber to an undertaking such as I have attempted to describe.

T. J. M.

Bournemouth.

JADE.

REAT interest attaches to this mineral at present from the fact of a scraper made of it having, this last December, been dredged from the Rhone, and from other jade tools having been found in the Swiss lake-dwellings. These have been pronounced by Professors Rolleston and Max Müller to have been brought from the far East by the early Aryans who discovered and peopled Europe. Mr. Westropp having denounced this theory as "a wild hypothesis" led to a most interesting series of letters on the point in the columns of the *Times*, which has, however, for the present, completely established the original theory. It is worth while to summarize the facts which have emerged during the controversy. From Professor Rolleston we learn that with the single exception of an unworked fragment of jade or jadeite (they are totally different minerals), at Schwemmsal, in Saxony, no unworked specimen of either has been found nearer to Switzerland than, for nephrite (jade) Turkestan, and the environs of Lake Baikal; and for jadeite, China. He suggests that the distance these little jade tools and ornaments have travelled is no objection to the hypothesis, as many men carry favourite pocket-knives for greater distances with them at present. This scarcely seems convincing, however, when the differences of locomotion, in these days, and in *primitive times*, are taken into account. A more

conclusive argument is that sheep and goats, the remains of both of which have been found in Swiss lake-dwellings, have indubitably come there by slow transportation from the East. Professor Story-Maskelyne ably continues the argument: "Jade celts are very rare; they are found however, few and far between, from Mesopotamia to Brittany; and they evince the passion of every race of mankind for the possession of green stones, as objects endowed with an intrinsic preciousness." A small jade celt, once worn in a necklace by a Greek girl, may be seen pendant, probably as a talisman, from that specimen of antique gold jewellery in the British Museum. But its makers were as unknown to her as to us. Jade is wholly unknown in Egyptian art. Greeks and Romans not only did not know it, but had not even names for it. In fact the jade mines of the Kara-Kash river in the Kuen-Luen range, north of the mountains of Cashmere, are the sole sources of the jade supply found over the whole of Europe. White as well as green jade is there quarried, but only the green variety had hitherto been found in the pre-historic world, until a few months ago. Dr. Schliemann dug up from Hissarlik (Troy), and from the oldest of its buried cities, a single celt of fine white jade, just such as might have been dug from the pits above the Kara-Kash or fashioned from a pebble taken out of its stream. By barter and travel, therefore, all the supply of jade hitherto found in the world lying to the south and west of the Pamir, has come from these Chinese mines. It is probable indeed that "other sources of jade farther north may have contributed some of the material borne westward in the form of celts. The Amoor in the far north, rolls down jade pebbles from the Yablono Mountains of the Trans-Baikal district of Siberia, and the Chinese have probably some sources of green jade unknown to us. Their jadeite is supplied, though probably not exclusively, by mines in the mountains to the north-west of Bhamo in the Lao State of Burmah." Still, the reader will observe the original hypothesis is not impaired by these suppositions.

"The introduction of jade, or at least its use

as a material for artistic workmanship in India dates almost from yesterday, since it belongs to the time of the early Mogul Emperors of Delhi," adds Professor Story-Maskelyne. The Mexicans in the New World worked a kind of jadeite. Jade is found in the hornblendic rocks of New Zealand, and the natives of Polynesia have always fashioned it into ornaments, &c., and valued them frequently, like the early pre-historic races of the Old World, for sacred reasons. Its extraordinary toughness is the chief characteristic of jade as a mineral, and yet it cuts and retains an edge, like well-tempered steel.

An admirable letter from Professor Max Müller ably sums up this evidence in favour of the theory which he originally stated, (*Times*, January 10th, 1880). As might be expected from his genius, he goes on to compare the transport of jade westward with the westward advance of language: "If we take such useful tools as our numerals, and consider what is pre-supposed by the fact that, making allowance for a certain amount of phonetic wear and tear, these numerals are the same in Sanscrit and in English, we shall, I think, feel less upset, even when brought face-to-face with the jade tools in the lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland. Aye, I go a step further; let us look at the fact that, of all the numerals from one to ten in Sanscrit, *saptā* (seven) and *ashtāu* (eight) alone have the accent on the last syllable, and then turn our eyes to ancient and even to modern Greek, and observe exactly the same exceptional accentuation there. The very name of jade contains a singular story. There is no ancient Aryan or European name for that mineral. It is always called *jaspis* by writers who treat of it (*i.e.* jasper); but it has nothing to do with jasper, and the name *jaspis* is Semitic. In China from the most ancient times it has been called *yu* or *chiu*. The name jade is not met with before the discovery of America. The jade brought from America was called by the Spaniards *piedra de yjada*, because for a long time it was believed to cure pain in the side. For similar reasons, it was called afterwards *lapis nephriticus* (nephrite, *i.e.* kidney-stone), *lapis ischiadicus*, or *divinus* or kidney-stone." Now *piedra de yjada* is meant,

when the term was first brought to Europe by Monardes in (1569), for *piedra de ijada*, *i.e.* groin-stone. *Ijada* itself is only the Latin *ilia*. Thus from *ijada* or *jada*, naturally came the mineral's present name, Jade. What a marvellous aggregation of fossil history and philology does a visitor to a museum behold when he looks at the lovely translucent celt of jade, picked up in Saxony or Brittany? This then is the state of the question of jade tools at the present moment. It is only another instance of the comprehensive, far-reaching grasp of modern physical science.

M. G. WATKINS.

THE SALMON DISEASE.



HE recent discussion on this subject in the *Daily News* has called forth from Mr. Buckland and other gentlemen, much valuable information, together with some practical suggestions for ameliorating the evil, which may be summarized for the use of your readers.

The disease has again appeared to an alarming extent especially in the Lune, Eden and Tweed. In the Lune it is spreading with great rapidity, fully one half of the fish in the river being more or less affected. The salmon commence running up the Lune principally in June, and continue to arrive until the end of the year. This season, owing to the lowness of the water, the fish have been unable to reach their spawning grounds. This detention of the fish is the great cause of the mischief and occurs principally at the Halton weirs in consequence of their height. "The heavy fish," it is stated, "in their efforts to get over, batter themselves in leaping against the stone-work and fall back into a length of dead water unfit for spawning purposes. Here they are close prisoners, many die and the rest contract disease." A magnificent female salmon 28½ lb. in weight, taken dead or dying from above this weir, was last week sent to Mr. Buckland, who found that she was "brimful of eggs ready to be deposited." These numbered 21,000, and the fish had probably succumbed to her exertions in effecting the passage of the weir. The water bailiffs are taking out the diseased fish.

and endeavouring if possible to stamp out the disease. It is worthy of note that out of 250 fish taken from the river only about a dozen were females, the rest being males. Mr. Buckland has ascertained that the general proportion of salmon upon the spawning beds at Halton, the fords above it and everywhere else, is seven males to one female. These males fight terrifically with one another and whether in consequence of the wounds received in these encounters or from other causes, the fact remains that the greater number of dead fish found are males. "There seems," he says, "moreover to be a law of nature that after depositing their eggs a certain proportion of salmon shall terminate their existence to give way to the next generation." At the present time the rivers are full of kelts (*i.e.* spawned fish) on their road to the sea, and he thinks it a question whether there are not too many kelts for the river. He is inclined to believe that these fish are over protected and that the legal holiday of seven months in the year, from September to March, which they now enjoy, and which he has himself advocated in order to increase the general size of salmon in the river, might perhaps with advantage be curtailed. The rapidity with which the water now drains off the land owing to the improved systems of drainage, has so diminished the water in this and other rivers that there is not enough to maintain the fish in condition. The fungus disease first particularly showed itself in the Lune about six years ago. In the spring of that year there was a long drought, continuing into June. The water above the Halton weirs never rose sufficiently high to allow fish to go over, and here they congregated in multitudes from the upper waters. The water became dead and stagnant. Since that year there has been more or less disease. This last spring the fish were also late in getting away, reaching Halton when the river was low, they were detained in the over crowded and stagnant water until they contracted disease "which no doubt in many cases sticks to them and develops itself on their return to fresh water from the sea." We quote *the words of a "Conservator," who, writing from*

Lancaster, has contributed greatly to the value of the discussion.

It is the opinion of the water bailiffs that the fish when once attacked invariably die. At the present time a score or more of diseased salmon may be seen in the lock hole below the weir at Skerton. They have been swimming about in this place for some time, yet they appear to have no desire to go further towards the sea. It is indeed a question whether the fish would go to the sea until the natural operation of recoating has taken place, and it is most likely that if they had strength they would again force the pass to get higher up the river. In the higher waters where the streams are lively, pure and bright, and no impediment exists to their free run, the disease is scarcely known. Mr. Buckland points out that a cruive exists in the middle of Halton weir which "has not under the English law been used for many years," and that this might be utilized and its parts adjusted so as to act as a free gap sufficient to give the fish access both up and down the river. He also calls the attention of conservators to a clause in the act of Parliament by which they can compel millers under heavy penalties to shut their sluices when the mill is not at work. (36 and 37 Vict., c. 71, s. 53). Although there is no law of this kind on the Tweed he thinks that the millers would have no objection to shut the sluices at the head of their mill-leats when the kelts are assembled above the weirs. Mr. Buckland also very justly considers that the recent frosts have added a probable cause to the disease both by diminishing the supply of water and by preventing its being properly oxygenated in its downward course by falling over rocks and stones. "At this juncture," he concludes, "a good heavy continuous fall of rain is most devoutly to be wished for," to clear the invalid fish out of the rivers.

It is satisfactory to learn that there is no disease in the Tay nor in the Teith, which being supplied with water from large lakes do not suffer like other rivers from a deficiency of pure constantly flowing water. On the other hand the Tweed appears thoroughly infected with the spores of the fungus, and "numbers of

fish are lying above the Crumwheel as white as millers." There are six times as many fish in the river as there were last year at this time and a corresponding increase in the disease. The disease is known scientifically as *Saprolegnia ferax*.

A. CHALLSTETH.

FALCONRY IN THE GREAT SAHARA.

THE Arabs pursue the sport of falconry with all the zeal, skill and science displayed by our own ancestors, and the apparatus of the African falconer seems to be the same as in the olden time among ourselves—the same hoods and gloves, the same care in feeding, and the same quaint remedies and nostrums. The Rev. Mr. Tristram in his entertaining book "The Great Sahara," had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the sport is conducted, and the substance of his account will be read with interest by your readers. He tells us that "No Agha or Sheik of high degree ever moves for war, pleasure or business unattended by his falconers, who are his confidential lieutenants." On the march, one or two of these important personages follow mounted immediately behind the Sheik, "with a hooded falcon on the wrist, one on the shoulder, and another on the top of his head." The Houbara Bustard is the favourite quarry, and is hunted along the ground and not allowed to take wing, a mode which affords more prolonged excitement to the horsemen. When a bustard is descried the Sheik takes a bird on his wrist from an attendant and rides forward, unhooding and throwing it at the bustard before the latter has had time to take wing. "Should it unfortunately take wing before its pursuer has poised herself above it, an ill-trained or impetuous bird is very apt to strike it in the air; this, according to the view of your desert connoisseur, is a most unpardonable and unsportman-like offence, to be punished with death." A skilful hawk will swoop down and make feints till the bustard takes to its legs. A second falcon is then thrown off and joins its companion in giving chase, the speed of the houbara being such that a "fleet Arab horse

can scarcely keep up with the pursuit." The bustard runs along, aiding its speed by a perpetual fanning with its wings, while the pursuers hang over him at the height of only a few yards and at each effort he makes to take wing swoop down with a feint. The excellence of a falcon is held to lie in her persistence in these feints until the quarry is "nearly exhausted, when the bird instantly drops, struck dead by the hind claw having pierced its vertebræ." A singular mode of self-defence is adopted by the bustard: it ejects both from the mouth and vent a slimy fluid at its pursuers. A well-trained bird eludes this shower until the quarry's supply of moisture is exhausted. "An impatient one rushes in, and gets his whole plumage so bedaubed that his flight is materially impeded, and his swoop when made is irresolute."

Similar tactics are pursued when the gazelle is the quarry, but this chase is very dangerous to the falcons, who frequently impale themselves on the horns of their prey. "It is not uncommon for both pursuer and victim to fall dead at one mutual stroke." The large sakk'r falcon (*Falco sacer*) is used in chasing the gazelle.

In taking the sand-grouse the quarry is struck in the air, and the same falcon is seldom trained for both sports. A trained raven is used in educating the birds for this chase. It wheels in circles over the young falcon and tempts him higher and higher. The flight of the sand-grouse resembles that of the golden plover, and these birds attempt in wheeling circles to rise above the hawk, and then scattering, often distract his pursuit. "Unless the falcon has been unhooded and thrown at the very moment they are flushed," they are frequently successful in escaping. The price of a well-trained lanner, or sakk'r, is from 200 to 300 Spanish dollars, and Mr. Tristram endeavoured in vain to obtain one at the smaller sum mentioned. The Sheik, he adds, "esteems a falcon as of the same value with a thoroughbred horse, and will exchange one for the other." The district where the sakk'r-falcon is found in a state of nature is very limited, being only the southern spurs of the Atlas, between Biskra and Bouçada.

PERA.

SEAL HUNTING IN GREENLAND.

DR. HENRY RINK in his "Danish Greenland" (1877), devotes a chapter to Seal-hunting, which contains much interesting matter, and the substance of this I offer you for insertion in the "NOTE BOOK."

The manœuvres by which seals are captured are practised either from the Kayak or skin-canoe, or by the hunter on ice or land. When the Kayaker uses the harpoon, he approaches within about 25 feet of the seal, and throws the harpoon by means of a piece of wood which supports his weapon and is called the "thrower." A bladder is attached by a line to the harpoon, and when the seal is struck this is cast into the water and indicates the track of the animal beneath the surface. The hunter follows with a large lance which he throws like the harpoon when the seal appears above the water, repeating the same several times, the lance always disengaging itself and floating on the surface. When the convulsions of the animal are subsiding the hunter approaches and stabs it with a small handspear or knife. Should the seal be small the bladder-arrow takes the place of the harpoon. This is a small harpoon without any line, but with a small bladder attached to the staff. The use of firearms has been introduced in various ways in connection with Kayak-hunting, but from the incautiousness of the natives, and the difficulty of using the gun in their frail skiffs, has been attended with many accidents, and is not likely to displace the more ancient methods.

When hunting for seals on the ice, the Greenlander watches for the openings in new ice which the seals make and use for breathing purposes. These openings may be only an inch in diameter, but "from the reiterated breathing their edges are gradually raised and the surrounding ice kept thin, and acquire the shape of an inverted bowl, with sufficient room for the muzzle of the animal." The respiration of the seal through these holes can be heard at a considerable distance, and if the ice be smooth, the hunter, whose feet are shod with shoes with the hairy

side turned outward, moves noiselessly over the surface and stabs the animal with his harpoon before his presence is discovered. Should the ice be rough, however, the hunter is compelled to take up a position near a breathing hole and wait the arrival of the seal, maintaining a state of perfect immobility for hours in the depth of winter; it may be with a strong wind blowing and a temperature 20 degrees below zero.

It sometimes happens on the coast of Greenland, that a frost setting in very suddenly, the animals who have ventured too near the shore or up an inlet, are compelled to resort to some spot where ice has not been formed or where it is thin enough for them to break through. Here large numbers congregate, and as soon as the natives happen to discover a "savsat," as it is termed, the news spreads far and wide, and the hunters assemble and are able to slaughter hundreds without difficulty.

One of the most lucrative ways of capturing seals is pursued in spring, when in sunny days the animals get out of the water to bask and frolic on the ice. Their breathing holes are for this purpose enlarged into oblique passages through ice from three to six feet thick. "At the distance of a few feet from the aperture they lie down; sometimes they are seen to sleep, their heads reclining on the ice; sometimes turning round upon their backs, they try to scratch their big and clumsy bodies with their stumpy paws ere they stretch their limbs almost like human beings, suddenly lifting their heads and looking about cautiously, and then again lying down to enjoy the heat of the sun." When a Greenlander sledging on the ice perceives a seal thus basking in the sun, he approaches within a few hundred yards and leaves his dogs who are trained not to stir from the spot until he has fired. He then produces his shooting-sail, which is a piece of white cotton stretched across a wooden frame standing upright on a little sledge, and serves him for a cover while he tries to approach his prey. Proceeding on foot until within 200 yards, he next lies down upon his stomach and creeps along, pushing his sail before him until he judges that he is within gun-shot. Making a sudden noise he fires at the instant the seal

lifts up its head. In this way as many as twenty seals sometimes fall in a day to an expert hunter.

Seal hunting with nets, either set singly beneath the ice so as to cross the track of the animals along the shore, or used for enclosing shoals of seals in the sounds by cutting off their retreat, is also practised to some extent.

The seals frequenting Greenland appear to consist of six species. These are the Natsek, or 'fjord seal' (*Phoca fetida*) which is stationary throughout the coast, and derives its name from the strong smell, "something between assafoetida and onions," of the flesh, especially of the older specimens; the Kassigiak, or spotted seal (*Phoca vitulina*), much less numerous than the first, but occurring here and there on the coast; the saddle-back seal (*Phoca Groenlandica*), which comes on the coast twice a year, and is of inestimable importance on account of its skin which yields the usual covering of the Kayaks and open skin boats; it is the chief object of chase to the European sealing ships, and is more than twice the size of the former species; the bladder nose (*Cystophora cristata*), one of the largest seals, and distinguished by the bladder on its forehead which it is able to blow up at will, and so fierce as to render the attack in a frail Kayak dangerous; the Ugsuk or thong seal (*Phoca barbata*) which is found ten feet in length and occurs only in a few numbers; and lastly the Walrus which is only rarely met with along the coast with the exception of the tract between 66 deg. and 68 deg. N. lat., where it occurs pretty numerously at times, and furnishes a regular but dangerous sport to the natives of Kangamiut.

The total annual capture of seals in Greenland has been estimated at 89,000, and 83,000 of these are Natseks and Saddle-backs. A. C.

TORCHLIGHT FISHING AMONG THE KHAMTEES.



GRAPHIC account of a night fishing excursion made on the Tenga-panee with tribesmen famous for their skill in an exciting sport, will be found in Mr. Cooper's "Mishmee Hills," (pp. 157-8). At ten o'clock the young men sleeping round the fire were roused and active

preparations commenced—torches of pine-wood prepared, the dugouts manned, and the cast-nets carefully arranged for use. "When all was prepared," the author proceeds, "I took my seat in the middle of a dugout, about 18 feet long, and as many inches wide, Chowsam and the elders bidding us good night and plenty of sport. It was a lovely night, very dark, but clear, the stars overhead twinkling with great brilliancy in the absence of the young moon, which had already disappeared below the western horizon. Before coming to the best fishing ground we had to descend the Tenga-panee for a couple of miles, amidst great excitement, but perfect quiet; the descent of the rapids in the dark was very exciting; the admirable skill and coolness of the Khamtees rendered the navigation perfectly safe, while the great quiet, only broken occasionally by the mimic roar of the small rapids, and the dense blackness of the night, heightened by the shade thrown over the river from the walls of giant forest trees, threw around our expedition a delightful air of enchantment.

Having arrived at a deep pool, the three boats, which had kept pretty well together, though each quite unseen by the occupants of the other, came to a stand-still, as though arrested by some invisible hand, for no sound of paddle or grating of keel on the stony bottom of the river denoted any effort being made to bring up; but we were motionless, held by one of our steersman, who, standing erect in the stern, grasped an overhanging branch. Below us the other two dugouts were brought up in a similar manner. Some few minutes were spent in making fast the painters, when we swung round head to stream; then, at the signal of a low whistle, the torches were suddenly kindled, and a red glare illuminated the wild midnight scene around us. In the bow of each boat sat a man holding a torch, while another amidsthips stood up with his cast-net ready on his arm, making signs to the steersman to sweep the dugout a little inshore towards a spot where I saw three large fish motionless, save for a tremulous vibration of the tail, as though fascinated by unusual light. We approached within a proper distance; the fatal net glanced for a moment in the torchlight, then fell in a circle of some six feet, over the fish. In the meanwhile the netsmen in the other dugouts had espied more fish, and with the same good fortune made capture of no less than eight large fish, weighing on an average ten or twelve pounds each, which were soon floundering in the boats. The moment that the nets were thrown, the Khamtees commenced shouting and singing in the wildest manner, their demoniac yells being caught up by troops of hulluk monkeys in the neighbouring jungles, and a commotion was raised that might

have made any one less used to wild life fancy that he was present at some midnight incantation.

In this manner we fished down stream for several miles, only leaving off when the crowing of the jungle cocks announced the approach of daybreak. The sport was very good, no less than thirty-seven fine fish were taken from our dugouts when we landed at the village next morning at sunrise, welcomed with loud praises by the girls and men who had assembled to meet us.

TAU.

MAGPIES IN SWEDEN: A CAT PUNISHED.—I have recently been reading Mr. L. Lloyd's "Scandinavian Adventures," (1854), and among other very interesting matter find the following singular account of the manner in which magpies and crows are stated to have treated a house-cat, which had committed depredations on their young and on their food. I may premise that the magpie is very abundant in Scandinavia, and that it is rarely molested by the peasants, and builds constantly in the vicinity of their houses. This forbearance is probably due as much to fear as liking, for it is supposed that the bird knows how to retaliate an injury, and is specially affected by the Evil Spirit. In some famous trials for sorcery, two centuries ago in Sweden, the witches confessed that in magpie form they had frequently followed the behests of their master, and these revelations have possibly not passed out of popular memory. The story told by Mr. Lloyd is to this effect: Several magpies had built their nests in some high alder-trees in the parish of Bodarne, and were for long unmolested, but at length an old house-cat took it into its head to climb the trees and destroy their young. The cat further provoked the birds when feeding, in company with crows, on butcher's offal in an adjoining field, by making sudden incursions and snatching the food from them. A bitter enmity was the consequence which at last broke out into open warfare. Early one morning a resident in the neighbourhood was disturbed by piercing cries and screams. Rushing out of doors he found that an immense number of crows and magpies had gathered together and seizing the old Tom-cat had borne him shrieking into the air, and were carrying him away amidst incessant chattering and croaking. The man's presence perhaps disturbed the birds and frustrated their intentions, whatever these might have been. They were then soaring over the river and let go their hold of the culprit, who tumbling over and over fell at length into the water, from which *he emerged dripping wet and terribly alarmed. His enemies then dispersed showing their joy over the victory by continuous cries.* (Vol. ii. pp.

333—338.) Whilst this book is before me I cannot resist offering your readers a summary of a most interesting but lengthy account of:

TAME CRANES.—Two of these stately birds came when young into the possession of a Swedish gentleman. They soon learned to answer to their names when called, and to permit dogs, not only to lie down beside them, but to eat out of the same dish. They were greatly attached, and when one was absent the cries of the other were incessant. The male was wounded and the female tended him assiduously and when she fell ill and died the male went perfectly distracted. "He ran with piercing cries to his owner and back again to his departed mate, attempted to raise her up with his bill, and when unsuccessful in his efforts, displayed his sorrow in various touching ways." He was for long inconsolable but the next spring placed his affections on a bull belonging to the place whose bellowing appeared to impress him greatly. He kept by this animal in the cattle-house, drove the flies away from him and accompanied him to the pasture. He seemed to consider the bull his master, stood erect by his side as if waiting the word of command, kept a few paces behind him when he walked, danced about him when he stood still, and "bowed his head to him in so ridiculous a manner, that no one could well refrain from laughing." He maintained order among the poultry, took charge of the sheep like a shepherd's dog, and exercised a kind of dominion over all the domestic animals, frequently punishing them with severe blows. The younger cattle he would seek and drive home from the pasture. With the pigs alone he did not trouble himself; he seemed to regard them with a kind of contempt. To beggars and ill-clad people he had a great antipathy and did not readily forget an offence. He took great delight in a looking glass, and whilst standing before it, would put himself into all kinds of singular postures. "If the water in his bathing tub remained too long unchanged and was dirty, he would turn the tub topsy turvy, and shriek out for fresh water." At the periods of migration in the Spring he was uneasy and frequently visited the wild cranes in a neighbouring morass by night. A young mate was once given to him and he received her with every mark of affection, took her about everywhere and taught her to dance, but he would punish her with his bill when her conduct displeased him. Her loss was scarcely regretted. His friendship for the bull did not cease, but was transferred from one to another when the animals were sold or killed. He was gored to death by a steer which he had attempted to keep in order. **SIGMA.**

OTTERS CAUGHT IN THAMES.—A correspondent at Kingston writes: Thames anglers will be glad

to hear of the capture of another otter, which for some time past has been playing havoc with the fish in the Moulsey and Ditton reaches. Fine jack, eels, and other fish have been found of late with a prime cut bitten out of the back, and the evidence was clear enough to point to the culprit. After many attempts to get at the depredator, the manager of the goods traffic at Hampton Court station was fortunate enough to get a fair shot on Thursday night, (22nd January), when, about 9 o'clock, he killed a male otter, just off the Water Gallery, Hampton Court. It was a splendid specimen, measuring 47 inches from tip to tail, with a girth of 21 inches round the shoulders, and weighing 24lb. It is nearly ten years since an otter was killed in this part of the river.—(*Pall Mall Gazette*). I may add on the authority of the *Richmond Times*, of 31st January, that another otter of equal size was shot on the same day on the Upper Thames, at Pangbourne. The Thames Angling and other Preservation Societies offer a reward of one guinea for the capture of an otter. F. L. L.

TOAD.—An eye witness on whom I can depend recently assured me that he was smoking by himself in an old house, in a kitchen which opened upon the dairy. Hearing a great noise in this latter room, he took the candle, and on opening the door saw an enormous toad which had seized a mouse, and was attempting to gorge it. The foaming of the toad, and the shrieks and struggles of the mouse were very great. At length, frightened at the sudden light, the toad let it go. Should any one be inclined to doubt this, let me refer him to Bell's "British Reptiles," (1849), p. 119, where he will find a well-authenticated instance of a toad attempting in the same manner "with glaring eyes and ferocious countenance" to swallow an adder. M. G. WATKINS.

GYMNOTUS, MODE OF CAPTURING.—The mode adopted in South America of catching the gymnoti or electric eels is so singular, that you may probably be able find a corner in the "NOTE BOOK," for the account given by Alexander von Humboldt in his "Aspects of Nature." "Mules and horses are driven into a marsh, which is closely surrounded by Indians, until the unwonted noise and disturbance induce the pugnacious fish to begin an attack. One sees them swimming about like serpents, and trying cunningly to glide under the bellies of the horses. Many of these are stunned by the force of the invisible blows; others, with manes standing on end, foaming, and with wild terror sparkling in their eyes, try to fly from the raging tempest. But the Indians, armed with long poles of bamboo, drive them back into the middle of the pool. Gradually the fury of the unequal strife begins to

slacken. Like clouds which have discharged their electricity, the wearied fish begin to disperse. Long repose and abundant food are required to replace the galvanic force which they have expended. Their shocks become gradually weaker and weaker; terrified by the noise of the trampling horses, they timidly approach the bank, where they are wounded by harpoons, and cautiously drawn on shore by non-conducting pieces of dry wood." J. WEST.

FIELD MICE AND HEDGE ACCENTOR : (*Accentor modularis*).—The first nest in spring always had an attraction for me, and I well remember finding a neatly made hedge sparrow's, placed about three feet from the ground in a rose-bush, which grew above some rock-work covered with ivy. When first discovered it contained two eggs; the next day three. On going to have a peep the following day, what was my disgust to find the eggs gone, and the whole lining of roots, wool and hair, pulled up in a comical form. At first sight I thought it must have been a cat, but on looking more closely I noticed some degree of neatness. I put my finger through the lining, when out bolted two mice; I always thought them to be the long-tailed field-mouse, but I never saw them again. I suppose the introduction of my finger made the little thieves desert their stolen home.

Hurworth.

T. J. M.

A NOTE FROM A SERMON.—"A literary angler in the lochs of Scotland was wont to catch trout in a singularly suggestive fashion. The bait consisted of a pellet made of chloroform paste. No sooner had a trout taken one of these pellets into his mouth, than it fell into a sweet sleep. All efforts at escape were prevented; it could instantly be drawn to the shore." From whence do your readers suppose, did I pick up this delicious bit of fishing lore? Of all places on earth or water, in the body of a sermon recently preached and published; and not a bad sermon either, as sermons go. Your readers will see how easily the quotation was made to apply to that arch-poacher, Satan; but how I should like to learn the name of the "literary angler!" Perhaps, after all, the matter related as a fact, may be a myth, a creature of the imagination set up by the preacher (himself, maybe, an honest angler), to point out the similarity of the scientific and cultivated poacher to "Auld Harnie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie." G. H. H.

FISHING INCIDENTS.—Whilst fishing a mill-pond in a strong breeze, I killed a trout and perch at the same time; the one on the tail-fly, the other on a dropper; the latter being taken with a mackerel-fly. Each fish was over half a pound, and showed good play. Having noticed a water-hen dead in the same pond, I dragged it

to the bank, and found a large worm-hook with a gut-line attached firmly fastened in the intestine. Is not this a rather unusual occurrence?

EDMUND BENNETT.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—It is startling to find how far we are removed, in a general knowledge of natural history, from the time, barely fifty years since, when an intelligent man like William Cobbett, could ask such questions as are extracted below from his "Rural Rides," in full confidence that they would be found, as he deemed them, unanswerable. "Whence come fish in new made places where no fish have ever been put? What causes horse-hair to become living things? What causes frogs to come in drops of rain, or those drops of rain to turn to frogs the moment they are on the earth? What causes mosquitoes to come in rain-water caught in a glass, covered over immediately with oil paper, tied down, and so kept till full of these winged tormentors? What causes flounders, real little *flat fish*, brown on one side, white on the other, mouth sideways, with tail, fins and all, *leaping alive*, in the inside of a rotten sheep's, and of every rotten sheep's *liver*?" He proceeds: "There; answer these questions. Fifty might be given, but these are enough. Answer these. I suppose you will not deny the facts? They are all notoriously true. The last will be attested on oath, if you like it, by any farmer, ploughman and shepherd, in England."

Sydenham Park.

H. W. B.

OSTRICH HUNTING IN NORTH AFRICA.—"There is something irresistible to the nomad," remarks Mr. Tristram in "The Great Sahara," pp. 117-9, "in the charm of an ostrich hunt; and often as the exhausted horses had suffered in the vain pursuit, it was impossible ever to hold in our servants, when the alarm was given, from scampering wildly over the plains." The capture of the ostrich is the greatest feat of hunting to which the Saharan sportsman aspires, and in richness of booty it ranks next to the plunder of a caravan. But such prizes are not to be obtained without cost and toil, and it is generally estimated that the capture of an ostrich must be at the sacrifice of the life of a horse or two. So wary is the bird, and so vast are the plains over which it roams, that no ambuscades or artifices can be employed, and the vulgar resource of dogged perseverance is the only mode of pursuit. The horses undergo a long and painful training, abstinence from water being considered the best means for strengthening their *wind*. The hunters of the tribes to the East of the *M'Zab* set forth with small skins of water strapped under the horses' bellies, and a scanty allowance of food for four or five days, dis-

tributed judiciously about their saddles. The North African ostrich, less gregarious than that of the Cape, probably from the comparative scarcity of food, in a country, which the author describes, as "something like an American prairie stripped bare and macadamized," generally live in companies of from four to six individuals, and do not appear to be in the habit of wandering more than twenty or thirty miles from their head-quarters. As soon as they are descried, two or three of the hunters follow the herd at a gentle gallop, endeavouring only to keep the birds in sight, without alarming them or driving them at full speed, when they would soon be lost to view. The rest of the pursuers proceed leisurely in a direction at right angles to the course the ostriches have taken, knowing by experience their habit of running in a circle. Posted on the best look-out they can find, they await for hours the anticipated route of the game, calculating upon intersecting their path. If fortunate enough to detect them, the relay sets upon the now fatigued flock, and frequently succeeds in running down one or more, though some of their horses usually fall exhausted in the pursuit. The bird, when overtaken, offers no resistance, beyond kicking out sideways. A skin in full plumage is worth on the spot, from forty to one hundred Spanish dollars, but the Arabs are in the habit of judiciously thinning the feathers, so that the trader can rarely obtain a specimen on which the tax has not been previously paid. Tracking the ostrich is difficult for any eyes less expert than those of the Bedouin huntsman, for his stride measures at full speed, from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet, and the oblong impressions of two toes where the ground is not sandy, are not easily discovered. PERA.

SALMON, CATCH OF.—"A Mr. Macdonald of Loch Inver, having on one occasion set a strong salmon net of the bag kind in the sea not far from the point of Rhu-Storr, he not only caught in it ninety salmon, grilse, and sea-trout, but a whale 20ft. long, a large seal yielding 17 gallons of oil, and upwards of 200 guillemots and auks, which, attracted probably, by the glittering of the enclosed fish, had plunged among them and got entangled in the meshes." (J. Wilson's "Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland," Black, 1842, I. p. 353.) W.

THE CUNNING OF A WOLF.—The following singular instance of wariness and cunning in a timber wolf, is related by Mr. Vivian ("Wanderings in the Western Land,") on the authority of an eye-witness, in whose veracity he placed confidence, and may find a corner in your "NOTE BOOK." The narrator had seen one of the large timber wolves prowling about in the

neighbourhood of his ranche, and had set a trap for him by poisoning an antelope carcass with strychnine. After making this arrangement, later in the day he saw the old wolf loafing on towards the bait, and made sure that he would fall a victim during the night. But nothing was to be seen of him the following morning, dead or alive. In the evening, however, the wolf appeared again, but this time accompanied by a coyote, or prairie wolf. They approached the bait together, but when close by, the old wolf dropped behind, and allowed the coyote to take the initiative in attacking the carcass. In a short time the poison began to tell, upon seeing which, the wily old wolf made off, convinced, no doubt, that it was in Western parlance, "no meat for him."

J. STRAKER.

Folk-Lore.

A FOX STORY.—"The cunning of the fox has caused thousands of wonderful stories to pass current regarding him, but these are not believed, being regarded as fables. In the stories, Master Reynard generally plays the rôle of a kadi. One story may be given as a specimen:—A man is carrying a basket of fowls to market. A fox who is anxious to get at the fowls, lays himself down on the road, and pretends to be dead. The man with the fowls is surprised, but passes on. Somewhat farther on, the man finds a second fox lying dead; and farther on again, a third. "Now," thinks the man, "three fox skins are worth the trouble of taking with me to sell," so he sets down his basket and goes back to pick up the foxes. Of course, he finds nothing, and when he gets back to his basket the fowls have disappeared. (Dr. Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt," 1818, p. 401.)

A. E. S.

FISH-SPIRITS IN THE BRAMAKUND.—The famous Bramakund or sacred spring, Mr. T. T. Cooper describes, in "The Mishmee Hills" (p. 179), as a tiny streamlet trickling down the precipitous cliff and falling into a deep basin, formed by a point of rock, jutting out at right angles from the left bank of the river. "In the basin were great numbers of large fish, which are fed by Hindoo fakeers, who guard the sacred spring. Pilgrims from all parts of Assam and Bengal visit the Bramakund to bathe in its sacred waters, during the cold season, and weary pilgrims so visiting the place feed the fish, which are held to be sacred; the Mishmees declaring that they are the spirits of departed fakeers."

C.

COCKROACHES IN EGYPTIAN POPULAR MEDICINE.—Black-beetles are looked upon as a universal panacea. Their flesh is rubbed on the

eyes to remove spots from the cornea that are not yet hardened; it is good also against night-blindness. Burnt and ground, with beef fat, sesame oil and *muffela*, they are boiled, and a cupful of the liquor taken daily by women desirous of getting fat. (Dr. Klunzinger.)

X.

CHARM STONES.—Mr. Henderson in his "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties," 1879, (pp. 165-6) mentions the supposed efficacy of adder's stone and Irish stones in curing the bites of serpents, and in healing cattle. These are probably bezoar-stones, which are concretions found in the stomach of various animals, ruminants in particular, and which are also of great repute in the East as an antidote to all poisons, that of serpents included. The bezoar-stone from the ape is most prized in Egypt. Polished gems as jasper, ruby or turquoise, or the operculum of a Trochus shell, or a remarkable coin (here we have the Lee and Lockerby pennies), are also highly esteemed by the modern Egyptians for their curative properties generally, and are often sold at high prices. Each variety is credited with special effects, and the red spotted jaspers, staunch blood. It may be added that the Lee penny, which is still in existence, and still held all powerful in curing the diseases of cattle, was brought from the Holy Land by Sir Simon Lockhart of Lee, and is an oriental coin.

A. C.

AMULET FOR LONGEVITY.—In Greenland, "an extraordinarily effective amulet for the purpose of restoring health to a child and conferring longevity on it, is supplied by its navel-string, which, for this reason, is sometimes carefully preserved. European articles, such as coffee-berries and pieces of newspapers, are also used for amulets, probably owing to the original and still existing belief in the virtue attaching to anything that has been in peculiar contact with the civilised strangers." (Dr. Henry Rink's "Danish Greenland," p. 205.)

X.

HERRINGS AS A MEDICINE.—In the Eastern Counties a century ago, as we learn from "A Tour through the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, in 1774," by George Low, recently published at Kirkwall, as much as £50 was paid for the first barrel of herrings of the season, that arrived from Shetland; this first instalment of the herring harvest being regarded there, as medicine.

X.

FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS (p. 9).—In the South of Ireland an angler proceeding to fish believes he will have no luck if he is asked where he is going, or if he is so unfortunate as to meet a woman or to see a single magpie on his way.

Ahenny.

W. H.

MOLES AND THE TIDE.—There is a popular notion current in the Isle of Wight, that these animals ("wants," as they are commonly called), work only when the tide is flowing. "Vulgar errors" may usually be traced to a possible source, but this one presents unusual difficulties. (Simeon's "Stray Notes," p. 176.) X.

Queries.

FERTILE HYBRIDS.—The question of the continuous fertility of hybrid animals *among themselves* is of great interest with reference to the hypothesis of evolution, and on this subject I find the following in the "Cornhill Magazine," (vol. i., page 604, 1860) which I have never seen adverted to since, but perhaps some readers of the "ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK" have been more fortunate, and can tell something about the matter, especially whether or not the breed was maintained, and to what extent; or, it may be, give authentic history of some experiments of the same kind with other animals.

"The hare (*Lepus timidus*) is assuredly of a distinct species from the rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*). So distinct are these species, that any classification which should range them as one, would violate every accepted principle. The hare is solitary, the rabbit gregarious; the hare lives on the surface of the earth, the rabbit burrows under the surface; the hare makes her home among the bushes, the rabbit makes a sort of nest for her young in her burrow—keeping them there till they are weaned; the hare has reddish-brown flesh, the rabbit white flesh; while the odour exhaled by each, and the flavour of each, are unmistakably different. The hare has many anatomical characters differing from those of the rabbit; such as greater length and strength of the hind legs, larger body, shorter intestine, thicker skin, firmer hair, and different colour. The hare breeds only twice or thrice a year, and at each litter has only two or four; the rabbit will breed eight times a year, and each time has four, six, seven, and even eight young ones. Finally, the two are violent foes; the rabbits always destroy the hares, and all sportsmen are aware that if the rabbit be suffered to multiply on an estate, there will be small chance of hares."

"Nevertheless, between species so distinct as these, a new hybrid race has been reared by M. Rouy, of Angoulême, who each year sends to market upwards of a thousand of his *Leporides*, as he calls them. His object was primarily commercial, not scientific. His experiments extending from 1847 to the present time (1860), have not only been of great commercial value—introducing a new and valuable breed—but have

excited the attention of scientific men, who are now availing themselves of his skill and experience to help them in the solution of minor problems. It is enough to note here, that these hybrids of the hare and the rabbit are fertile, not only with either hares or rabbits, but *with each other*. Thirteen generations have already been enumerated, and the last remains so vigorous that no cessation whatever is to be anticipated."

DELTA.

[See Darwin, "Animals and Plants under Domestication" (vol. ii., p. 109), who quotes from an interesting Memoir on this subject in Brown-Sequard's "Journ. de Phys.," vol. ii., p. 367.—ED.]

ESTRIDGE.—What authority has Douce for glossing this word as the goshawk? Shakspeare, whose knowledge of falconry and falconer's terms was very great, uses it in *Ant. and Cleo.*, III., xi: "the dove will peck the estridge." The allusion here is certainly to a predatory bird. "All plumed like estridges" (Henry IV., iv. i.), may possibly refer to the ostrich. W. H. D.

FISHES, SIGN-BOARDS OF.—What instances are there at present in the United Kingdom of fishes as tavern signs? The sign of "The Three Fishes" was a favourite device in the Middle Ages. One may yet be found at Manea, Cambridgeshire, (according to "N. & Q." iv., 10, 472). The arms of the town of Peebles are three fishes. M. G. W.

CHAR, COREGONI AND GREAT LAKE TROUT, (SALMO FEROX).—"I have fished in and visited many of the lakes in Great Britain where these fish are known, and I never saw one in which they still exist, that is not either a glacier lake, or rock basin, or that is not dammed or otherwise surrounded by glacial moraine matter. They are also inhabitants of the lakes of Sweden and Norway, which everywhere bear traces of the glacial epoch and its close, and seem to me to be, like the alpine plants that still linger among the mountains, fishes of that colder period when the last of the glaciers still hung to the combs of the Highlands of Scotland and Wales." ("Records of the Rocks." By Rev. W. S. Symonds.)—Can any of your travelled fishermen controvert this theory? M. G. W.

"SARCINA VENTRICULI."—Has the whole life history been followed out of this fungus, which in its earlier and simpler condition, is not an uncommon tenant of the human stomach?

H. JACKSON.

A SOUTH AMERICAN CHARM FOR SNAKE BITES.—The hooved claws of a Tapir (*Tapirus Americanus*), shot by Mr. C. B. Brown on the Upper Essequibo, were carefully preserved by his boatmen for the purpose of being used, when

occasion required, as charms for bites of snakes, stings of ray-fish, and fits of all kinds. The hoofts are first singed and then placed in water, which is drunk as a remedy. "Can it be," asks the author, "that the ammonia of the hoofts is the substance that produces any good effects? No doubt, if plunged quickly into water when burning, some ammonia would be condensed and dissolved." ("Canoe and Camp Life in British Guiana," p. 240). What say your readers on this point?
AMOS.

ANTIDOTE TO POISON OF COBRAS.—I should be glad to learn if there be any foundation for the statement that the natives of Africa and India possess an antidote to the poison of the cobra capella. The notion that serpent-charmers were provided with an infallible cure is now exploded, for it is well known that the fangs are extracted from the snakes which these men exhibit and pretend to catch in the compounds of Indian houses. The allegation also, that the mongoose is able to resist the poison of this snake by devouring, when bitten, a small herb, has been sufficiently disproved by experiment, and the wounds inflicted by the snake have been found to heal and leave no injurious effects, although the mongoose has been shut up for days after the combat, and not permitted to search for his medicinal herb. It must therefore be a constitutional peculiarity which gives the mongoose his freedom from the influence of the deadly poison to which men and other animals quickly succumb. Still the existence of an infallible cure has been repeatedly alleged, and has apparently rendered the natives of some districts where these snakes abound, indifferent to their presence. Has this antidote been found to exist, or its nature and value investigated?
A. C.

GRAYLING: ITS ODOUR.—Mr. Manley in his "Notes on Fish and Fishing" (1877), professes his inability to recognize either the smell of thyme or of cucumber in the grayling. It may be owing, he thinks, to a "want of a nice olfactory discrimination" on his part, but he is unable to connect the odorous emanation with any definite known scent and doubts if it be an altogether pleasant fragrance. Others have felt this difficulty. Pennant denies the existence of any odour. Still the general opinion is the other way, and it has been suggested that the varying nature of its food may cause the grayling to have at one time a strong odour, which at other seasons, almost, if not entirely disappears. The insects upon which it feeds are some of them highly scented, and would certainly communicate their odour to the fish. The *Gyrinus natator* (Linn.) for instance has so strong a smell, that, it is said, they may be scented at distance of five or six hundred

paces, when several of them are collected together. What say your readers on this point?
APER.

A BATCH OF QUERIES: SNIPE, SQUIRREL, REINDEER, RAVEN.—Do retrievers ever refuse to carry a jack-snipe on account of its nauseous taste? Do squirrels really eat eggs and young birds, as the gamekeepers allege? Does the herbivorous reindeer ever feed greedily on the lemming? The raven gets but a bad name here, how does it fare elsewhere?
A. McD.

FISH FOR POND: THE SMELT.—What fish do your readers recommend for stocking a pond, covering about a rood of ground, and about three feet in depth, except at one end where it is six feet deep? I have heard that the late Sir T. M. Wilson tried the smelt in a pond at Searles, and found that it thrived as well in fresh, as in salt water. Should this be the fact, this delicate fish would prove an admirable substitute for the roach, dace, &c., with which ponds are at the present day mostly filled.
OAKWOOD.

LATIN POEM ON ANGLING.—There is a Latin poem, (*De Vetula*), attributed to Richard de Fournival, supposed to have been written in the 13th or 14th century, which contains much about angling. It was printed in Cologne in 1470, and I should be glad to learn if the angling portion has ever been reprinted in any accessible work in this country.
APER.

POPULAR NAMES OF BRITISH ANIMALS, REPTILES, AND INSECTS.—I am preparing for the English Dialect Society a Dictionary of the popular names of animals, reptiles, crustacea, and insects—in fact of all zoological objects, excepting birds and fishes, which are in the hands of the Rev. C. Swainson and Mr. T. Satchell respectively. I shall be very grateful for any help which your readers can afford.
JAMES BRITTEN.
British Museum.

LARVA OF DIANTHÆCIA ALBIMACULA.—Mr. Briscoe has the following among his "Midland Notes." The white catch-fly, or Nottingham catch-fly, "is the resort of a scarce moth which is said to be found only in one other place in Great Britain. . . . It is necessary to carefully examine the seed-pod, in order to discern the existence of the moth, as it descends into the earth near the plant, where it stays throughout the day, and emerges from its place of security to feed at night." What moth is alluded to; and has its larva this habit of leaving the pod and returning?
V. M.

[The larva of *Dianthæcia albimacula* feeds on the seeds of the white catch-fly (*Silene nutans*). The moth is described in the "Entomologist's Monthly Magazine," xi. 17 (1874). It was

accounted rare in Britain, indeed it was doubted if it were indigenous, but it was rediscovered near Portsmouth ("Ent. Mon. Mag.," i. 237, 1865), and has since been taken abundantly there and at Folkestone. J. W. D.]

Replies.

GERMAN PISCICULTURE. CARP. (p. 19).—As a rider to your article on this subject in your last issue, the following extract from the *Fishing Gazette* of December 29th, may find a place in your pages: "There are at the present moment more than five hundred fish-breeding establishments and fishing and angling clubs in Germany; and in the *Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung*, published weekly at Stetting, the Germans have a capital paper devoted to all kinds of fishing, fish culture, &c. In England, the fish-breeding establishments are very limited in number, and chiefly in the hands of one or two private individuals, and the fish cultivated are almost exclusively of the *Salmonidæ* family, whereas in Germany they are, as we have said, to be counted by the hundred, and every valuable kind of fish that can be cultivated is. Prince Bismarck breeds fish at Varzin, and nearly every other German Prince does the same where they have suitable waters. The carp which is hardly ever eaten in this country—it is a favourite dish of Her Majesty the Queen, who has them from Virginia Water—is most highly esteemed as a table fish in Germany, and fetches a high price, even in seaboard towns where sea fish are to be had. The carp-breeding ponds of the Prince of Schwarzenberg produce annually about five hundred thousand pounds weight of this fish. The Americans intend introducing this fish into their waters largely." RAMROD.

PIKE, (LARGE), AND BIRDS OF PREY. (p. 22).—A circumstance connected with the size and strength of this fish does not find any place in our fish books. I allude to the contests which frequently occur between large pike and birds of prey. The sea-eagle and the osprey not unfrequently pounce upon a fish when basking near the surface of the water, and being unable to extricate their crooked talons, a struggle "to the death" ensues, when they are unable to bear the fish aloft. Mr. Lloyd has collected several cases in his "Scandinavian Adventures" (1854), related to him by credible witnesses. He further states that it is not of unusual occurrence to find not only dead pike, but also *living* fish, with the skeleton of the eagle or the osprey still attached to its back. M. Ekström mentioned finding a pike, not over twenty pounds in weight, with the skeleton of an osprey (*Falco Haliæetus*, Linn.) still attached to it; and Dr. Willman

informed Mr. Lloyd, that a pike taken in the lake Wettern in East Gothland, had for a number of years exhibited the skeleton of an eagle above the surface of the water; and "the fishermen who believed it to be the harbinger of misfortune, always, when aware of it, make for the shore as quickly as possible." The flesh of the eagle had rotted away from the bones, which being overgrown with algæ, gave the skeleton a greenish hue and made it resemble a bush at a distance. Another instance was related to Mr. Lloyd by a friend, on whose word he could place the greatest reliance, in these words: "Fishing one day in a large lake in Fryksdal in Wermeland, when they had proceeded a considerable distance from the shore, the fisherman suddenly pulled the boat right round, and in evident alarm commenced rowing with all his might towards the shore. One of the party asked the man what he meant by this strange conduct? 'The *Sjö-troll*, or water-sprite, is here again,' replied he, at the same time pointing with his finger far to seaward. Everyone in the boat then saw in the distance something greatly resembling the horns of an elk, or a reindeer, progressing rapidly on the surface of the water. 'Row towards it,' exclaimed Lekander; the deuce take me if I don't give the *Sjö-troll* a shot; I am not afraid of it.' It was with difficulty, however, that Modin (the fisherman) could be prevailed upon once more to alter the course of the boat, and to make for the apparition. . . . When they neared the object sufficiently, Lekander, who was standing, gun in hand, in the bow of the boat, fired, and fortunately with deadly effect. On taking possession of the prize, it was found to be a huge pike, to whose back the skeleton of an eagle was attached. The fish, or rather the bones of the bird, had been seen by numbers for several years together, and universally went under the above designation of *Sjö-troll*." (p. 81-2.) SIGMA.

PIKE IN LOUGH CORRIB (p. 22).—Though I have never had the opportunity personally of fishing for pike in Lough Corrib, an Irish friend of mine who frequently did so, informed me of the following curious circumstance, which occurred to him some years since: Fishing in the Loch for pike (the bait being a frog with a jacket of scarlet cloth round his body), his attention was attracted by a commotion on the surface of the water at some distance from the boat. Rowing up to the spot, the disturbance was found to be caused by a large pike, struggling in the agonies of death, with a *bald-coot* in his mouth, which he had seized, attempted to swallow, and was choking in the effort; having found the bird too large for his capacious gullet, and being unable to eject it. My friend secured both bird and fish; the latter of large size, though I am unable to state the exact weight. H.W.B.

EELS. (p. 15).—It will be remembered by those who have read that most delightful of angling books, "My life as an Angler" (1876), that Mr. Henderson mentions (pp. 88-9), the annual ascent of the rocky barrier, some sixty feet in height, which forms the Newton Don waterfall on the river Eden, not far from its junction with the Tweed, by vast multitudes of small eels, about four inches in length. These eels are bred in the brackish tidal waters of the Tweed and in their endeavours to reach the upper pools of the Eden and its tributaries, have to scale the heights of Newton Don, which they accomplish by wriggling and clinging to the wet moss. There was a time no doubt when eels had not learned to make this ascent, but the thoughts of eels as of men, are "widened by the process of the suns." It is stated that the Falls of Trollhättan on the Wenern, in Sweden, formed an impassible barrier to the eels in their progress from the sea until about fifty years ago, and that they now attain the upper water of that river where none were formerly to be found. Another note may also be made on eels. The Scotch detest them. The peasantry regard them as a species of water serpent. "I well remember," says Mr. Henderson, giving my good old landlady, Mrs. Johnston, some eels to cook for dinner, and her remonstrations: 'Nay, nay, Mr. Henderson, surely ye wudna hae me touch thae serpent beasts. Think now o' what the serpent did to poor Eve; nay, aw canna get ower that.' (p. 104). This dislike is wide-spread. The Red Sea fishermen regard eels with great aversion. Every individual met with is condemned to death. They are never eaten. (Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt," p. 361). A PALMER.

EELS (p. 15).—In the month of April, 1878, I caught a trout in the Derbyshire Wye, weighing 1½ lb. Upon grasping it, to disengage the hook, the pressure caused it to disgorge six lampreys, measuring from five to six inches apiece. These were quite fresh, apparently just pouched, three partially, but very slightly digested. I argue that if a trout will eat a lamprey, he will eat an eel. I should add, in reply to your correspondent's remark touching the tenacity of life in eels, that all these lampreys were quite dead. I have no proof of it, but still I entertain a grave suspicion that trout feed largely on young eels. Twice, when fishing in the Tavy, with wind, weather, and water to all appearance right, I could not move a fish. On both these occasions, baby eels innumerable, about as long as my fore-finger and "as fat as a match," were wriggling their way up stream, keeping to the edges in the stiller portions of the stream with wonderful instinct. I came to the conclusion that the trout were feeding upon them and nothing else, but

I am bound to confess that I have nothing firmer than conjecture upon which to base my belief.

BLACK GNAT.

EPITAPHS ON DOGS. (p. 11).—Mr. Colquhoun the well known author of "The Moor and the Loch," in his fourth edition (vol. i. p. 306) gives the following on "the best pointer I ever had," who lived to see his twelfth 12th:

"We climbed the rocky hills, and trod the heather,
And many a twelfth of August have we seen together;
At length thy foot grew weary, age its only clog,
And here thou art at rest, my poor old dog!"

It may be added that this was not the dog mentioned at p. 288 of the same volume, whose master after missing him, presently espied him soberly and submissively following the heels of an old guinea-fowl, whose reiterated cry of "Come back! come back!" he had thought it his duty to obey! A. McD.

FISHING DOGS (pp. 10, 28).—In a "Familiar History of British Fishes" (pp. 132-3), mention is made of a dog which a gentleman observed assisting some fishermen who were netting the river Bush for salmon. The dog was stationed on the shallows below the portion of the river where the fishermen were engaged, and it was his duty to drive the fish back when they endeavoured to escape to the sea. "He manifested in his proceedings all the eagerness and attention of a pointer dog which sets his game." One of the fish escaping from the net rushed down the stream with great swiftness, and a most diverting chase ensued, but notwithstanding all the ingenuity and exertions of the dog, he was on this occasion baffled. The fishermen declared that it was no unusual thing for him to run down his game, and that his assistance in turning the salmon towards the net was of great service to them. The four-footed salmon-hunter appeared to derive the greatest enjoyment from the sport. C. A. T.

FISHING DOGS (pp. 10, 28).—The following account of a proficient angler is given by Mr. J. B. Jukes in his "Excursions in Newfoundland"—"A thin, short-haired, black dog came off shore to us to-day. This animal was of a breed very different from what we understand by the term Newfoundland dog in England. He had a thin tapering snout, a long thin tail, and rather thin but powerful legs, with a lank body,—the hair short and smooth. These are the most abundant dogs of the country, the long-haired, curly ones being comparatively rare. They are by no means handsome, but are generally more intelligent and useful than the others. This one caught his own fish. He sat on a projecting rock, beneath a fish-stage, where the fish are laid to dry, watching the water, which had a

depth of six or eight feet, and the bottom of which was white with fish-bones. On a piece of codfish being thrown into the water, three or four heavy, clumsy-looking fish, called in Newfoundland 'Sculpins' (Dragonets), with great heads and mouths, and many spines about them, and generally about a foot long, would swim in to catch it. These he would 'set' attentively, and the moment one turned his broadside to him, he darted down like a fish-hawk, and seldom came up without a fish in his mouth. As he caught them, he regularly took them to a place a few yards off, where he laid them down; and they told us that, in the summer, he would make a pile of sixty or seventy a day, just in that place. He never attempted to eat them, but seemed to be fishing purely for his own amusement. The whole proceeding struck me as very remarkable, especially as they said he had never been taught anything of the kind."

A. E. S.

SAGACIOUS DOGS (p. 12).—Not in the hands of gamekeepers only does the dog display his sagacity. The intelligent service which he renders to the poacher is exemplified in a mode of netting, which is thus described by Mr. Knox in his "Game Birds and Wild Fowl" (1850): Two or three poachers travel about the country in a dog-cart or gig, accompanied by a single pointer or setter. On reaching a village the men separate to collect information, and at a certain hour in the evening meet to commence operations. "After comparing notes, the most promising ground is selected. A dark night and rough weather are all in their favour. The steady old pointer, with a lantern round his neck, is turned into a stubble field, and a net of fine texture, but tough materials, is produced from a bag in which it has hitherto been closely packed. The light passes quickly across the field—now here, now there, like a 'Will-o-the-Wisp'—as the sagacious dog quarters the ground rapidly, yet with as much care and precision as if he were working for a legitimate sportsman in open day. Suddenly it ceases to move, then advances slowly, stops, moves once more, and at last becomes stationary. Two of the men then take the net, and making a circuit until they arrive in front of the dog, shake out the meshes, and place it in a proper position on the ground. Then standing opposite to each other, and holding either end of the string, they draw it slowly and noiselessly over their quadruped ally, whose exact position is indicated by the lantern, frequently capturing at the same time an unsuspecting covey huddled together within a few inches of his nose. When this operation is carried on by experienced hands, an entire manor may be effectually stripped of partridges in an incredibly short space of time."

A. E. S.

THE TIGER-BIRD (p. 12).—The bird mentioned under this name, by your correspondent, is the *Tigrisoma tigrinum*. It is marked like the Jaguar, and more singular still, utters a call closely resembling that animal. This does not appear to be a case either of "mimicry" or "protective resemblance."

PERA.

FISHING IN CHINA.—"OLD TIMBERTOES" (p. 20).—The Chinese fisherman, "generally seated on a stool with one leg," mentioned in your last number, reminds me of a veteran sportsman noticed by Mr. Henderson on the Tweed. "On a cold day in the month of April, while fishing for salmon in the Tweed, I once observed a man trouting in a sharp running stream. He lingered there so long that my attention was drawn to him, and seeing that he was without wading boots, I enquired of the boatman how it was possible for a man to remain so long in cold running water. 'Oh, that's old Timbertoes,' was the reply. 'No fear of his feeling the cold. There's nothing like a pair of wooden legs for warmth. But that's not the best of it; look close, and ye'll see he has gotten a third leg which he claps on to his tail and sits down as cozy as if he were in the chimney neuk.' So the mystery was explained; seated on his wooden tripod, the old fellow fished at his ease and drew the trout towards him in true epicurean style." ("My Life as an Angler," 1879.)

SIGMA.

TAILLESS FISH (p. 24).—Science answers my query with regard to tailless fish in a Scotch lake in Professor Owen's "Hunterian Lectures," vol. ii., p. 157 (1846). He there quotes from Paley a curious passage on the use of the different fins in the economy of fish, and adds, "when the tail is cut off, the fish loses all motion, and it gives itself up to where the water impels it." The Macrhen fish are therefore in all probability apochryphal.

M. G. W.

"COD-MURDERER" AND "DANDY-LINE" (p. 26).—The "cod-murderer" in use at Peterhead, consists of a long piece of lead, either round or flat, with snoods, passed through holes at intervals, bearing a hook at either end without bait. The cod strikes against the lead and one or other of the hooks generally secures it. A similar apparatus is the "Dandy-line," used for catching herring in April, May and June. A piece of lead of about 1½ lb. in weight is attached to the end of a line, which carries at short intervals, transverse pieces of whalebone or cane with unbaited hooks at either end. Hooks are also attached to the bottom of the lead. Herrings are such hungry fish, that they fly at the naked hooks and are easily caught in this manner. It will be noticed that in your last number (p. 20), Archdeacon

Gray has given a description of a similar method of catching fish with unbaited hooks in use among the Chinese.

THE COLLECTOR.

ALBINISM (pp. 13, 30).—In the summer of 1866, at Duxford, Cambs., a white kitten was born, which as it grew up, was found to have the eyes of a different colour, and to be deaf. It had the run over a large farm and was a good mouser. I have often gone when I have seen it watching for a mouse at a stack or in a barn, and blew a shrill whistle, and if any of the other cats were there (as there were three others) they would run off directly, but the white one would not even move its head. In the same village, there was a woman who had two pure white cats,—these had eyes both the same colour, and could hear.

On May the 9th, 1876, a perfectly white rook was caught at Elwarth, and on August 4th, 1876, a white swallow was shot at Swaffham-Prior, Cambs.

T. WHEELER.

See Darwin's "Origin of Species" (Ed. vi. p. 9).—"Some instances of correlation are quite whimsical; thus cats which are entirely white and have blue eyes, are generally deaf; but it has been lately stated by Mr. Tait that this is confined to the males."

M. A. W.

TAME FISH (pp. 14, 28).—Mr. M'Diarmid in his "Sketches from Nature," when giving an account of the tameness of fishes kept in a pond of sea-water, says, that some of them were so perfectly tame that they would eat greedily out of the hand; while others were so shy, that the keeper discoursed of their different *temperaments* as a thing quite as palpable as their different sizes. He goes on to mention one gigantic cod, the patriarch of the pond, which the man said answered to his name, and not only drew near, but put up his snout most beseechingly, when he heard the word 'Tom.' This creature had spent fifteen years in captivity, increasing gradually in bulk and weight, but probably from old age, had become perfectly blind. Perhaps this infirmity had helped to render poor Tom the tamest fish in the pond, by disabling him from scrambling with the rest for food. The fisherman was evidently fond of him, and very kind; and it was really affecting to observe the animal raising himself in the water, resting his head on the feeding-stone, and allowing it to be gently patted and stroked. It was sufficiently evident that he knew the voice of his keeper, and his touch too, from those of a stranger, for as soon as Mr. M'Diarmid approached, and attempted to touch him, he winced, and retreated into the water, although he presently returned to his old station. Old Tom died in 1826, after being seventeen years a prisoner.

H. F. P.

MOUSE AND CROSS-ROADS (p. 24).—In Hert-

fordshire a similar belief is found. In "N. & Q." (1st S., vol. vi., p. 123), a gentleman writes that he found a shrew-mouse lying dead on a path, "No marks of violence being visible upon it, and I was earnestly assured that these mice, whenever they attempt to cross a foot-path, always die in the effort. Putting a credulous face upon this piece of information, I was met by the reply—"Ah! you Lunnuners doant know everything; why, I've found them dead upon the paths scores o' times, and I know they can't get across alive."

M. G. W.

POISONED ARROWS. (p. 25).—Although the following account of the use of poisoned arrows among the Indians in British Guiana, given in Waterton's "Wanderings," is scarcely a reply to your correspondent's query as to the "methods of poisoning" in use among various tribes, I think it will prove of sufficient collateral interest to secure insertion in the "NOTE BOOK."—The South American Indians use a blow-pipe for propelling the poisoned darts, which is made of a reed, 10 to 11 feet in length, and an inch in external diameter, perfectly straight from end to end. The arrow is from 9 to 10 inches long, pointed as sharp as a needle, with about an inch of the end poisoned. With these implements the Indian stalks into the forest in quest of his feathered game, which generally sit high up in the tall and tufted trees, but still not out of the Indian's reach, for his blow-pipe at the greatest elevation will send an arrow three hundred feet. Waterton continues: "Silent as midnight he creeps under them, and so cautiously does he tread, that the fallen leaves rustle not beneath his feet. His ears are open to the least sound; while his eye, keen as that of the lynx, is employed in finding out the game in the thickest shade. Often he imitates their cry, and decoys them from tree to tree, till they are within the range of his tube. Then taking a poisoned arrow from his quiver, he attaches some wild cotton to the butt-end and puts it in the blow-pipe and collects his breath for the fatal puff. About two feet from the end through which he blows, there are fastened two teeth of the acouri, and these serve him for a sight. Silent and swift the arrow flies, and seldom fails to pierce the object at which it is sent. Sometimes the wounded bird remains in the same tree where it is shot; but in three minutes falls to the ground at the Indian's feet. Should he take wing, his flight is of short duration, and the Indian following in the direction he has gone, is sure to find him dead. It is natural to imagine that when a slight wound only is inflicted, the game will make its escape. Far otherwise; the Woralli poison instantly mixes with blood or water, so that if you wet your finger, and dash it along the poisoned arrow in the quickest manner possible, you are sure to

carry off some of the poison. Though three minutes generally elapse before the convulsions come on in the wounded bird, still a stupor evidently takes place sooner, and this stupor manifests itself by an apparent unwillingness in the bird to move." The flesh of the game is not in the slightest degree injured by the poison, nor does it appear to be corrupted sooner than that killed by the gun or knife. For the larger animals an arrow with a poisoned spike is used, but the effects are the same.

H. W. BENTLEY.

POISONED ARROWS (p. 25).—Upon the islands in the Rappu Rapids of the Essequibo, Mr. Brown, in his "Canoe and Camp Life in British Guiana" (p. 99) says, that there grows a peculiar species of tall and graceful bamboo, pieces of the stem of which are dried and used by the Indians as arrow-heads, and said to possess similar properties to the far-famed Woralli poison. "They split up the stem, and dry the pieces over a fire, and then shape them into lance-heads, which they fasten to the ends of arrows. Wild animals wounded by these arrows are at once completely paralyzed, and in that condition easily dispatched. This bamboo is tall, growing singly, and not in clumps from a mass of matted roots, like the common bamboo." Perhaps some reader can say if this bamboo is known to botanists, and if its peculiar properties have been investigated.

GEORGETOWN.

POISONED ARROWS (p. 25).—The Bushmen of the Kalihari Desert and the regions in the vicinity of Lake Ngami use the juice pressed from the pupa of an insect which in its larval state feeds upon the leaf of a tree, and is remarkable for having its body partially enveloped in a mantle of excrementitious matter which issues from pores ranged along the whole length of the body. ("Shifts of Travel," by Lord and Bates, pp. 548-9).

SIGMA.

"Patterson gives a receipt by which the natives of the northern extremity of Africa prepare what they reckon the most effectual poison for the point of their arrows. They mix the juice of a species of *Euphorbia*, and a caterpillar that feeds on a kind of sumach (*Rhus*, L.), and when the mixture is dried it is fit for use." Kirby and Spence, "Introduction to Entomology," 7th edition p. 71 (1856).

Another instance of a hurtful larva-juice may be quoted: "In the processionary caterpillar, according to a recent discovery of Dr. Nicholai, the whole external surface of the skin secretes a sharp juice, which is distributed over the body in a farinaceous form, and which acts very prejudicially upon all organisms that inspire it; therefore workmen who are occupied in woods where this

caterpillar is numerous, sicken very rapidly." Burmeister, "Manual of Entomology," p. 510. (1836).

DELTA.

THE SALT DUTY AND FISH IN INDIA (p. 26).—Is salt absolutely necessary for the preservation of fish? Marco Polo ("Travels" Book iii. chap. 41), says that the people of Escier (Esher) on the Arabian coast are great fishermen and catch the tunny in great numbers. They dry them in the sun, and as by reason of the extreme heat, the country is in a manner burnt up, and no sort of vegetable is to be seen, they accustom their cattle, cows, sheep, camels, and horses, to feed upon dried fish, which being regularly served to them, they eat without any signs of dislike. The fish used for this purpose are of a small kind [sardines] which they take in large quantities. "They are dried and stored, and the beasts feed on them from year's end to year's end. The cattle will also readily eat these fish all alive and just out of the water." In consequence also of the scarcity of grain, the natives make a kind of biscuit of the substance of the larger fish. They "chop it into very small particles, and moisten the preparation with a liquor rendered thick and adhesive by a mixture of flour, which gives to the whole the consistence of paste. This they form into a kind of bread, which they dry and harden by exposure to the burning sun." This custom holds more or less on all the Arabian coasts. Could it not be adopted in India? P. P. V.

Notices of Books.

"Notes on Fish and Fishing." By J. J. Manley, M.A. London: Sampson, Low & Co.



SCRIBERE JUSSIT AMOR, says the author in his preface, and yielding to this "gentle pressure" he has printed a selection of "notes" from his common-place book and from "the enormous mass of piscine and piscatorial memoranda and extracts" which have gradually accumulated as the result of "many years of observation and reading." The result is an amusing collection of fishing gossip which cannot fail to find acceptance with votaries of the "gentle art" at those dead seasons when they are driven to "chew the cud" of their past experiences, and keep alive the flame of their own ardour by reading the exploits of others. The first four chapters, pleasantly full of anecdote and quotation, treat of fishing generally—the best chapter in the book being certainly that entitled "The Literature of Fishing"—while the others deal with the different fish consecutively, and touch on their names, their natural history, their gastronomic merits and demerits, with not a

little on their capture. The volume, however, is not intended to form a book of methodical instruction for anglers, and its most distinctive feature is the large number of quotations from and references to other authors, ancient and modern, which the author has drawn into his net.

A chapter on "Thames Angling" winds up the volume, and here Mr. Manley gives full play to his enthusiasm.

"I am essentially a Thames angler," he remarks, "I love the dear old river above all other rivers. I was born on its banks; I learnt my Latin grammar and the grammar of angling on the Thames; and I took my degree both as M.A., and, to perpetuate a threadbare old joke, as a senior (wr)angler on the Thames. I know every inch of the river from its source to the Nore. I could map every reach from Oxford to Richmond, tell the name and depth of almost every "swim," and the spot where grows each rare aquatic plant, such as the rich "butomus," or flowering rush, and the elegant "villarsia," the latter of which, by the way, can only number about six patches in the 150 miles. I admire the soft beauty of the Thames, its quiet "home," scenery, such as no other river in the world can boast, its varied volume of water,—

"Strong without rage, without o'er flowing full," its thousand charms, which seem to gather rather than lose force as years pass on—

"Tending to the darksome hollows,
Where the frosts of winter lie."

"Once a Thames angler, always a Thames angler," I believe. It cannot be otherwise. * * * Happy the man who can take as many days on the Thames as he will! No happier man than the Thames angler. I mean here the well-to-do angler, who can command a punt and all the appurtenances thereof. No angler has a better field for his sport and his art. . . . This may be boasted of the Thames, that it contains a greater variety of fish than any other river in the world. And such fish!—edible and sporting beyond all other fish—and withal, more difficult of capture than all other. . . . Thus the Thames angler has a general fishing-ground surpassed by none, and the best field for the highest enjoyment of his pastime."

"The Rights of an Animal: a new Essay in Ethics," by E. B. Nicholson, M.A. Kegan, Paul & Co., 1879.

WITH earnestness and in a clear and incisive style, the author has traced the steady development of our English conscience towards greater kindness to animals. He admits that it is "much easier to find and lay down abstract principles than to see how far they can be pushed unflinchingly, and where the circumstances of this world force us to allow exceptions in practice;" and that the "abstract theory of animals' rights are unworkable in the world, the circumstances of which impose limitations in the case of noxious animals and limitations due to

the struggle for food." This century has seen the advent of a humane feeling in the treatment of the brute creation which appeared to have little existence when it opened. In the words of John Lawrence, to whose work "On the rights of beasts" Mr. Nicholson attributes much of the amelioration in the national sentiment: "but for the records of Parliament, posterity would scarcely credit that men of the first distinction for rank, learning and talents, have in the nineteenth century stood forth as the avowed defenders and advocates of the infliction of the most excruciating tortures upon the brute animals, on the wretched pretence of affording sport and diversion to the people!" He particularly alludes to the speeches of Canning, Windham, and others in 1800 and 1802 when bills for preventing the practice of bull-baiting were introduced into the House and defeated by small majorities. In 1809, Lord Erskine brought in a bill for the purpose of giving legislative protection to animals, and though he, under the pressure of opposition, limited its scope to beasts of burden, it was thrown out, as was a subsequent bill in the following year. A milder tone of national sentiment had supervened when Mr. Richard Martin, the member for Galway, succeeded in 1822 in effecting that "extraordinary change in our legislation" which invested animals with rights under the social contract. Notwithstanding the advantages gained, the Act was necessarily imperfect, for it appears that a conviction for bull-baiting being appealed against in the Court of King's Bench, on the ground that "bulls" were not "cattie," the conviction was quashed, it being held by the two judges present that cows and steers at the age of two years were cattle, but that the adult male did not come within that description. The legislation of 1835, 1849 and 1854, further advanced the protection extended to animals, but while the fighting or baiting of *all* animals is forbidden, wild animals are not protected from other kinds of ill-treatment. The feeling of the age is not ripe enough for this final step, Mr. Nicholson admits, but he records his conviction that "in the history of thought, the truth which is to-day's laughing stock, becomes to-morrow's doubt, the wisdom of the third day, and the child's lesson of the fourth."

It must be acknowledged that the sentiment of Christendom has in this respect not reached the development which it has attained among Mahomedans and Brahmins. Not many years have relapsed since Pio Nono refused a request for permission to establish in Rome, a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on the ground, "that such an association could not be sanctioned by the Holy See, being founded on a theological error, to wit, that Christians owed any duties to animals."

In Egypt, on the other hand, all purposeless

slaughter of harmless animals is generally regarded as a sin, and on one occasion when Dr. Klunzinger was preparing specimens for his collection and had flung away some worms and other marine animals as useless, a Turk, rude enough otherwise, carefully picked them up, and carried them back to their native element. ("Upper Egypt," p. 402).

We conclude our notice of this earnest little book with the eloquent pleading of Theophile Gautier, "animals are our humbler brethren, friends of a lower grade, created by God as we are, and pursuing with affecting placidity the line marked out for them from the beginning of the world. To beat an animal is as impious and barbarous an action as to beat a child. The middle ages, in their darkness, were all but afraid of animals, whose eyes, full of dumb questionings and indefinite thoughts, seemed to them lit up by demoniac malice—and, sometimes accused them of sorcery, and burnt them as if they were human beings. It will be one of the glories of civilization to ameliorate the condition of the brutes and to spare them every needless torture."

Our Illustration.

BRINKBURN, Brenckburn, or as it was called of yore, Brekenburn, has its site amidst precipitous and lofty cliffs on the north side of the Coquet, where the waters, compelled by their cliffy barriers, take a sharp and sudden turn. The rocks on the south side become suddenly of great height and are crowned with natural wood. The northern bank is steep and is also well wooded. In this sequestered spot stand the ruins of Brinkburn Abbey, of which the central tower is alone entire. Not far from the Abhey stands Brinkburn Hall; and a few hundred paces below is Brinkburn Mill. The scenery of this secluded spot is highly romantic. It seems to take its name from a small rivulet or "burn," which runs into the river from the south, a little above the commencement of the cliffs. Below Brinkburn the valley of the Croquet again expands, and the river winds through the midst of level haughs, of much beauty. (From Mr. Doubleday's edition of "The Coquet-dale Angling Songs," 1852).

Answers to Correspondents.

W. A. L.—We should have much pleasure, but we are rarely in town. The pamphlets sent shall be noticed in an early number. Your correspondence will be always acceptable.

J. FRASER.—This is the pupa of *Phryganea grandis*, the stone-fly of anglers, and the "jack" of

the "Complete Angler." We believe that the names "creeper" and "water-cricket" are as generally used in the South as in Scotland or on the Borders.

H. P. P.—"Water-wheat" consist of the eggs of insects, principally *Corixa femorata*, and *Notonecta unifasciata*, gathered from the edge of the Lake Tezcuco. It is sold in the markets of Mexico either in cakes, powdered and cooked, or in lumps, looking like the roe of a fish. When fried it forms a favourite dish.

F. BLOOMFIELD.—We are not aware that hair-leeches are found in the nostrils of dogs in Algeria. They are common enough in India, but beyond causing irritation do no injury. Mr. Tristram makes no mention of them.

H. J. HALL.—We are much obliged. The paper will appear in our next number.

ALBINISM.—J. CARR, P. S., and other correspondents are thanked. It would be easy to fill many pages or numbers of the "NOTE BOOK" with the bare enumeration of the occurrence of Albinos. Facts showing the existence of peculiar traits of character and constitution in animals affected by Albinism are what our correspondent requires.

"Fly-fishing in chalk-streams," "Grayling-fishing," "Reminiscences of Dee-side," "Rural Bird Life," and other papers of interest, will probably appear in our next number.

Books Wanted.

(No charge for insertion. Particulars to be sent to Publisher).

"The Rod in India," by Thomas.

"Campbell's West Highland Tales," 1st series.

Books for Sale.

"Notes and Queries," 1st series complete with General Indices, to 1st, 2nd, and 4th series.

N.B.—As a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication, unless desired, we require the names and addresses of our correspondents. Communications will not be returned unless stamps accompany them.

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The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 4.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1880.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

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FLY-FISHING IN CHALK STREAMS.

IN the Second Number of the "NOTE BOOK," I read some interesting remarks on fly-fishing by Nooe. In many rivers I can imagine no better general method than the one he advocates, for it makes the most of all the likely ground, and that in a systematic way, which prevents unnecessary waste of time.

But there are some rivers of which North Country anglers know very little, which are wholly unsuitable for the tactics they usually

adopt. A few hints on the subject of chalk-stream fishing may perhaps be interesting to your readers, as a supplement to Nooe's article.

When I first visited Winchester, I thought myself a fairly good fly-fisher (for on the Derbyshire rivers, I could generally kill my share of trout and grayling), and I certainly expected a moderate amount of success. But I was miserably disappointed; my first impressions were most unfavourable, for it was the bleakest of bleak April weather, and, to my inexperienced eye, the deep oily-looking water, with its long streaming weeds, was not in the least suggestive of trout. For three whole days I fished in wind, sleet and rain, without hooking a single fish.

Fancy, on any Northern river, a moderately good angler having three blank days in succession—especially when the fish were seen to be rising fairly each day, and there was no mystery about the fly. I was horribly disgusted, and very nearly made up my mind to pack up my traps (as scores of disappointed anglers do), and turn my back on Hampshire trouting once and for all. But one cannot fish three days at Winchester, without seeing some first-rate anglers, and as I chatted first with one, and then with another, it gradually began to dawn upon me (in spite of deep-seated scepticism), that I had a new art to learn, and that it was really worth learning. Since then I have never missed a year without at least one visit to Winchester, and have always had a pleasant time of it. For the benefit of the uninitiated I venture to give a

few of the wrinkles I have picked up, whilst from those who are well versed in the art I ask for indulgent criticism.

In the first place—except quite at the beginning of the season—the angler must use a floating-fly. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, all through the season, but nine days out of ten a wet fly will be rejected, when a dry fly properly thrown will be taken most confidently. This adds considerably to the difficulty of the fishing, and the angler will often, if the wind is down stream, find himself at a loss, even on days in other respects most propitious, for it is not easy to throw a perfectly straight line against the wind, and still less easy to fish down stream with a dry fly. Again, the Hampshire trout are very lazy, and, with the abundance of insect food with which the rivers swarm, they can afford to be fastidious; unless there is a fair show of fly they are not to be tempted from among the weeds, and, generally speaking, it is little or no use searching likely nooks and corners for chance fish. But when the fly comes up, every yard of water—no matter how unpromising to the eye—has its rising fish. A chalk stream on a bright spring day, is a perfect marvel of life and activity. Every trout in the river will be taking his twenty or thirty flies per minute; not with a rush and a splash like the Welsh trout after the March Brown, but with a slow, deliberate and dignified suck, rising time after time in the same spot. Each fish gulps down the flies that come *over* him, hardly noticing those that float only a few inches out of *his own line*. Hence, the greatest nicety in casting is required, and to the novice who finds it difficult to exactly judge his distance, I strongly recommend the following as the best way to begin.

Look out for a good fish rising *close* to the opposite bank, and throw the single fly so as to fall a foot (or even less) above the rise. If the cast is well made, the fly should float visibly on the surface, and the fish will not have too long an inspection before making up his mind; also from the position of the fish under the far bank he is not likely to be scared by six or seven *inches* of gut falling across him. This is an *important point, and it is always better to throw*

this side of your fish with a line a trifle too short, than to put a foot of superfluous gut over his nose. For this reason, stick to the banks and fish them rather than in midstream, until the knack of judging distances is acquired; besides, as a rule, the best fish are under the banks, as everyone knows, and they take better there than elsewhere. If the cast is successful, and the fish takes the fly, it is the angler's business to stick the hook into him, for, though it sounds easy enough to hook a fish which has been seen to pick up your floating fly, the exact strength of stroke in the nick of time wants practice, and most people serve their apprenticeship by leaving a good many flies in their fish when they strike. It must be remembered that the flies are small, and the gut very fine, while fish of 1½ lbs. are common, two pounders are met with pretty frequently, and there is always a chance of something better still. It is a great mistake to fish a chalk stream too rapidly—indeed the best anglers generally mark a good fish and lay siege to him. To spend half-an-hour or more over a fish without moving is a very common practice, and I know nothing more pleasant in fishing than to outwit a sly old trout in this way. This reminds me of an incident in my last campaign; I had spent a hot afternoon in doors making flies, and in the evening I went out to try a new pattern of my own fancy. Two good fish were spotted and waited on in turn; the first was considerate enough to grace my basket in less than five minutes; the second wanted a lot of coaxing, and I must have cast over him fifty times before I got him, but he was worth waiting for, and the brace of fish weighed 4 lbs., all but 1½ oz.

These remarks will show that chalk-stream fishing is difficult, and there are many anglers, who, used to their moorland streams, their long daily ramble, with their light rod and cast of three or four flies, will not take the trouble to learn the waiting tactics, and the single dry fly system in vogue down South.

But if the sport is unique, so is the character of the streams: a spate is unknown, the water is never coloured, except by the washings of the roads after very heavy rain, and then only for an

hour or two ; a bright clear water with a rise of fly on any decent day from April to September, makes fly-fishing always hopeful. The fish are certainly not easy to kill, but with trout rising steadily all over the river there is excitement enough for anyone who will persevere and stick to his fish. Again, the study of entomology is not without its charms, and the chalk streams are so prolific in insect life, that a very little experience will teach a keen observer more than any books can teach him. And where is the wandering angler to meet with such fishing ? Most of the Hampshire rivers are in private hands, and leave is difficult to obtain ; there are several good clubs where the fishing is first-rate, but they are very select and the subscriptions stiff. Still John Hammond's water at Winchester is accessible to all who like to pay for it, and they may have it by day, week, month, or season. It is difficult fishing, and the water is much fished, but the stock of fish seems inexhaustible. The "Old Barge" stream is the most wonderful length of water I know, and if an angler cannot catch fish there, he has only himself to blame. But the great mistake made by scores of men, is to take a ticket for a single day, and go away in disgust because their Devonshire experience and Devonshire flies won't kill Hampshire trout. The fish are there in hundreds, and rising freely and boldly all day and every day ; if a man will take a ticket for a week at least, and make up his mind not to be deterred by a little disappointment, he will learn the trick of Hampshire fishing and he won't regret it. I must, like many others, plead guilty to an occasional growl at old Hammond, when the weeds want cutting, or the banks repairing : but the fishing is certainly *sui generis*, and it naturally commands a fancy price. Grumble as I may at times, I must say, unhesitatingly, that I am greatly indebted to Winchester for countless pleasant days, for many a noble two pounder, and above all, for a keenness and pleasure in entomology, which I never knew till I studied the natural history of a chalk stream and its insect life.

Even now, after several years' experience, I cannot count myself among the best of Win-

chester performers, but I can look through my diary of last August with great satisfaction, and many pleasant memories when I read—"Best brace, 4lb. 4 oz. ; best four fish, 8lb. 1 oz. ; best six, 11lb. 10 oz. ; best twelve, 20½lb."

H. S. HALL.

BIRD LIFE.



RURAL BIRD LIFE, Being Essays on Ornithology. By Charles Dixon (London, Longmans, Green & Co.), 1880. This is a pleasantly written volume on the common birds of the country and is published with the laudable motive of inducing others to take up the fascinating study of their habits. The life-history, song, characteristics and migrations of the most of the smaller British birds are carefully treated bird by bird ; and many of them are personally depicted in woodcuts, together with four plates and a beautiful chromolithograph, by Hanhart, which forms a good frontispiece for a very pretty book. It may be called a popular history of the ordinary birds seen in country walks and round the shrubberies of home. Thus it will be found a useful volume for reference in the domestic circle. Scientific nomenclature, classification and distinction it avowedly avoids ; the author perhaps carrying his aversions too far at times, as when he writes (p. 360):

"The closet naturalist takes much more pride in determining new species, giving them jaw-breaking names, measuring with rule and compass the dried and withered skins, which bear the indelible stamp of hideous deformity, or writing long treatises on the habits of birds and animals that seem to look on in withering scorn from their cases around him."

This has evidently been drawn from a celebrated picture by Marks, which most people will remember, but it entirely loses sight of the truth that open air observation is only one half of ornithology. All bird-lovers are deeply indebted to scientific naturalists. They alone can reveal to us the hidden affinities of species which we should otherwise never suspect in out door observation ; and without their precision and logical method the phenomena of migration

and distribution would be for the most part unknown. Men would have an empirical knowledge of the few species which happen to frequent their neighbourhood without being able to recognise the relationship of British birds with their continental relatives or the higher laws which prevail in the kingdom of birds. We are thankful, however, to Mr. Dixon for his book, as it will show many people who complain of the uniformity and uninteresting character of country life that the remedy lies at their own doors. A wide world of delightful and engrossing information opens to them in their gardens, and Mr. Dixon will teach them how to discern its wonders. Under his guidance they will easily learn the character of our birds and be able to discover each in its appropriate haunt, the water ousel by the rocky stream, the ring ousel on the mountain pasture, the jay in its woodland covert, the flycatcher on the edge of the lawn. Not only this, but should they be ambitious of collecting eggs, Mr. Dixon instructs them where to find the different nests, and how to blow and prepare the eggs in the neatest manner for the cabinet. Yet another chapter, and that a most practical one, teaches the young collector of skins how to obtain and preserve these mementoes of his favourite science. Inch by inch the pupil is shown where he should begin his incision, and how to continue operations until the whole skin is carefully taken off. Few things are more abhorrent to the working naturalist than cases containing what are called stuffed birds, but which, in too many instances, are merely grotesque caricatures of the feathered warblers, as known to us in their freedom and joyous natural life. Of course an exception is made when the birds are set up, as Hancock of Newcastle can set up falcons, or when they are stuffed by an observant naturalist, who has carefully studied each in its own home. But seeing how few are such taxidermists, no course is better for the young collector, than to preserve his skins in the best manner which is open to him, as Mr. Dixon here indicates, and either to be contented with them for reference in this state, or else to wait till he has acquired sufficient *skill and knowledge of birds' habits* to set them

up himself. Skins have the further advantage that they take up very little room, and are easily removed from place to place.

For a sample of the author's writing, we will extract the picture of a bird at home, which is more commonly known to our readers from its depredations, than its domestic arrangements.

"The eyrie of a sparrowhawk is a very interesting place to visit, when the young are almost ready for flight. Young sparrowhawks exhibit great diversity of size and colour. Indeed, there are seldom two in the same nest alike, when they have attained their first suit of feathers. In the nest are pellets and feathers in abundance; not the feathers of game birds, as a rule, but usually of the smaller finches and warblers, notably the chaffinch and willow warbler. Animals are sometimes brought, as the fur of the rabbit and the mole tell us pretty plainly. A few days before the young gain the full use of their wings, they spend the greater part of their time upon the branches of the tree, flying from branch to branch, trying and strengthening their pinions, and uttering their peculiar tremulous notes. The leaves and branches of the tree are white with the excrements, but still little or no smell pervades the place. Before finally taking wing, the young birds repair to the neighbouring trees, where for a few days longer they are fed by their parents, until the happy moment arrives when they separate, to roam the fields and woods in all the pride of their now strong and active pinions."—(p. 286).

May Mr. Dixon's enthusiasm be instrumental in leading many to observe and be careful of the life of our birds. No real naturalist can bear wantonly or uselessly to take away life.

M. G. W.

TOM-TITS KILLING BEES—A COT-TAGER'S TROUBLE.



HAVE been but a short time resident in Shropshire, which must be my apology for troubling you with a question on the above subject. My home is near to a small village at the south-west part of the county. A few days since whilst walking in my pleasure-grounds, I

heard the noise of guns fired in the adjacent village; turning to my gardener, I enquired as to the cause of so unusual an event, "Oh sir," said he, "they're killing the Tom-tits." Again I enquired, "Why should they kill the Tom-tits?" "Because, sir, they kill the Bees, and the people won't stand it."

Further enquiries led me to call upon an old lady who lived in the village and kept bees. I found her and her daughter at home, both of them being intelligent persons of their class. On learning the object of my call, the old lady became very excited, and accompanied by her daughter, we all proceeded to the garden, where three bee-hives stood in a row. Their surroundings were singular. Stretched along the front of the hives, was a long cord strung with white feathers which danced with every breeze; at the mouth of each hive was an iron bird trap whilst above all was reared a gallows on which hung the corpse of a Tom-tit caught red-handed in murder.

The daughter then explained, that the Tom-tits destroyed vast numbers of their bees; pointing to an adjacent tree she said, "They come down from that tree four or five at a time, and take their place at the side of a hive mouth, when they tap upon the hive with their bills. On hearing the noise, the bees come out to enquire the cause, and are immediately killed by the birds, who pick their insides out, leaving the shells behind." So great had been the destruction, that the daughter had in turn frequently to attack the murderers, and during the previous week she had killed several. They also told me that, to their knowledge, the Tom-tits had been engaged in these ill-doings for many years.

I next went to the cottage of another villager, who I knew kept bees in her garden. No sooner did I propound my enquiry, than she burst forth with, "Yes, sir, them Tom-tits do be very hard upon my poor bees, they does me a vast of harm, they does; they kills and eats 'em out of all reason." Here I learnt that a lady in the neighbourhood had been complaining to my informant, that her bees also had been destroyed by Tom-tits, and that she had instructed her gardener to kill them. Lastly, I have seen a

gentleman who lives a few miles off, and he also testifies to the destruction of his bees, by these active little birds. Indeed I discovered that the practice is uniform in the neighbourhood; and now comes my difficulty. I have made enquiries of the keepers of bees in other counties, who all deny any knowledge of Tom-tits in connection with bees. What then am I to conclude? Are bees by the law of nature, proper food for Tom-tits, who are thus justified in killing all they can? or is our village and neighbourhood cursed with a rascally breed of Tom-tits, who, passing their hideous notions of murder from generation to generation, have rendered themselves a terror to the frugal peasantry?

So far had I written, when the return of my usual hour for exercise, induced me to stroll through the village. Passing by a garden hedge, I heard the crack of a gun, and a voice exclaimed: "D'rat that Tom-tit, but he's caught it this time, him kill no more of my poor bees." And so I walked home, thinking and thinking, and couldn't make it out at all.

Shropshire.

MARCH BROWN.

Feb. 19, 1880.

"The Hunt vs upp."

Sayth Salamons songe, fayre aege and long

Is mayde by a spyryte goode,

And syth it is soo, to your dysportes goo

By streme or merrie greene wood.

The Huntysr horne wakes uppe the morne,

And hawk bells sound on hye,

The Foulere hath sped from hys sorrye bed:

Dooth the laggard Fysshere lye?

To myn entent, the Hontyre hys bente,

Entayleth too moche labore:

Wete shode and myred, clothes torne, and tyred,

Lypps blystered, swetyng sore.

The Hawkyng too, noyouse alsoo,

And ofte ryght euyl a thurst:

Gette Rye or Cray, or flye awaye,

Thoghe he whystel till he burste.

Ynn wynter colde the Foulere bolde

Settyth hys gynne and snare,

The morne-tyde dewe dooth wete hym throo,

And sorryly dooth he fayre.

Moore cowde be sayd, but holsome drede
Of magre makith me leve :
Nedes be the beste sorte of all dysporte
Is fysshe wyth an hoke to deceive.

For at moost maye be broke a lyne or an hoke,
Home mayde he hath plentee more,
Soe the Fysshere hys lose is not greuouse
Gyf of trougthes he hath good store.

And mery at ease on eche syde he sees
Melodyous fowles of the ayre,
While spontaneous he, affectuously,
Sayth hys custumable prayer.

SYNGE—The hunt ys upp, the hunt ys upp,
For coney or byrde on the tree,
Alle the foure dysportes are goode of theyr sortes
But, Angle fysshynge for me.

“Worm-Fishing.”

The flee's been sung in mony a strain,
The mennum owre an' owre again
Has been the poet's theme :
Gentles, and pastes, and viler roe
Ha'e had their praises sung enow
In drumlie verse and stream,
But let us sing *the worm* in June,
Auld Coquet crystal clear,
All leafy Nature's now in tune,
Now doth true skill appear.
Sae moyley an' coyley
Steal on the gleg-e'd trout,
He sees ye, an' flees ye—
Gif no—ye'll pick him out.

Just as the early, tuneful lark,
Dame Nature's vocal chapel-clerk,
Carols his hymn of praise,
Just as the dewes frae flowers distil,
And air recovers frae night's chill,
Thro' Phœbus' slantin' rays :
Wi' weel-graithed gear up stream then hie,
Unerring cast the lure,
The barely covered *spankers* lie
Unwatchfully secure.

Then lungin' an' plugin',
You feel the finny prize,

*Now gantin' an' pantin'
Stretched on his side he dies.*

Straight as a sapling fir your wand,
Mid-teens o' feet, and light to hand,
With hook of ample size,
Inserted just below the head
Of worm, well scoured and purplish red,
Like arrow scourceward flies,
Swift with the current see it wear,
Then trembling, mid-stream stay,
That instant, strike—my life, *he's there*,
At leisure creelward play.
Then stay there an' play there,
Enjoy thy latest cast,
For the worm aye, in turn aye,
Will conquer a' at last.

[The courtesy of a correspondent has enabled us to excerpt these songs from a volume entitled “Chaplets from Coquet-side, by Joseph Crawhall,” of which only 100 copies were printed, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1873. This quaintly dainty little book of 84 pages, in which the individuality of the writer finds characteristic expression, will, we venture to predict, be eagerly sought after by the bibliophile of another generation.—ED.]

A TAME TROUT.

FISH live to a great age, but when in confinement and subject to unnatural influences do they increase much in size? I have known a trout kept for years in a shallow well, without perceptible growth. Here, however, is an instance to the contrary, from my note-book. In my way home on the 15th February, 1876, with a fairly filled basket of the small trout of the brook, I called in at Kenoweth, in the parish of Luxulyan, Cornwall. Kenoweth is a cottage which would delay an artist, snugly seated as it is, amidst the immense granite boulders which stud the neighbourhood, immense blocks laid bare, and rounded by uncounted ages of elemental wear and tear.

On their tops are those deep and neatly shaped basins which the antiquary of the last century believed to be the work of Druids, and used by them in their sacramental rites ; but which

many of us think of Nature's make, and formed by the disintegration of the moorstone under weather influences. Here dwell a kindly pair, with a large family of children, who have a tame trout in the well below. This well itself is a picture. Built in Cyclopean style of huge and unhewn blocks of granite coloured with the ambers, greys and greens of lichen and moss, and within draped by hart's-tongue, spleenwort and navel-wort, here named *penny-cake*, on a rich underclothing of liverwort. The trout, which had been christened Tom, came out from the depths of the well as is his wont when the good wife comes for her occasional pitcher of water, but immediately retreated on seeing me, a stranger. A large, fat earthworm which I got from under a stone made him more venturesome and trustful, and he shot out, seized it and again disappeared. It was enough however to give me a sight of him, as a plump fish with a dusky back, of a foot or so in length, and very vigorous. I learnt that when he was put in the well three years ago he was four inches long, or as the woman said "about the size of a brave *minsey*" (minnow). He comes out of his shelter on the sound of her steps and takes the crumbs, which she constantly brings him, out of her hands. His fear of unfamiliar faces or forms, and confidence in the inhabitants of the cottage are remarkable in the trout, the most timid of all fishes, which as all anglers know is scared by a shadow. I found the cottagers very fond of their pet and influenced the children to be kind to it.

June, 1876.—Went out of my way to enquire for Tom and found him living, but not quite well from a slight injury inflicted by some mischievous boys whom I first cautioned and then encouraged to take care of him.

June 8, 1877.—Paid Tom a call. He is thriving under the kind care of the people at the cottage. I paid him many other visits when he looked healthy and well, and became more familiar, but was not so distinctly increasing in size.

March 28, 1879.—I find that Tom has just died, and as the woman tells me, with tone and speech as if she dreaded there was something ominous or unlucky in it, "on the same day as

her dear baby." Both were evidently included in one grief.

I have since learnt that Tom had been injured and probably killed by a stone thrown at him by a stranger, for he had lost much of his early caution and had thereby exposed himself to injury.

I have heard of trout being kept in such kindly captivity for scores of years without much increase of size. My friend was found dead in good condition, free from disease, and to have grown in six years from four to fifteen inches in length.

In the valleys near are deep pools formed by the excavations of ancient tin-streamers, the "old men" as they are commonly called, and these pools are fed by the drainage of the moors having no visible inlet or outlet. They are inhabited by a variety of trout of much larger size than those of the neighbouring brooks, and having many differences not however of much value. Tom was of this race. I was very sorry for his untimely death, as I had hoped for much longer observation of him.

T. Q. C.

Bodmin.

TROUT IN ASIA MINOR.



IN the current number of "The Ibis," January, 1880 [4th series, Vol. IV. No. 13] there is an interesting paper on the Ornithology of Asia Minor, from notes taken by Mr. C. G. Danford, during a journey in the winter and spring of 1878. Although the main portion of Mr. Danford's journal is devoted to Ornithology he incidentally refers to some excellent trout fishing in the upper waters of the Tyhoun Chai (Pyramus) within a short distance of the small town of Albistan, in the district of Marash. Here in this wild upland region in the Taurus range are the springs of the Pyramus; the largest of these, says Mr. Danford, "rises in great volume at the base of a limestone rock half-an-hour from the town, and, being shortly joined by many others, forms within a few hundred yards, a clear stream 20 to 30 yards wide, and of considerable depth. In it are numbers of trout, those which we caught averaging more than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; two that were

netted being 5lbs. and 3lbs. respectively, while lower down the river they are said to reach a weight of 15lbs. The larger fish have very few red spots, are dark grey on the upper parts, dirty greenish yellow on the lower, and are broadly, but obscurely barred; such fish as were not persecuted by yellow leeches being as red fleshed as ordinary sea-trout."

We are not aware that the trout has been discovered in any of the Syrian waters, although Sir John Malcolm found it in a stream on a mountain in Aderbijan, a province of Persia. The so-called Himalayan trout, a fish which is held sacred, is really no trout, but a species of carp.

JOHN CORDEAUX.

Great Cotes, Ulceby.

FISHING INCIDENT.—Fishing one May morning off the west side of the island in the White Loch, Castle Kennedy (Wigtonshire), I hooked a trout which broke me and took away two flies. Three hours later, when trolling with minnow half-a-mile from where I had been broken, I caught my friend with my flies in his mouth. He was in poor condition and about 1lb. in weight.

J. F. DALRYMPLE HAY.

Auchendoon.

FOSTER PARENTS : CATS, COWS AND STORKS.—The love which animates foster-parents towards their charge has almost passed into a proverb among men and seems to hold good among many of the lower animals. I purpose recording a few instances where the circumstances are unusual which will interest your readers. Cases of fox cubs reared by bitches are not unknown in England. But Mr. Lloyd ("Scandinavian Adventures," 1854, ii., 38-9) mentions an instance in Sweden where a house-cat played the part of wet-nurse. A litter of cubs found under the flooring of a house was given to a cat whose own kittens were taken from her. She received them exceedingly well, licked and fondled them and brought them up as her own. When they were large and chained to a kennel she continued her attentions to them, though they attacked and severely wounded her when she happened one day to cause them some slight annoyance. When one of the cubs escaped to the forest the cat often absented herself the whole day, though she was ill repaid for all her tenderness and returned one day severely wounded from her attempt to continue the old attachment to her *ungrateful nurseling*. A much more singular case is related by the same writer, however, where

the eggs of a wild duck were placed in a bed where a cat and her kittens had taken up their abode. The eggs were in due course hatched, and the little ducklings remained with their four-footed foster-brothers. During this time they drank milk like the kittens and swam and disported themselves in a tub of water placed at hand for the purpose; the old cat looking on with great seeming gratification and purring and gambolling about the vessel.

That elk-fawns should have been nurtured and brought up by a cow, who licked and caressed them with great fondness, defended them from dogs and evinced great displeasure when children or mischievous boys approached too near her adopted off-spring, is much more common-place.

The stork on the other hand takes a very different view of her obligations in like circumstances. When hen's eggs were placed in a stork's nest and hatched, the old birds displayed their surprise and displeasure by harsh notes and fierce looks, and "after a short pause they jointly fell on the unfortunate chickens and picked them to pieces, as if conscious of the disgrace which might be supposed to attach to a dishonoured nest."

SIGMA.

A SERPENT-HUNTING LIZARD : AN ANTIDOTE TO SERPENT POISON.—When Mr. Tristram was in Algeria he procured a specimen of the *Stellio spinefer*, a large lizard with prickly tail, called "Ed Dabb" by the Arabs, which lives in perpetual warfare with the serpent tribe, and is said to kill with blows of its tail the horned cerastes, "the terror of travellers, and probably 'the fiery flying serpent' of Moses." Mr. Tristram's specimen proved of peaceable tastes and dates formed his favourite food. Valuable medicinal qualities are ascribed to this lizard by the Arabs, "Among them, that, if bitten by the cerastes, the patient has only to cut off the head of a dabb, make an incision in his own scalp and apply the lizard, when the virus will infallibly be drawn out by its attraction and absorbed." It was admitted, however, that the patient often died before the poison had time to mount to his head. ("The Great Sahara," 1860, p. 152.) PERA.

THE RIVER YARE, NEAR NORWICH.—The Station Master at Whitlingham Junction informs me that some capital pike have lately been caught near Thorpe Railway Bridge, and that the river there has become very clear and bright. Good bags have also been taken near Coldham Hall and Buckenham, in fact there is but one opinion that the Yare has improved greatly in the last year. Piscators from London and other places should not forget that there are collecting boxes at the various fishing stations for contributions towards paying water-keepers. In 1879 the total amount found in them would not pay for the

padlocks purchased. This is anything but right or fair, as fishing in these rivers is free.

ESOX LUCIUS.

Yarmouth.

A FISHING FOX.—As a pendant to the stories of fishing dogs which have appeared in the "NOTE-BOOK," I send you a story of a fox which is given by Mr. Lloyd in his "Scandinavian Adventures," 1854, ii., p. 19. One evening when Mr. Lloyd had ensconced himself behind a thick juniper bush near the edge of the water, he observed a fox picking small fish out of a fisherman's net which was half drawn out of the water. Watching his proceedings he saw the fox after devouring all the fish already landed, proceed to act the part of fisherman. "Seizing the cork-line between his teeth, and rearing himself upon his hind legs, he retreated backwards and succeeded in drawing the residue of the net upon the strand." During his process he now and again dropped the rope and pounced upon the fish entangled in the meshes of the net.

T. FENWICK.

A JAGUAR'S HERD OF SWINE.—The Indians of the Upper Essequibo allege that jaguars frequently constitute themselves, what they call "master of the flock," and remain constantly in attendance on a herd of pigs, following them from place to place, protecting them from other depredators, but killing one themselves when hungry. Until the storm raised by the squeaks of the stricken pig has subsided, the jaguar takes refuge in a tree, whence he descends to feed upon the flesh of his victim when the coast is clear. It sometimes happens that the "master" is not quick enough in reaching a place of safety, and being surrounded by the enraged hogs is quickly dragged down, trampled upon and ripped to pieces. (Brown's "Canoe and Camp Life in British Guiana.")

THETA.

BIRDS: SYMPATHISING FRIENDS.—Mr. Brown in his "Canoe and Camp Life in British Guiana" (pp. 224-5), gives an amusing account of the good relations existing between three young tame birds of different species which were kept at the house of a Brazilian Indian on Yucurit Island in the Essequibo. "They were fully feathered, but as the wings were clipped they could not fly, not that they seemed to care to do so, as they appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly, trotting about in company, watching "every pot boil" in the house, and making little excursions to the edge of the forest or the water. The leader of the band was a small fall-bird (*Passerina gularis*), with a black and white body and crimson head; the others were a black corn-bird (*Scaphidurus ater*) and a young "Q'est-que-cedit" (*Saurophagus sulphuratus*). Wherever the fall-bird went its two companions trotted close behind, side by side, the big corn-bird now and

then opening its mouth, in a babyish fashion, to try and induce the little leader to feed it. Whilst I was watching them they made one of their journeys to the river's edge, and began hopping about in some low shrubs overhanging the water, when, in an unlucky moment, the "Q'est-que-cedit" lost its hold and fell in, where it struggled round and round in its futile endeavours to get out again. Great was the sorrow and concern of the other two, which chirped and chattered in a most excited state, hopping about above its head on the lowest twigs, as if wishing to try and render it every assistance in their power, and in their excitement nearly falling into the water themselves. Going to the spot I fished the little fellow out with a stick, and no sooner was it on dry land than its companions were round it, evidently greatly relieved in mind at its escape from a watery grave. They all trotted off to the house together, the wet and dragged little bird marching between its two sympathising friends."

THETA.

A PRIEST'S SUNDAY FISHING RIGHTS.—Sir Alexander Cunningham, Lord Kilmaurs, upon October 19th, 1484, was prosecuted by Sir John Cuke, chaplain of the New Werk of Finlayston, for the wrongous detention from the reverend gentleman of the profit of "Soundayis tyde of the Zair of Finlastoun, with men, bait and net." Sir Alexander was cast in the action and ordained to pay the amount of the priest's piscatory loss when ascertained. The Zar, or Gair, was a small enclosure built in a semi-circular form near the sea, into which the salmon enter at high water, and from which escape is impossible when the tide falls.

HUTTON R.

RAPACITY OF THE FOX.—A story of the rapacity of the fox, mentioned by Mr. Pitt, in his "Covert-Side Sketches," (1879), may be recorded in your pages, and may perhaps elicit some facts, confirmatory or otherwise, of what I cannot help regarding as a very singular and unusual occurrence. It is to this effect: A fox, hunted by the well-known North Devon sportsman, the Rev. J. Russell, when all but seized by the hounds, could not resist the temptation offered by a hen which crossed his path, and when actually run into and killed within two gunshots of this spot, the unfortunate hen was found lying beside him.

JOHN CARR.

A RHINOCEROS HUNT.—An account of a very dexterous and courageous feat by a Laos chief, is given in M. Mouhot's "Travels in Indo-China, and is well worthy of occupying your pages. The chief, M. Mouhot, and six native followers, all on foot, tracked a rhinoceros to its lair, the chief's only weapon being "the horn of a sword-fish, long, sharp, strong and supple, and not likely to break." By striking the bamboo

together, and by wild yells, the rhinoceros was provoked to quit his retreat and to charge the chief, who stood alone and in advance of his comrades. As the beast rushed at him with open mouth, the chief thrust his lance between his jaws, to the depth of some feet, and nimbly withdrew, while the rhinoceros, rolling over, vomited blood, and was easily despatched.

T. CLUTTERBUCK.

Folk-Lore.

THE APE A METAMORPHOSED MAN.—"While in the scientific circles of our more civilized countries man is held to be an ape modified by natural selection and time, among the Egyptians of the present day the ape is a metamorphosed man. The baboon, it is generally maintained and believed, was a wicked fellow who stole the Prophet's red shoes, and hid them behind him under his coat. The prophet noticed it however, and uttered this curse over him: 'Thief, may your form become a caricature of that of man, and may your buttocks, above which my shoes are hanging, be coloured red like them for all time coming, in memory of your evil deed.' For the Moslems in general, the world properly begins only with the Prophet, and no one thinks whether the baboon existed previously, though it is frequently figured on the Egyptian monuments. To keep an ape in the house 'is not good,' it brings ill luck. Ape's dung, however, is a valuable ingredient in many medicines."—(Dr. Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt," p. 400.) A. E. S.

"I'M FOR THE BULL."—The origin of this saying is given in Mr. Briscoe's "More Nottinghamshire Gleanings," 1877. At a Nottingham bull-baiting about fifty years ago a dog fell at the feet of a man named Leavers, who made no attempt to catch it in its fall. This roused the ire of the owner, whose abuse met with the cool retort: "I'm for the bull!" V. M.

THE SCORPION IN EGYPT.—In Upper Egypt many animals of an injurious character, such as serpents, scorpions, and the large pinching ants (*Myrmica*), are looked upon as transformed villains. Scorpions are brought to a stand still with the cry *homâr*, that is ass, so as to let themselves be killed. "People may have themselves rendered proof against the poison of scorpions and serpents through the initiated," writes Dr. Klunzinger, "but after this they must never kill one."—"Upper Egypt," 1878, p. 401. A. E. S.

A NOVEL DEPILATORY (EGYPT).—When a hair of the eyelid grows inwards, it is pulled out with a pair of tweezers, and the spot rubbed with a fly, the head of which has been pulled off, or with St. John's-bread powder made into a paste

with oil. "No hairs will afterwards grow there." (Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt," p. 399.) X.

HEADS OF ASSES IN GARDENS.—In Richardson's "Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa," it is stated that the people (of Mourzak) put up the head of an ass, or some portion of the bones of that animal to avert the evil eye from their gardens. "The same superstition prevails in all the Oases that stud the North of Africa, from Egypt to the Atlantic, but the people are unwilling to explain what especial virtue there exists in an ass's skull." Is this a remnant of the ancient Germanic custom of hanging the heads of horses on trees as an offering to Odin? PHI.

CURE FOR SCORPION'S STING (EGYPT).—To cure a scorpion's sting a piece of garlic is rubbed on the place, or the dirt from the ear of an ass; another common cure is to lay on the wound a polished gem, the operculum of a trochus shell or an uncommon coin. (Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt," p. 399.) X.

Queries.

TOAD.—What is the active principle in the skin of the toad which renders it so distasteful? Even the voracious pike rejects the toad as a bait. Mr. Colquhoun ("The Moor and the Loch," 4th ed., ii., 89) records: "I have frequently offered my brown owls a toad, but they always rejected it. They, however, greedily devoured frogs; and once, when the old male had just swallowed one, we cheated him with a toad. As soon as he detected the nauseous mouthful, he threw it from him with every symptom of disgust, although, in his hunger he had half bolted it." A. McD.

ASSIMILATION OF COLOUR TO SURROUNDINGS.—We see this kind of protective adaptation everywhere, but I should like to have the opinion of your readers on an instance mentioned in that admirable book of a sportsman-naturalist, "The Moor and the Loch" (3rd edition, ii., 185). A trout taken in the small stream of Ury, Aberdeenshire, was found to have one side black and the other yellow. "The cause was evident" writes Mr. Colquhoun. "There had been a long drought, and the fish were forced into one small pool, close to the opposite bank of black soil, where the only deep current ran. The consequence was, that the exposed side was light, like the channel of the stream—the other black, the colour of the bank." The length of the drought is not mentioned. A. McD.

SILK TROLLING LINE.—Can any of your readers inform me where to get a good strong silk trolling-line that will not kink? Mine hitherto have been made by an old Peninsular warrior

now alas gone to his last home. They were plaited by hand and it took all his spare time during a month to make one of these splendid lines. I have met with some *strong lines* but they soon rot when dressed, and kink awfully after two or three hours' use. ESOX LUCIUS.

Yarmouth.

Replies.

GRAYLING FISHING. (p. 18).—Very much valuable and interesting correspondence may arise under this title. The fishermen of the Lugg are oftener quoted I think than their brothers of other rivers, and there the "grass-hopper" is no doubt used with very deadly effect. I have fished the Derbyshire streams for twenty years, and although I have tried the "grasshopper" and seen it tried by good fishermen from Herefordshire and Shropshire, I never saw a fish caught with it on the Derwent. Grayling fishing is the most uncertain fly-fishing I know, and if a few anglers will only send their experience many wrinkles may be given. It is, I think, generally acknowledged that a fine low water is the best for fly fishing for grayling, and on reference to my Diaries (1866 to 1879), I find I have caught most fish with the "Little Chap," of Derbyshire (Peacock body and Dun hackle) and the Bumble (Ruby floss silk, between red and pink, ribbed with peacock herl and Dun hackle). The various Duns are also good for grayling but as the dressings of the Blue Dun even vary so much, I leave the choice to better men than myself. One fly I have omitted. The red strands from the tail feather of a cock pheasant ribbed with red hackle; this kills well when the water is high, though clear; fish with it near the bank. The ORANGE, Old Joan, Willow, and Needle Fly are all good; and a furnace hackle and black body secured for me in one day $11\frac{1}{4}$ brace of very good fish. I find I had good sport in October 1868, with a very small midge, mole and yellow mixed and a black starling hackle. I might add that the March brown is a good fly, but no sportsman would ever think of killing grayling when the fly appears, as the fish are then full of spawn. Grayling are not so shy as trout, and I have caught them all round me when I have been wading. My advice is *fish with as short line as possible and basket the fish as soon as convenient.*

BLUE DUN.

THE FISHING-DOG OF THE CORDELIERS D'ETAMPES. (pp. 10, 28, 47).—We find, in the "Histoire d'Etampes" the feats and doings of a spaniel as useful as clever, and which, during several years, was the purveyor of the "Pères

Cordeliers." His dexterity in fishing for crabs deserves to be recorded. It has been the subject of a Latin poem, composed in 1714, by Claude Charles Hemard de Danjovan, a young inhabitant of Etampes. Many a capital dinner did the fishing-dog provide for the friars, to whom he brought not only crabs, but various fish, captured with no small trouble and great dexterity. ("The Intelligence of Animals," by Ernest Menault.)

J. P. ANDERSON.

FALCONRY IN AFRICA, PERSIA AND INDIA. (p. 37).—The custom of chasing animals with falcons obtains elsewhere. In Persia hares are hunted by birds in the same manner as the gazelle in the Sahara. Sir John Malcolm ("Sketches of Persia") mentions the circumstance, and noticed that the head falconer, before flying his bird, carefully fitted to its thighs a pair of leathers, the value of which was soon apparent. Sir John says "the first hare seized by the falcon was very strong, and the ground rough. While the bird kept the claws of one foot fastened in the back of its prey, the other was dragged along the ground till it had an opportunity to lay hold of a tuft of grass, by which it was enabled to stop the course of the hare, whose efforts to escape I do think would have torn the hawk asunder, if it had not been provided with the leathern defences which have been mentioned." A precisely similar precaution is adopted in India where hares are also taken with a falcon. A broad leather thong is passed from the right to the left knee, where it is securely buttoned. "Were this precaution neglected," says Capt. Richard F. Burton in his "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus," there is imminent danger of the hawk's being split up."

APER.

It would appear that the method of chasing the gazelle with falcons, which obtains in Africa and elsewhere, is one natural to the Raptorial family. Mr. Colquhoun in his admirable book, "The Moor and the Loch," 1878 (vol., ii. 38-9), says:—"When two eagles are in pursuit of a hare, they show great tact—it is exactly as if two well-matched greyhounds were turning a hare—as one rises the other descends, until poor puss is tired out; when one of them succeeds in catching her, it fixes a claw in her back, and holds by the ground with the other, striking all the time with its beak."

J. CARR.

THE RAVEN IN SWEDEN, DENMARK, EGYPT, &c. (p. 40).—Some curious notions are entertained in Scandinavia respecting the raven. "It is said, for instance, that besides its usual hoarse croak, it, at times, when soaring in circles high in the air, has a peculiarly harmonious note, *Klong, Klong, Klong*. But as this is very rarely heard, the common belief is, that it cannot give utter-

ance to it until after passing its hundredth year, to which advanced age it is supposed to attain."—(Lloyd's "Scandinavian Adventures," 1854, ii. 330.)

The same writer also states, as a matter of common belief, that this bird has a certain white feather on its body, which will endow the man with all wisdom who can obtain possession of it. This is a matter, however, of extreme difficulty as the bird when wounded, always exerts its last strength to pick out and gulp down this plume in order that its wisdom may perish along with it.

"Another notion is, that in the body of this bird there is a so-called *Korp-sten*, or raven stone, which is possessed of the remarkable property, that the individual swallowing it, will be invisible to mortal eyes." (p. 331.) SIGMA.

The person who kills the Great black raven or Raven of the desert (*Corvus umbrinus*) does not get off unpunished. This bird called Noah's raven, as being the bird that he sent out of the ark and that did not return, is the *Uncle of the blacks*, the Soudanese. Dr. Klunzinger having commissioned a hunter to procure one, the affair became known and a crowd of blacks assembled round his horse with kettle drums, and much yelling and noise, demanding blood-money for their *Uncle*, who from time to time brought them news of their relatives in the far distant Soudan. It was not until after much negotiation that the mob were appeased by the payment of three francs; and the *uncle's* body minus the skin, having been handed to them, was carried on a bier solemnly to the graveyard with flags and shouts of *la ill Allah*, and there formally interred. ("Upper Egypt," pp. 402-3, by Dr. Klunzinger.)

A. E. S.

In Assens, one of the Danish isles, the appearance of a raven in a village is considered an indication that the parish priest is to die, or that the church is to be burned down that year.—*Galignani's Messenger* (quoted in *Notes and Queries*, October 25th, 1856).

An application was made to the relieving officer of the parish of Altarnun on behalf of a woman who was unable to work in consequence of the depression of spirits produced by the flight of a croaking raven over her dwelling. This occurred in the year 1853. (*Notes and Queries*, vii. 496.) X.

FISH AND EAGLES.—(p. 46). The eagle often meets his death when he turns fisherman, and Pontoppidan says that "fishers sometimes catch the halibut with eagle's talons in the backs of *them*, and covered over with flesh and fat." *This bird sometimes makes the mistake of striking his crooked talons into an old seal, and*

this usually costs him his life, for when the fish or animal seized is large and powerful, the bird is dragged under water and drowned. A bird may find his death in another way. In Lloyd's "Scandinavian Adventures," 1854, (ii., 250), it is stated that a fisherman saw "an eagle pounce upon an immense pike, basking close to the bank. One of his talons the bird struck into the fish; but with the other, and for the purpose of securing his prey, it is to be presumed, he clutched firm hold of an alder-bush growing hard by. But this manœuvre cost the bird dear; for the pike, in retreating, made so desperate a plunge downwards, as literally to tear the thigh from the body of his assailant. The severed limb was found attached to the bush in question, but of the eagle himself, which was carried bodily under water by the pike, nothing more was ever afterwards seen or heard." A similar incident happened not far from Bergen, when an eagle holding on by one foot to the root of a tree, and plunging his talons into a large salmon, was literally split to the neck by the powerful fish. In this miscalculation of his powers, the eagle is somewhat prone to indulge, and a story is told in the same book of one seizing a heifer, and endeavouring to arrest its progress by grasping a post, the result being that he "was himself actually riven in twain."

SIGMA.

FOX STORIES: STEALING A SUCKING-PIG. (p. 43).—Of the cunning and sagacity of the fox, a thousand stories are current in Sweden. One given by Mr. Lloyd in his "Scandinavian Adventures," 1854 (ii., 512), on the authority of Dr. Levin, of Säter, in Dalecarlia, may be quoted. A man one morning keeping watch in the forest, saw a fox cautiously approaching the stump of an old tree. Upon this he sprang several times, and after apparently satisfying himself that the leap was an easy one, he provided himself with a pretty large piece of dry oak wood, and with this in his mouth, he again commenced to leap on to the trunk. When he found that he could make the ascent with facility, he dropped the wood and coiled himself upon the top of the stump, remaining motionless as if dead. At the approach of evening, an old sow and her progeny passed near the stump. Two of her sucklings were lagging behind, and just as they neared his ambush, the fox darted down upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye, regained his place with it in his mouth. The old sow returned in fury to the spot, and made desperate attempts to storm the stronghold, but "the fox took the matter very coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother," who, unable to revenge herself, was at length forced to beat a retreat.

SIGMA.

FISHING CATS (p. 2).—As I see that it is your intention, and a very good one too, to gather up interesting facts from all quarters, you should have a note of "Puddles," belonging to a fisherman of Portsmouth, made famous by Mr. Buckland: "He was the wonderfulest water-cat as ever came out of Portsmouth Harbour was Puddles, and he used to go out a-fishing with me every night. On cold nights he would sit in my lap while I was a-fishing and poke his head out every now and then, or else I would wrap him up in a sail and make him lay quiet. He'd lay down on me when I was asleep, and if anybody come he'd swear a good one, and have the face off on 'em, if they went to touch me; and he'd never touch a fish, not even a little teeny pout, if you did not give it him. I was obligated to take him out a-fishing, for else he would stand and youl and marr till I went back and caught him by the poll and shied him into the boat, and then he was quite happy. When it was fine, he used to stick up at the bows of the boat, and sit a-watching the dogs (*i.e.* dogfish). The dogs used to come alongside by thousands at a time, and when they was thick all about, he would dive in and fetch them out, jammed in his mouth as fast as may be, just as if they was a parcel of rats, and he did not tremble with the cold half so much as a Newfoundland dog; he was used to it. He looked terrible wild about the head when he came up out of the water with the dogfish. I larnt him the water myself. One day, when he was a kitten, I took him down to the sea to wash and brush the fleas out of him, and in a week he could swim after a feather or a cork."

J. G. M.

The writer of the very pleasant article with which you opened the first number of the "NOTE-BOOK" has introduced to your readers a cat animated by strong feelings of personal attachment. This is not usual with the feline race who in general opinion display a greater love of places than people. Most cunning in taking their prey they are seldom capable of receiving the kind of training of which the dog is so susceptible. There are the customary exceptions. I have just made the acquaintance of a queen cat, dwelling on the banks of the Thames almost within the shadow of the Tower, which has been taught to "box" with her master in most comical fashion. She doubles her paws, sways her body, guards and "strikes from the shoulder," with a grave self-possession and evident feeling of humour which is in the highest degree diverting.

T. S.

REINDEER EATING THE LEMMING (p. 45).—That the reindeer seeks for and eagerly devours the lemming seems a well established fact. (See Sir Arthur Brooke's "Lapland.") "Perhaps,"

observes Pennant, "they take them medicinally, as sheep are known greedily to seek and swallow spiders."

PEARETH.

LARGE PERCH (p. 29).—Some years ago when in London I saw a perch over 5lb. at Mr. Holroyd's (Fishing-tackle maker) in Gracechurch-street. I think it was over 5½lb. The largest framed perch I ever caught was 5lb. 3 oz. and 19½ inches long. This was taken in Ormesby Great Broad, during the summer months and when it had spawned, I therefore believe it would have scaled a good 6lb. in the month of March.

Yarmouth.

ESOX LUCIUS.

SALMON FEEDING ON TROUT. (p. 12).—In a letter signed R. B. Marston in the "ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK," for January 31st, I find the following sentence: "I do not for one moment believe that salmon injure a trout stream in any way." As I hold this to be a doctrine dangerous to the welfare of our trout streams, will you give me an opportunity of stating one or two of my reasons for differing from R. B. Marston. I have been for thirty years an ardent trout fisher, and can point to many trout streams which have not only been injured, but almost ruined, by the introduction of salmon. Each stream according to the supply of food which it affords, will carry a certain *weight* of fish. If the fish be trout, the weight may be made up of many small, or a few large trout. Let us suppose a mile of stream which affords food sufficient for five hundred pounds weight of trout. What happens if salmon be admitted? I won't argue that the salmon will eat any of the trouts' food, because I might be met, as I have been, by the very logical argument, "Nobody ever finds any food in a salmon's stomach, therefore salmon never eat anything, therefore they cannot eat the trouts' food." But no one will deny that female salmon have a habit of laying eggs, and that in the spring of the year following their admission to the river, every shallow stream will be swarming with parr, and in the next year with smolts preparing to start for the sea. What do smolts eat? Exactly the same food as trout. So in your mile of water, which is suited to carry five hundred pounds weight of trout, you have perhaps two or three hundred thousand parrs and smolts eating the trouts' food. The amount of food remains the same; the number of mouths to eat it is perhaps multiplied a hundred-fold. Now if you have a piece of pasture which will fatten ten bullocks, and you also turn in a hundred sheep, what will happen? I think the butcher will shake his head when he comes to look at your bullocks, and the sheep will not prosper. But again, all the pleasure of trout fishing, at least up till the middle or end of May, is ruined if the water be full of smolts.

At almost every cast you hook one, it must be taken off and returned to the water carefully. Just as your fly is coming over the big trout behind the rock, or under the bank, when you are holding your breath in anxious expectation of the rise, up flashes a little villain of a smolt, and your chance for that cast at least is ruined. The constant repetition of such a misfortune, leads to loss of time, loss of temper, and in some cases, to much bad language. Large rivers, such as the Tweed and the Tay, have room for both salmon and trout, but even in them, the increase in salmon causes decrease of trout. They are essentially salmon rivers, and even if trout became utterly extinct in them, the increase of salmon would more than counterbalance the loss of trout. But in all small streams the introduction of salmon is ruin to trout fishing, and ruin without any compensating advantage. The salmon fishing in nine years out of ten is worth nothing, and when the wet year comes, such as last year, a few salmon are killed, but the salmon fishing is but a very poor imitation of the real thing in some big river where the salmon has a chance, and, at all events, can make a gallant fight for his life. Let me take a river mentioned in Mr. Marston's letter as an example. The Exe is a small river. I have fished it for the last ten years. Year by year the number of parr and smolts has been increasing, and last year they were an intolerable nuisance. One was obliged altogether to pass over certain parts of the water, because it simply swarmed with them. The Exe never can be a salmon river, I mean from an angler's point of view. From Exe Bridge to Thorverton there are not a dozen pools, which in ordinary years and ordinary states of the water would give good salmon fishing. And the introduction of salmon is injuring, and will eventually ruin a very pretty stretch of trout water, that once in every six or eight years a few salmon may be killed after the flood in the autumn. I am fond of salmon fishing and fond of trout fishing, but let the salmon fishing be in a salmon river, and the trout fishing in a trout stream. To spoil a pretty trout stream, in order once in five or ten years to get a poor imitation of salmon fishing, seems to me the height of folly. V. G. H.

TAILLESS TROUT (pp. 24, 48).—In your number of January 31st, there appears under the above heading, a letter signed M. G. W. in which, quoting from "Whitaker's Almanack," for 1871, he mentions the reference there made to "some tailless trout having been discovered in Loch Machrichen," and also that, "at certain mines at Leadhills, &c., in Lanarkshire, there are according to Dr. Grierson of Thornhill, streams coming from the shafts, in which trout without tails, and often deficient in fins are frequently caught.

Such fish are often blind." That such unhappy denuded fish should be found in the foul poisonous waters issuing from lead, and other mines, is only what from my own experience I should expect. It is now several years since I was informed that such a class of trout existed in a particular part of the river Browney, a small pretty tributary of the river Wear. Determined to search into the truth of this strange story, I fished the waters on several occasions, and found that the greater number of the trout taken, were without ventral or anal fins, and that the lower halves of their tails were also missing. These trout were lank and sickly looking, and to the hand felt soft and flabby, indeed properly uneatable. Of course the next step was to enquire how such an apparent variation in nature's rules came to exist; happily the answer was not far off. A short distance above the indicated spot, were two paper mills, one of them doing an extensive business, and each day pouring into the stream large volumes of water saturated with deadly acids and alkalis. Now I had frequently fished the river above these mills and ever found the fish in their normal state and condition; the trout with but half their fins and tails, were all taken below and near to the mills. The unhappy fish were captured with worm, and in easy flowing water. This they necessarily selected as their abode, being too weak to enter the streams or currents, and I do not doubt that the bodily weakness induced by the virulent poisonous water was so great, that they were compelled to allow their stomachs to rest on the bed of the river, being too feeble to poise themselves in mid water. Resting on the gravelly bed of the river, and playing their fins and tails (as usual) these were worn away by friction; much weight is given to this idea, by the fact that it was the lower halves of the tails only that were missing. The mills had existed for more than fifty years; now what would be the effect on baby-trout whose fathers and mothers for fifty years had lived and died without the comfort of their proper fins and tails; would we have a new development, in this case a reduction? As to the trout of Loch Machrichen, the case is more difficult, for there I presume the water is pure. Still it is possible that there may be one or more small brooks connected with the Loch, which are imbued with mineral poison, and that from this some trout may suffer as their brethren in the river Browney have done. I suppose it would really be too high a flight of fancy to picture a shoal of trout industriously engaged in rubbing themselves against the rocks of Loch Machrichen, until their caudal arrangements had disappeared.

MARCH BROWN

February 23, 1880.

PERFUMES FROM REPTILES. (p. 14).—I notice in the "Catalogue of the Collection, illustrating the Animal Resources, &c., of the United States": Musk of alligator; also oil of Hawks-bill turtle (*Eretmochelys imbricata*, Linn.), and of the Loggerhead turtle (*Thalassochelys caouana*, Linn.), both used in perfumery. There are no perfumes derived from birds. BAGDAD.

LOCAL NAMES OF ANIMALS, CRUSTACEA, &c. (p. 45).—The following may be of service to Mr. Britten:—

Wigs.—Hermit crabs used for bait. [*Pagurus Bernhardus*]. (Sussex).

Sea-mouse.—[*Aphrodita aculeata*].

Corwich.—Rough crab. [*Mnia squinada*]. P.

In Cornwall, *Pinna ingens*, and *Solen siliqua*, are called capa-longa, or caper-longer.

FISHERMAN.

The Pholades are termed "pitticks;" limpets, "flitters;" sandhoppers, "skipjacks;" and the *Arenicola piscatorum*, Sea or lugworms and "lugs," at Brighton. D. D.

In Durham white butterflies were formerly called "Frenchmen," and "Papists." BETA.

The following local names of Jelly-fish (*Acalepha*), may be of use to Mr. Britten:

Slutters, blue-slutters, water-galls, galls, milder's eyes, sea-starch, blubbers, slobbers, lubberties, sea-nettles, stingers, swishers, laverick, makiehowlas. G. LEB.

The Common Cuttle fish, or Polypus [*Octopus vulgaris*], is known as the poulp, preke, squibs, bector, patta, mansucker. The Official Cuttle-fish [*Sepia officinalis*], as sepia-fish, tortoisés, ink-fish, ink-spewers, scuttles, hoe-fish, tentails, cuddle. Their eggs are sea-grapes. F. M. C.

The Edible crabs [*Cancer pagurus*], are variously termed pungs, pungers, and heavers. The males are known as stoolers; the females as humps and pouches. D.

[It is desirable that our correspondents should, in all cases, specify the places where the names were collected.—ED.].

Notices of Books.

"The Crayfish. An introduction to the study of Zoology." By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. Kegan, Paul & Co., 1880.



THE object of this book is best stated in the author's words. "In writing this book about crayfishes, it has not been my intention to compose a zoological monograph on that

group of animals. Such a work, to be worthy of the name, would require the devotion of years of patient study to a mass of materials collected from many parts of the world. Nor has it been my ambition to write a treatise upon our English crayfish, which should, in any way, provoke comparison with the memorable labours of Lyonet, Bojanus, or Strauss Durckheim, upon the willow-caterpillar, the tortoise, and the cockchafer. What I have in view is a much humbler, though perhaps, in the present state of science, not less useful object. I have desired, in fact, to show how the careful study of one of the commonest and most insignificant of animals, leads us, step by step, from every-day knowledge, to the widest generalizations, and the most difficult problems of zoology; and, indeed, of biological science in general.

"It is for this reason I have termed the book an 'Introduction to Zoology.' For, whoever will follow its pages, crayfish in hand, and will try to verify for himself the statements which it contains, will find himself brought face to face with all the great zoological questions which excite so lively an interest at the present day; he will understand the method by which alone we can hope to attain to satisfactory answers of these questions; and, finally, he will appreciate the justice of Diderot's remark, '*Il faut être profond dans l'art ou dans la science, pour en bien posséder les éléments.*'"

There is, however, a good deal in the book that is not strictly scientific, although ultimately connected with the main object in view. The name "crayfish" is supposed to be derived phonetically, either from the French "*écrevisse*," or the Low Dutch "*crevik*;" this, however, would not very well account for "crawfish," which is as old and common a name as "crayfish." Of course the creature is not a fish at all, but in popular language aquatic mollusks, and crustaceous animals are "shell-fish," yet the author says in this instance, it is "certainly not the case," that the prefix, "cray," has a meaning of its own.

Crayfishes are stated to be abundant in some of our rivers, such as the Isis and other affluents of the Thames, and they have been observed in those of Devon, but not in the Cam or the Ouse in the east, nor the rivers of Lancashire and Cheshire on the west; they are absent in the Severn yet plentiful in the Thames and Severn canal: unknown north of the Tweed yet occurring in many localities in Ireland, possibly artificially introduced.

"In granite districts and others, in which the soil yields little or no calcareous matter to the waters which flow over it, crayfishes do not occur. They are intolerant of great heat and of much sunshine; they are therefore most active towards

the evening, while they shelter themselves under the shade of stones and banks during the day."

"During the depth of winter crayfishes are rarely to be seen about in a stream, but they may be found in abundance in its banks, in natural crevices and in burrows which they dig for themselves. Where the soil, through which a stream haunted by crayfishes runs, is soft and peaty, the crayfishes work their way into it in all directions, and thousands of them, of all sizes may be dug out, even at a considerable distance from the banks."

"It does not appear that crayfishes fall into a state of torpor in the winter, and thus hibernate in the strict sense of the word. At any rate so long as the weather is open, the crayfish lies at the mouth of his burrow, barring the entrance with his great claws, and with protruded feelers keeps careful watch on the passers by. Larvæ of insects, water-snails, tadpoles or frogs, which come within reach, are suddenly seized and devoured, and it is averred that the water-rat is liable to the same fate. Passing too near the fatal den, possibly in search of a stray crayfish, whose flavour he highly appreciates, the vole is himself seized and held until he is suffocated, when his captor easily reverses the conditions of the anticipated meal."

"In fact, few things in the way of food are amiss to the crayfish; living or dead, fresh or carrion, animal or vegetable, it is all one. Calcareous plants such as the stoneworts (*Chara*) are highly acceptable; so are any kinds of succulent roots, such as carrots; and it is said that crayfish sometimes make short excursions inland, in search of vegetable food; snails are devoured, shells and all; the cast coats of other crayfish are turned to account as supplies of needful calcareous matter; and the unprotected or weakly member of the family is not spared. Crayfishes in fact, are guilty of cannibalism in its worst form, and a French observer pathetically remarks that, under certain circumstances, the males 'méconnaissent les plus saints devoirs,' and, not content with mutilating or killing their spouses, after the fashion of animals of higher moral pretensions, they descend to the lowest depths of utilitarian turpitude, and finish by eating them."

"In this country we do not set much store upon crayfishes as an article of food, but on the continent, and especially in France, they are in great request. Paris alone, with its two millions inhabitants, consumes annually from five to six millions of crayfishes, and pays about £16,000 for them. The natural productivity of the rivers of France has long been inadequate to supply the demand; and hence, not only are large quantities imported from Germany and elsewhere but the artificial cultivation of crayfish has been

successfully attempted on a considerable scale."

The book, for the main part, is occupied with the physiology, morphology, distribution and ætiology of the crayfishes, and is illustrated by eighty-two engravings on wood of exceptional excellence. The work is that of a master, written in lucid English, and exhibits close reasoning and logical induction in elucidation of the dominant idea that unity of principle underlies the development of all organized existence, and that if this be comprehended in any example the plan of, if not the reason for, vitalized creation will be apparent. This unity, in fact, is the thought that has often been impressed on philosophic and poetic minds, and is exquisitely expressed by Tennyson:—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

J. W. D.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. S. (Ayr).—"Sand-eel Bill" so much dreaded by your fishermen is most probably the Great Weever (*Trachinus draco*). Can any Ayrshire correspondent speak with certainty on this point?

W. C. H.; F. P.; F. F. (Grantham); C. P. C.; J. S. (Liverpool); Mr. Ring, are thanked.

Books Wanted.

(No charge for insertion. Particulars to be sent to Publisher).

"The Rod in India," by Thomas.

"Campbell's West Highland Tales," 1st series.

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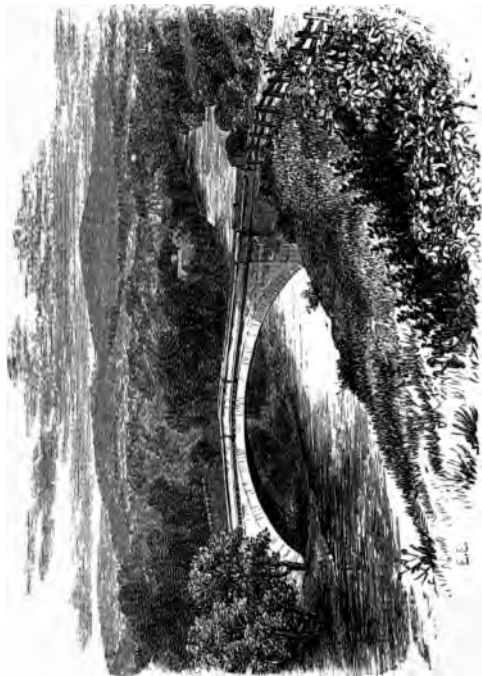
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All business communications should be addressed to "The Publisher;" and all matter for publication, to "The Editor of THE ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK," at No. 12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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ASHIESTIEL BRIDGE ON THE TWEED.

The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 5.

MONDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1880.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

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A FORTNIGHT IN MULL.

HAVING decided upon a fortnight's holiday in Scotland last autumn for some sea-trout fishing, the knotty question arose "where would be the best place to go," and after some correspondence with a friend who was to join me "frae the north countrie," and much study of Lyall's guide, we decided to make an experimental visit to the Island of Mull on the West Coast of Scotland, as being new ground to both of us, thus adding the spice of novelty of situation and scenery to

our expectations of sport in those comparatively unfrequented waters. Having, however, a day or two to spare before we could meet in Glasgow, I determined to try my luck for a couple of days on Loch Lomond, and a bright sunny afternoon late in August found me on the landing stage at Luss—the Loch being calm as a mirror, and the glorious scenery looking very charming as the sun sank westwards behind the mountains.

The prospect was, however, anything but promising for sport, as a good stiff breeze is a *sine quâ non* for Loch Lomond, as indeed it is for any loch, but the fates were propitious, and during the night the weather completely changed, and I awoke next morning, to find such a capful of wind blowing that I felt doubtful whether it might be quite prudent to venture out in a boat at all, but my boatman's opinion being favourable, we started for the Islands and soon found that we were not alone, as five or six boats were out besides ourselves.

To those who have not visited Loch Lomond for angling purposes, I may say that in a general way (unless some Glasgow Angling Club Competition happens to be going on) plenty of boats can be obtained at Luss, and the boatmen generally are good fishers and well acquainted with the likely feeding grounds of the salmon and sea-trout amongst the islands, and can be trusted to shew their clients sport if the fish are at all in the humour to rise to the fly. Fly suitable for the Loch can also be obtained from the man in charge of the pier who is reported to be one of the best fishermen in the neighbourhood.

and whose advice is therefore worth taking by those new to the Loch.

The S.W. wind was very strong, but by stout rowing we reached the outer islands—Inch Fad and Inch Caillloch—round which we intended to drift, but there is this advantage about Loch Lomond over any other large loch I know as regards boating, that, no matter how wild the weather may be, there is always the lee-side of several islands under which a boat can find easier weather for crossing the Loch, and where the curl on the water is, at such a time, quite strong enough for fishing with the fly, and this I found to be the case on the present occasion, as, by sticking quietly to the lee-side of Inch Fad for several hours I had better sport than those boats which were fighting the gale round the weather side of the island, though I was not lucky enough to fall in with a salmon, as several fishers did that day. It is not at all unusual to rise and hook salmon when fishing with ordinary sea-trout flies, and four large salmon were hooked on that day by fishers in different boats, and every one got away with portions of tackle—one with a cast of three flies and 50 or 60 yards of line—which probably had not been properly fastened to the barrel of the reel.

The rough S.W. gale and heavy squalls of rain made it anything but dilettante fly-fishing, but with good waterproof clothing and one's back to the wind it is fairly enjoyable if the fish are kind enough to keep rising, and I returned that afternoon with six bonny sea-trout—two of which were over 2½ lb. a-piece, the remainder about 1 lb. to 1½ lb. each.

The next day was just the same sort of weather but the fish rose very "short" and deceptively at the fly, and out of a fair number of rises I only hooked one sea-trout, which when landed, was nearly 2 lb. in weight. The neighbourhood of Luss is very picturesque, and the hotel very comfortable and reasonable in charges, and I think anyone having only a short time at disposal for a piscatorial holiday in the autumn (when brown trout fishing is getting over) might do worse than spend it amongst the islands of Loch Lomond, especially after a heavy fall of rain for a week or so has raised the level of the Loch, and made the filthy river Leven in such a

condition that the salmon and sea-trout can get a fair run up from the salt water to the Loch.

The charge for boat and man at Luss is five shillings per day, and two friends can very comfortably fish from one boat—one at the bow and the other at the stern.

The following day being our tryst at Glasgow I met my friend at Greenock aboard one of Hutchinson's well appointed steamboats *en route* for Oban and Tobermory, the capital of Mull. We soon found we were to taste the gale round the Mull of Cantire, and it proved about as rough a night as any old salt could desire, and blew right in our teeth till we rounded the point, when we got the wind and waves on our port quarter and bowled merrily along to Oban, which we reached in good time for breakfast, and eventually the quay at Tobermory about 2 P.M.

Our plans were to spend a week at *Bellachroy Inn*, Dervaig, and then move on to Salen for a week longer. At Dervaig there is, close by, the river Bellart, and two miles off the Mingary Burn. The Bellart flows into the salt water within sight of the inn windows, and on these streams the innkeeper has a right of fishing for his visitors over all the length of water worth their attention.

Loch Frieza, a fine sheet of water some seven miles long by three quarters of a mile wide, is within a fairish walk over a very stiff brae, and a good walker may reach it in an hour and a half up to the boat-house, some distance down the right hand side of the Loch. The innkeeper has a boat on it for use of his visitors.

The water of Loch Frieza is very clear and bright, and the fish can see very small flies; it swarms with loch-trout, which, however, run rather small, seldom being caught over half or three quarters of a pound, but it is no uncommon thing under favourable conditions to take four or five dozen. These make up for their small size, by their liveliness when hooked, and their excellence of flavour when placed upon the breakfast table and cut as pink as a salmon.

Before leaving Tobermory we paid a visit to the shop of Mr. McLachlan, who is a draper and dealer in fishing tackle, and though I usually dress my own flies, and know the old killing patterns, I think it always well to consult the

opinion of local anglers on a first visit to new waters, and take some advice as to the favourite flies for their own lochs and rivers. We found Mr. McLachlan a very nice cheery old gentleman, full of chat and information about the Bellart and Loch Freiza, of which he had been a successful fisher for many years, and under his advice we invested in a small stock of flies; unfortunately, he had only one fly left of his pet pattern for the Bellart, and, as the result proved, it turned out the most killing fly of the lot. I will describe the dressing, as it differs from the character of a red-bodied fly as usually dressed for Scotch fishing. Hook No. 9 Limerick bend. Body, scarlet wool with gold tag (no tail-whisks) fine gold twist over the body. Wings, strips of green parrot feather with a brownish underside to the fibre. Hackle, a feather from the breast of the pheasant with a light horse-shoe shaped marking upon it. It was a rather small fly for sea-trout fishing, but it proved an excellent killer, and I took *nearly all* my fish with it on my *first* day on the Bellart, until their sharp teeth tore it to pieces and I had none to replace it.

Another good fly was a dark claret wool body, grouse or brown mallard wing, and black hackle on a hook the same size, No. 9, but I used all through as the "dropper" nearest the rod, a large plain red hackle or "palmer," tied very bushy from top to bottom of hook over a foundation of peacock herle. This fly I "worked" across the stream whilst the two other flies took their own course, letting only the fly touch the water, and bringing it round close to the weeds and rushes on my own bank and it brought me several good fish besides a few false rises which I missed hooking. It is very provoking to find how often sea-trout rise "short," and miss the fly in comparison with brown trout, but they repeatedly come up with a smack and a boil which makes you expect a two-pounder at least, and on striking there is no answering tug as a reward.

Our host, Mr. McGilp, met us at Tobermory with dog-cart for ourselves, and a gillie and luggage-cart for our luggage, and we shortly found ourselves jogging gaily over the nine miles of hilly road across the island to "Bellachroy," or "the red hill." (*Bellach*, a hill; *Roy*, red, in

Gaelic). The village at its foot is a good specimen of the Highland "Clachan," and the Inn proved much more imposing and comfortable than we had expected to find in such an out-of-the-world place—the coffee-room being a spacious and lofty apartment of about 40ft. by 20ft., with windows at each end, and a spacious dining table capable of accommodating 20 or 30 trenchermen on special occasions, and the service and viands everything that a modest-minded angler could desire, especially after an eight hours' trudge over the brae to Freiza, or up the heather-clad banks of the Bellart, has produced that best of sauce, a good appetite.

The "clerk of the weather" had evidently determined to give us a rough reception, and the following week proved unusually wet and stormy. This boisterous weather increased to such an extent, that on the fifth and sixth days of our stay, fishing was out of the question, the deluge of rain laid the whole lower part of the glen under water, and the wind drove the rain along in streams at an angle of about 20 deg. with the horizon, so that one could hardly have stood against it; in fact, to sum up the total of the weather, I had only two really fine days in three weeks, and those two were Sundays, but we came to fish, and fish we did in spite of the weather, though the rain was no doubt useful in keeping the river full, and bringing up a stock of freshly run sea-trout with every tide.

I need say little more about Loch Frieza, as we only visited it once, the weather being too rough for the management of a boat on such an open, unsheltered stretch of water. It is a pretty loch to fish, in moderately fair weather, and best earlier in the year, June and July, as the bulk of the trout are loch-trout, very few sea-trout being able to surmount the sharp bit of water fall at its outlet into the Aros river.

The Bellart is a peculiar river to fish, it runs through peaty soil, and is a good deal hidden between deep banks of peat earth, and to be in proper fishing order requires a full water and a very strong breeze upstream to create a good "curl" on the surface, the water looks black as night from the peat stain, but is wonderfully clear, and even in a "spate" does

not retain the muddy state very long, but soon clears off to the favourite "porter" colour, but it is of little use to fish it without a breeze. I found the lowest mile of water yield the best sport, both in number and in size of fish, but there are some beautiful streams all the way up for about three miles from the mouth, where it becomes rapidly smaller and hardly worth fishing. The upper streams are very suitable for bait fishing with worm or minnow, and my friend, being an adept at that style, succeeded very well, and killed fully as many fish as I did with fly, but they proved smaller as a rule, rather reversing the general effect of bait fishing for brown trout, which usually run up heavier for the clear-water worm-fisher than the fly-fisher, at all events after the month of May.

We were off directly after breakfast on our first morning, a squally upstream wind with occasional heavy flying showers making it good fishing for the Bellart. The fish rose fairly though I had a good many "short" rises—had I hooked all which rose at the fly I should at least have doubled, if not trebled, my take—but I captured eleven sea-trout and three brown trout—the largest sea-trout being a good one of nearly four pounds. My friend killed eight sea-trout and eight brown trout, with bait chiefly.

We fished the same river for several days with varying success, and one day tried the Mingary Burn a smaller stream about two miles over the brae in another direction, but it proved a very rough and wet walk with but small success in fish to reward us. My advice to anyone trying the Bellart at Dervaig (Bellachroy) is to stick to the larger part of the river, say $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the north, and fish it steadily over and over again, as fresh sea-trout come up with every tide and restock the water. The best time to go there is in September after the Lammas floods have been the means of stocking the river with sea-trout, we were a week too soon and came in for the flood itself—but fishermen's luck is proverbial and perhaps another year the weather might prove different and turn the tables on the expectant angler. Two or three friends might spend a pleasant fortnight there between boating on Frieza and fishing the

Bellart, and they would be made comfortable at *Bellachroy Inn*.

Having had our week at Dervaig, and feeling very doubtful as to our prospects of sport, as the flood was at its height and quite inundated the lower part of the valley, we ordered our conveyance to be got ready, and drove over the hills, eleven miles, to Salen. Here again we found a capital hotel, and had the large coffee room nearly all to ourselves for a week. It is situated close to the coast, in full view of the sound of Mull, and the surrounding neighbourhood proved very picturesque.

Steamers call almost daily at the pier—ten minutes walk from the hotel—and although they are not as punctual as we Southerners are accustomed to find our railway trains, especially in stormy weather, it is generally possible to get to and from Oban most days by one boat or another, and certain enough twice a week.

Salen Hotel has no actual right of fishing in any of the neighbouring waters, but there is little difficulty about the matter. Any gentleman anglers staying at the hotel, who will ask the landlord to send their cards to the gallant proprietor of the fisheries, with a request to be allowed to angle, cannot fail to receive a courteous reply, and the desired permits. We found everywhere in Mull the utmost courtesy and kindness in this respect, but I think that any attempt on the part of strangers to fish without asking permission would be promptly, and properly, put a stop to.

The chief streams near to Salen are the Aros, and the Forsa, the former comes down from Loch Frieza, and falls into the sound of Mull about one-and-half miles from Salen; it is a sharp tumbling stream, with too quick a descent to allow sufficient pools and resting-places for the fish to stay in; it is soon up with heavy rains, and soon down again, and though picturesque in itself, is not so nice a river to fish as the Forsa. We had one day upon it just after a spate, but it did not yield as much sport to either fly or bait.

The Forsa, is about two miles from *Salen Hotel* in the opposite direction, and is the *beau ideal* of a trout-stream; it, however, does not appear to contain many brown trout, those we

caught being small in size—perhaps this is owing to the character of the stream which is short in its course from the hills to the sea, and it has no natural loch at its head-waters to act as a reservoir both for the surplus water as it comes off the mountains, and for holding up a stock of fish. Like most of the rivers of Mull, the colour of the water after rain is peaty-brown, but not of so deep a tint as the Bellart,—the bed of the Forsa being the gravelly in the lower reaches, and rocky in the higher parts, the water soon clears down after a spate, and becomes too bright for successful angling, unless taken at just the right time. To fish the Forsa, to the best advantage, one ought to start as soon as ever there is a cessation after some hours of heavy rain, and by the time the two or three miles has been walked up to the upper part of the river, the water will probably be found in the best condition, and the stock of freshly run sea-trout also.

It appears to be essentially a salmon and sea-trout river, there is a fine fall at the mouth where the stream tumbles into the salt water, but not too difficult for the ascent of fish, and some splendid salmon pools in the lower reaches. It is very picturesque, and would well repay the visit of an artist, and some charming pictures could also be obtained in the glen, where the combinations of river and mountain scenery are very fine and bold. We had two days fishing on the Forsa, but not being aware of the rapidly-clearing property of the river, we waited too long after the rain, and allowed the water to become too low and clear before we reached the bank to fish it. I found the most killing fly on the Forsa, to be the large March Brown, or Dun Drake, dressed full in size. Hook No. 8 or 9, Limerick; body, sandy fur from the neck of the opossum (or hare's ear would do), ribbed with fine gold wire; hackle, brown partridge rump feather; tail whisks of the same; wing, from the pheasant wing quill feather, the mottled portion. The sea-trout seemed to prefer this to any of the brighter-coloured flies commonly used, and the clearness of the water probably made the imitation of the natural fly more killing than *gaudy-coloured ones*. If I fished the Forsa

again, I should use two patterns of this fly, one as described at the point, and a "dropper" dressed with hare's ear body, ribbed with gold wire, or fine yellow silk, and hackled only (no wing) with a larger partridge-rump feather. I have found this fly kill well, when the fish would not touch the winged fly, and on one occasion, on a South Wales river, during a sharp and sudden rise of fly, I took nine trout in the space of about twenty minutes, on one stream, hardly moving five yards from the same spot, on a drop-fly of this kind, when they would not touch the handsomer-looking winged fly at the point of the same cast, showing how capricious trout are, even when they are rising furiously all over the water, at the patches of natural fly floating down the stream.

The greatest attraction to the angler in the neighbourhood of Salen, is Loch Baa, distant about five miles across the island—a very lovely sheet of water of three miles in length, by about half to three-quarters of a mile in width. The mountain scenery on its banks is grand, and reminded me strongly of the upper end of Loch Lomond, but on a rather smaller scale; the basis of the hills are beautifully clad with foliage, on the right bank chiefly birch, and other dwarf timber, on the left, the estate of Colonel Gardyne, they are finely planted with fir timber of various kinds, and the hills above are devoted to deer forests. Glen Forsa House stands in a charming situation on the left bank near to the outlet of the river Baa from the Loch, and on the right bank, nearly opposite, is a pretty compact dwelling called "The Lodge," where resides Dr. Cumming, a veteran disciple of the craft, who has, for many years, enjoyed the repose of this piscatorial paradise, and through whose courtesy we were allowed to fish the Loch and river Baa, on that side during our short stay at Salen.

The river Baa flows out of the loch, and has a very short run of only about one-and-a-half miles to the sea, so that it is a very easy rush for salmon and sea-trout to pass from the salt water into the loch, when the state of the river is suitable, consequently they rest very little in the river, but pass right on to the loch. There are one or two good salmon pools on the

river, but it was quite unfishable whilst we remained at Salen, and resembled a roaring torrent overflowing its bank. We paid two visits to Loch Baa, and were disappointed to find the water much discoloured by the previous heavy rains, and scarcely expected to find any rising fish under such circumstances. The height of the water had been much greater, and it had gone down considerably as we could see the lines of floating *debris*, consisting of sticks, straws, &c., left high and dry on the banks, fully four feet above the existing level of the water, showing the height to which it had attained, and the enormous quantity of water which had fallen and been carried off to the sea. Having, however, come five miles to fish, we determined to try our luck, so I walked along the loch side until I reached a long gravelly spot of land which wended out and nearly divided the Loch into two parts, and finding the gale of wind here to blow from the land, I waded in as far as I could, and fished it carefully over from end to end, and back again; and was rewarded by taking nine good sea-trout, and five loch-trout.

Dr. Cumming was out trolling the minnow from his boat and passed me, and was rather surprised to find that the fish would rise at all in such a condition of the water. My friend was not so fortunate, as he remained on a more exposed part of the Loch side, and got only three sea-trout. No boats are to be had on Loch Baa, except those belonging to the residences before mentioned, and it is almost impossible to obtain the use of any, and so we had to be contented to fish from the side by wading. On our second visit to the Loch, the day turned out so wildly stormy, that we were fairly driven off by the wind and rain, and walked back to Salen. I killed only two sea-trout, and my friend five, but he hooked a salmon near the outlet of the Loch, and lost it in consequence of the slight hold the hook had taken breaking out, and I afterwards rose him again (or another fish), near the same spot, but did not hook him.

The fly I found most killing on Loch Baa, was an enlarged copy dressed like the small one I found so deadly on the Bellart,

No. 5, Limerick hook; body, red pig's wool; and tail, sprigs of golden pheasant ruff, ribbed with gold twist; wing (as I had no *green* parrot feather by me), *blue* macaw, with a yellowish under-side to the fibre; hackle, the pheasant breast feather with the light horse-shoe marking upon it.

On the first day the fish would take nothing else, though I tried several favourite colours as droppers, but they rose determinedly at the fly described, and I think I killed all the fourteen fish with the same fly, the blood-red colour of the pig's wool showing to greater advantage in the discoloured water than sober tints of such flies as "March Brown," and dark-coloured bodies. If the water had been rather clearer, I should probably have had excellent sport with this fly.

Loch Baa, must be a lovely spot in fair suitable fly-fishing weather, and must literally swarm with loch and sea-trout, and also hold a fair quantity of salmon, as there is no number of anglers to keep them down, or render them shy by frequent fishing, and that it may be my good fortune to revisit it some day, is my earnest wish.

Our time having expired, we put ourselves and baggage aboard the *Clansman* steamer, and with much regret left the picturesque shores of Mull, *en route* for Glasgow, and our respective homes were and somewhat surprised to find that whilst we had been struggling with the elements so severely in the North, the Southern portion of the kingdom had enjoyed comparatively fine pleasant weather, as far as it was possible in the unusually wet summer and autumn of the year 1879.

Mull is not much visited by anglers, but it might become an agreeable place of resort for a small party of friends in the late autumn, as the ordinary summer fishing for brown trout is not worth going for, as far as our experience is of any value, but the sea-trout fishing in some of its rivers is at times very good, and well worth consideration, when the brown trout fishing is over for the season. G. B.

THE ANCIENT DOG.

PREPARED for a series of popular lectures, the "Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients," by the Rev. W. Houghton, M.A., (London, Cassell), 1879, are made as the author says, "almost at random," from those wide fields of ancient natural history, hitherto scarcely touched, which are rich with the thoughts, feelings, opinions, and customs of people who lived in ages long since past. Excluding plants, Mr. Houghton has confined his remarks to some of the animals known to the early inhabitants of Egypt, Palestine, Assyria, Greece and Rome, from the oldest historic period, down to about the middle of the third century. The materials are furnished in abundance by monumental and written records, and also by the knowledge, historical and descriptive, fossilized in animal names.

Concerning the dog Mr. Houghton has gathered much interesting matter.

From the earliest times the dog has been the servant and companion of man, and by no race has he been more appreciated than by the ancient Egyptians. Among them, we are told by Herodotus, the death of a dog was not only lamented as a misfortune, but mourned for by every member of the household in which it occurred. The whole head and body were shaved in token of sorrow. The Egyptians possessed several varieties; some used only for the chase, others as house or pet dogs. The oldest dog on the monuments appears in the tombs of the time of Cheops (B.C. 2300), as a house dog attached to the chair of his master. It must be referred to the Esquimaux type—one of wild, wolf-like form with erect pointed ears and curled tail. One of the Egyptian names for the dog *unsu* or *unsau*, "wolves," is a very singular one, as Dr. Birch remarks, and favours "the derivation of the dog from the domesticated wolf." Large packs of these *unsu* hounds, and of the kind called *uau* (probably jackals), were kept. Dr. Birch has translated a curious letter of a certain scribe of the nineteenth dynasty, which speaks of a pack of five *hundred hounds*, "*standing daily at the door of*

his house at the time of his rising out of sleep;" and after alluding disparagingly to a breed of little dogs requiring frequent flogging, mentions, "the red, long-tailed dog which goes at night into the stalls of the hills. He is better than the long-faced dog. He makes no delay in hunting; his face glares like a god, and he delights to do his work; the kennel where he abides, he does not make it." The mastiff rarely occurs on the Egyptian monuments. The breed appears to have been introduced, probably, from Ethiopia. Another dog bears a resemblance to a Dalmatian hound; another, with pendent ears, a sure sign of long domestication, to a fox-hound. This last was white, and used for hunting the antelope, and it appears that a similar dog is still employed for this purpose in North Africa. Many of the dogs on the monuments were pied, and of the greyhound type, used both for the house and for the chase. A pet dog is also figured, "a female of black and liver colour, with short thick legs, erect ears, and pointed nose," resembling a turnspit in general form.

The Hebrews had no word but one of contempt and reproach for the dog. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" expresses the feeling of the race towards this animal. The Assyrians employed dogs for "watching the house, guarding the flocks, and for the chase." Only two kinds are actually figured on their monuments, the mastiff and the greyhound, but several others occur in the bilingual lists. The mastiff is drawn with considerable artistic skill and truthfulness. It was used in the chase of the wild ass, and perhaps in that of the lion and wild bull, though no representation has been discovered in the two last cases. Clay models are now in the British Museum, of dogs kept by Assurbanipal, son of Esarhaddon. Each dog has his name stamped upon him: "Biting his enemies," "Causing evil to come forth," "Judge of his running," "Dust of his path," "Giving tongue," are among them. On a bronze dish in the British Museum is figured Assyrian greyhounds chasing the hare. Coursing was probably unheard of in the time of Xenophon (B.C. 400), to whom the greyhound was not known. Five hundred years later, in the time of Arrian, the art had attained great perfection,

and much attention had been given to the breeding of greyhounds, and particularly by the Gauls. Ovid calls this hound *Gallicus canis*, and gives in a few lines an admirable picture of a chase. Mr. Houghton "thinks it probable that our greyhounds of to-day, have proceeded from the celebrated Keltic breed."

There were true sportsmen among the ancients. Often, says Arrian, when following a course on horseback, I have saved the hare alive, and have suffered her to escape, and when arriving too late, I have often regretted that the dogs had killed so good an antagonist. From the same sportsman comes this kindly notice of a favourite greyhound. ("Arrian on Coursing, translated by a Graduate of Medicine," London, 1831, p. 78). "I have myself bred a hound, whose eyes are the greyest of grey; a swift, hard-working, courageous, sound-footed dog, and in her prime, a match at any time for four hares. She is, moreover (for while I write she is still alive), most gentle and kindly-affectioned, and never before had any dog such regard for myself and my fellow-sportsman, Megillus; for when not actually engaged in coursing, she is never far off from one or other of us. But while I am at home, she remains within by my side, accompanies me on going abroad, follows me to the gymnasium, and while I am exercising myself there, sits down near me. On my return she runs before me, often looking back to see whether I had turned anywhere out of the road, and as soon as she catches sight of me, she shows symptoms of joy, and again trots on before me. If I am going out on any Government business, she remains with my friend, and does exactly the same towards him; she is the constant companion of whichever of us is unwell, and if she has not seen either of us for only a short time, she jumps up repeatedly by way of salutation, and barks with joy as a greeting to us. At meals she pats us with one foot and then with the other, to put us in mind that she is to have her share of the food. She has also many tones of speech—more than I ever knew in any other dog—pointing out in *her own language whatever she wants. Having been beaten when a puppy with a whip, if any-one, even at this day, does but mention a whip,*

she will come up to the speaker, cowering and begging, applying her mouth to the man's, as if to kiss him, and jumping up, will hang on his neck, and not let him go until she has appeased his angry threats. Now really I do not think I ought to hesitate to record the name of this dog, that it may be left to posterity that Xenophon the Athenian (he means himself), had a greyhound called Hormê ['Impetuosity'], of the greatest speed and intelligence, and altogether supremely excellent."

PERA.

THE OLDEST ENGLISH TREATISE ON FISHING.



SUPPOSE the oldest notice of fishing in the English language is the passage in "Ælfric's Colloquy," wherein fishing is referred to. It is contained in the Cotton MS., Tiberius, A. 3; and has been printed in "Thorpe's *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*," and in "Wright's *Early Vocabularies*," vol. i. The Colloquy is written in Latin, with an interlinear English (Anglo-Saxon) translation; and was intended to help scholars in acquiring some knowledge of Latin. For this purpose, it takes the form of a discourse between a master and his pupils. One of these is a young fisherman, and the conversation between the master and this pupil is to the following effect:—*M.* standing for Master, and *P.* (*Piscator*) for fisher-boy.

"*M.*—What craft do you exercise? *P.*—I am a fisher.

M.—What do you get by your craft? *P.*—Victuals, clothes, and money.

M.—How do you catch fish? *P.*—I get into my boat, and cast my nets into the river, and throw out my angle [hook] and my rods, and whatever they catch I take.

M.—What if the fish be unclean? *P.*—I throw the unclean away, and take the clean for food.

M.—Where do you sell your fish? *P.*—In the town.

M.—Who buys them? *P.*—The townspeople. I cannot catch as many as I could sell.

M.—What fishes do you catch? *P.*—Eels, and luces, and minnows, and eel-pouts, trout,

and lampreys, and whatever else swim in the river.

M.—Why do you not fish in the sea? *P.*—I do so sometimes, but seldom, because rowing in the sea is troublesome to me.

M.—What do you catch in the sea? *P.*—Herrings and salmon, dolphins and sturgeon, oysters and crabs, mussels, periwinkles, sea-cockles, plaice, and flounders, and lobsters, and many more.

M.—Do you not wish to catch a whale? *P.*—I do not.

M.—Why not? *P.*—Because it is a perilous thing to catch a whale. It is safer for me to go to the river with my boat than to go with many ships a whale-hunting.

M.—Why so? *P.*—Because I had rather catch a fish I can kill, than one that can, with one stroke, sink and kill both me and my comrades.

M.—Nevertheless, many do catch whales, and escape the dangers, and get a good sum of money by it. *P.*—You say sooth, but I dare not do so, on account of my sluggishness of spirit."

I reserve some remarks on the fish-names for another occasion. WALTER W. SKEAT.

Cambridge.

"Invitation to Coquet."

TUNE—"Three Guid Fellows."

Dear Wat—bein' Vallontine's Day

This letter I send frae Rottbarrie,

I've no vera meikle to say,

But, it's 'boot time we had a spring harry.

For Coquet's fair blue wi' the sawmon,

The ruikeries fair black wi' craws,

Grouse, paitrick an' pheasans ca' 'come on,'

An fush lang for flees dress'd i' braws.

Whan ye get this, just mount Shankie's naig

An' come through to follow y'or fadd,

Then, thegither we'se hae a straivaig,

Sae fetch thy short gun an' thy gad.

CHORUS—For Coquet, &c.

Tell Wullie to mount his naig tae,

He can steal through the parks an' the heather,

Like eneuch bag a gorceck or grey

To haud three smart fallows thegither.

CHORUS—For Coquet, &c.

An' ye'll no forget wire for the springs,

I' the gloamin' we'll see they're weel set,

But, what need to chirp o' sec things,

Puir pussy ye'll never forget.

CHORUS—For Coquet, &c.

Then, ye'll aye mind to fetch tarry tow,

We maun ha'e luminations at Easter,

O' the dark nichts we'll get up a lowe

To fettle big troots wi' the leister.

CHORUS—For Coquet, &c.

'Bout loadgins—ye'll baith stop wi' me,

(Routh o' whuskey, sma' still'd 'mang the heather)

An' for colley—nae fear o' huz three,

For, we're three rael sharp'uns thegither.

CHORUS—For Coquet, &c.

Sae, freens—mount y'or baggage at ance,

Mind y'or weather eye keep on ilk watcher,

For to gi'e thae darned varmin a chance

Dissn't suit—yours truley—Jim Catcher.

For Coquet's fair blue wi' the sawmon,

The ruikeries fair black wi' craws,

Grouse, paitrick an' pheasans ca' 'come on,'

An fush lang for flees dress'd i' braws.

JOSEPH CRAWHALL.

Rothbury: Feb 23rd, 1880.

[Our friends may rely that the "ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK" will always oppose poaching consistently—except in the realm of imagination.—Ed.]

FOOD AND VERACITY OF THE CODFISH.—In the report of "The Sea Fisheries of England and Wales," 1879, Appendix 2, p. 180, Mr. Buckland states the results of examinations of the contents of cods' stomachs caught at various places on the British Coast. The cod may well be said to be omnivorous for nothing seems to come amiss to him, fish, flesh, or fowl. One opened at Wick in May, 1878, contained 32 herrings all of which were nearly entire—in fairness to this glutton it is only right to say that the Wick herrings are small. Cods are also known to be excessively partial to herring spawn; fishermen sometimes

take advantage of this by sinking a greased lead with which, if they place herring spawn upon it, they are sure to catch cod. Independent of fish and fish-spawn, they consume immense quantities of crustaceans as lobsters and many species of crab, whelks and other shells, sea urchins and the so-called sea mice (*Aphrodityæ*) whose superbly coloured coats do not yield in beauty to the hues of the peacock. Independent of what may be called ordinary food, often very curious articles turn up in the cod's stomach. Some years since, at Flamborough, I was shewn a pair of spectacles, in perfect order and usable, found inside a North Sea cod. On the 30th of October, 1879, at the time the great flight of woodcocks crossed to the English Coast, a large cod was taken near Spurn Point which had an entire woodcock in its stomach. Yet these instances of an ill regulated appetite are far outdone by some Heligoland cod. Once one was caught, so Herr Gätke informs me, with an old male of *Anas fuscus* in its stomach, another had a *Uria triviale*, another a round cheese as big as a 32lb. shot, another a bag of nails, nine inches long. With this last before us it is unnecessary to cite any further instances of the voracity of *Morrhua vulgaris*.

JOHN CORDEAUX.

Great Cotes, Ulceby.

LARGE SALMON ON LOCH TAY.—A friend, Mr. J. B. Haymes, of Leamington, has recently killed two of the largest fish ever taken with rod and line. Larger fish have, I believe, been put on record, but I doubt whether two such fish have ever been killed by one man in the same season. The largest was killed on Feb. 11th; it weighed 49½ lbs. five hours after capture, and may be fairly called a 50lb. fish. The other which weighed 40lb. was killed on the 18th. Mr. Haymes wrote me full particulars a few days ago, and as he kindly gave me permission to record his achievement in your pages, I send the following extract from his letter:—"The large fish took me 1½ hours to kill; he was 4ft. long, 26¼in. in girth in deepest part, 23in. at shoulder, 10¼in. in depth, 6in. in thickness; the measurement of the 40 pounder I was not so particular in taking: about 45in. or 46in. in length, and 24¾in. in girth. After I had played the 50 pounder upwards of an hour, neither I nor the boatman thought he was anything very extraordinary, but rather thought he was a fish of 20lb. odd, hooked foul; but on getting him into shallow water I very soon ascertained what he was, and had I not pressed very heavily upon him and thus succeeded in keeping him where he was, I do not believe I should ever have killed him. When gaffed, the boatman could not lift him into the boat, but had to get hold of him above the tail. I only wish you could have seen him; all pronounced him the

grandest specimen they had ever seen. Usually very large fish are lanky in parts, but he was as plump and fat as a pig all over. The 40 pounder was also a most splendid fresh run fish, brighter than the other, not having been out of the salt water I should say more than a week. He gave fine sport when first hooked, and ran straight off with 90 yards of line." I may add, that Mr. Haymes always uses very fine tackle, but he makes all his own traces, and tests them carefully every morning before they are used. I feel sure that his success with these two grand fish is partly due to this fact.

H. S. HALL.

ANGLERS OR NIHILISTS.—"Three young anglers of Genoa were preparing dynamite torpedoes for fish in a tavern at Cornigliano when the dynamite exploded. Two of them were killed and the third seriously injured, the house, moreover, being wrecked,"—*Times*, Feb. 23rd, 1880. "Three young anglers."—Why not three young Nihilists? How did the writer come to the conclusion they were anglers? The Dictionary tells us that an angler is "one that fishes with an angle or hook attached to a line." What would the Russian police, for instance be likely to think of three young men found preparing dynamite torpedoes in a tavern? Would they let them pass as anglers? With whom shall we followers of the gentle craft be confounded next?

G. H. H.

MONSTROSITIES IN FISH.—Although many lovers of fish culture have no doubt frequently found two headed specimens in their tanks, I should be glad to hear if any have had any of the Salmonidæ with three heads? I had one in the spring of 1879. I need not say that as soon as the yolk-sac was absorbed the fish died; I also found one other curious deformity, viz., a *S. salar* with the vertebræ spired like a small cork-screw, this specimen of deformity lived a few days after the yolk-sac was absorbed, but owing to its cramped form I could not ascertain if it had fed to any extent.

T. J. M.

Bournemouth.

AN AFRICAN FISH LURE.—It is a common African custom for the fisherman, immediately after throwing in the line, to attract the attention of the fish to the bait, by giving the water a few sharp strokes with the top of his fishing-rod. (Livingstone's "Zambesi," 1865, p. 90). X.

CURIOUS FACT CONCERNING ROOKS.—Mr. Bright, in his charming little work "A year in a Lancashire Garden," tells us of the following curiosity: "We have," he says, "a tradition, or, if you will, a superstition, in this part of the world, that rooks always begin to build on the first Sunday in March. Last year my rooks were punctual to a day. This year (1874) although they began a day or two earlier, it was

not till the morning of Sunday the 1st that they showed real activity. Then the belt of trees which they frequent, and which for want of any better name we call "our wood," was all alive and clamorous." I did not read this tale till the December of last year. Keeping it in mind, as a lover of the winged tribe and of their ways, I noted well, during the past week, the habits of the rook. About Wednesday they took observations and made enquiries about their old haunts, on Friday I saw a stick or two making progress towards a home, but to-day! Sunday, the 7th, the whole rook village is at work. Caw-caw is the unceasing cry, family quarrels with family as to house, and the birds seem to vie one with another as to who should be the most busy. I only wish I was as regular in my ways. J. FRANCIS FOSTER.

Foxearth, March 7th, 1880.

P.S.—This being leap year and having five Sundays in February I watched and perhaps, ought truthfully to say, rather hoped, to see my friends out in their reckoning! but no, nothing of the kind.

PIKE FISHING IN NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.—Some very large pike have been taken in the Norfolk and Suffolk waters during the third week of February. The largest fish a thirty-six pounder was taken by Mr. Frank Thorn, of Exchange Street, Norwich, and measured no less than 4ft. in length. It had began dinner with another pike weighing 13lb., which was found in its stomach, and was finishing up with Mr. Thorn's little roach, by way of a change, when it met its fate. Another beautiful fish was caught the same day in a large sheet of water many miles distant from the other. This scaled 30lb. and was 47in. long, the bait being also a small roach, both pike were sent to Mr. Gunn, Taxidermist, of Norwich. Another pike of just 25lb. was also taken in the River Yare, a fourth of 24lb. in the Bure, and a fifth in the Waveney, of 21lb., all during the same week. Some other very large fish are talked about, but the above are pretty good proof that the Norfolk and Suffolk waters are likely to be quite as productive of sport as in the good old times, although there is now no restriction whatever *all the year round* to fair fishing with the rod, for as Mr. Frank Buckland truly said, only stop *all netting and the sale and carriage of fish in spawning time*, and they will take care of themselves, their instinct will beat the angler, but they cannot escape the poacher's monstrous nets of small mesh which sweep out everything in the waters. ESOX LUCIUS.

The exact dimensions of the fish caught by Mr. Thorn were: length 47in.; girth 27in.; from tip of lower jaw to edge of gill covers 13½in. It weighed 36lb. the day after its capture. The second fish mentioned by *Esos Lucius* was

caught by Mr. Joseph English of Norwich, its length was 46in.; girth 24in., and length of head 13in. During the last week of February Mr. Theobald took a very handsome female pike in Lord Suffield's lakes at Gunton. It weighed 22½lb., and measured 40½in. in length, and 19in. in girth. Its head was 10in. long, and the breadth between the eyes 2½in. H. H. L. Hurworth.

Fishing Sundries.

BLIND TROUT IN IRELAND.—A curious story of a race of trout, blind of the right eye, to be found in a lake between the towns of Swinford and Ballyhaunis, in the county of Mayo, has been sent to Mr. Buckland.—*Land and Water*, March 13th.

SALMON DISEASE IN THE LUNE AND TWEED.—The heavy rains have been the means of removing the greater portion of the diseased fish from the lower parts of the Lune. Notwithstanding the heavy losses, the fishermen are in hopes of having an average season.—*Land and Water*.

The Fishing Gazette has received the first clean fish, showing symptoms of disease, which has been caught in the Tweed. It was from Sprouston.

An excellent paper on "Trout Fishing in Lough Neagh" appears in *The Fishing Gazette*; "A Day's Fishing at Ulundi," in the *Field*; and "A Ramble with the Rod in Mull," in *Land and Water*.—March 13th.

The Committee of the Berlin Fishery Exhibition have notified that all objects with the exception of living fish and amphibia and easily destructible goods, must be despatched by the end of the month.

PISCICULTURE IN ENGLAND.—The Manager of the Cray Fishery being convinced that the wisest course for the pisciculturist to pursue is to breed and encourage others to breed the best varieties or strains of fishes already indigenous to our British waters, rather than to import without much consideration and discrimination foreign varieties, has resolved to strike off his list all foreign Ova, with the exception of American Brook Trout [*Salmo fontinalis*]. "On the other hand, he has made arrangements for a large importation of Ova of the Gilaroo Trout so well-known and appreciated by sportsmen in Ireland, where it is recognised as a fine fish, a rapid grower, and a feeder on snails, molluscs, &c., and not as a pike-like cannibal, which the *Salmo Ferox* most undoubtedly is. Last season an attempt was made to import these Ova, but without success; it is

hoped now that there will be a certainty of a satisfactory result."

The Thames Angling Preservation Society (as we find from the report) has continued its satisfactory progress during the past year. By its instrumentality, snaring and night lines have been rendered punishable offences, and much fish thereby saved to the river; and under its auspices, Mr. James Forbes, of Chertsey, at his own cost is carrying on the process of fish culture, and entirely for the benefit of the Thames.

Sport during the past fortnight, has been unsatisfactory owing to the weather, but it has been rendered memorable by the fishing exploit on Loch Tay of the lucky Mr. Haymes of Leamington, which is recorded in another column.

Folk-Lore.

MOSES AND THE FLAT-FISH.—"Another sort of transformation is that which produced the flat fishes. Moses was once cooking a fish, and when it had been broiled till it was brown on one side, the fire or the oil gave out, and Moses angrily threw the fish into the sea, where, although it had been half broiled it came to life again, and its descendants have preserved up to the present day the same peculiar appearance, being white or colourless on one side, and coloured on the other. In Constantinople a similar story is told of the flat fishes there, but in this case the actor was the Sultan, Mohammed II., the conqueror of Stamboul." (Dr. Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt"). A. E. S.

THE BURBOT DEVOURING ITS OWN LIVER.—Swedish fishermen are in the habit of severing the gill-flap of the burbot, it being a popular notion that the fish would otherwise devour its own liver, which is looked upon as the most dainty part. Certain portions of its body are of high repute among the common people for medicinal purposes. The oil which flows spontaneously from the liver, is converted into eye-salve; and the cæcal intestines when dried and pulverised, are used as a preventive for the ague. (Lloyd's "Scandinavian Adventures," 1854). X.

Queries.

NEST BUILDING.—The bird's skill in building its nest is usually held to be inherited, not acquired. The following incident militates against this theory. A daughter of the late Lord President Hope informed Mr. Colquhoun ("The Moor and the Loch," 4th edition, i., 348)

that a pair of swallows had built their nests in a corner of the Lord President's window, but the fabric always fell, until two older swallows built it for them, and then left them in possession. Can any reader produce a similar instance?

A PALMER.

WATER VOLE.—Can anyone inform me, from personal knowledge, whether this animal (commonly called the water-rat), is carnivorous? Does it kill fish or frogs? will it eat dead fish or frogs, which is quite another matter?

M. G. W.

SPRING SALMON.—A male salmon of 49 pounds, and a female of 25 pounds were to be seen at Grove's shop in Bond Street, on Feb. 24, fresh from the River Tay. When was that male salmon up in fresh water before, for spawning purposes? When did that female salmon last deposit her spawn? Spawning time being November and December, the usual period for salmon to return to the sea as kelts, being February, March, and April. BLUE DOCTOR.

[Salmon spawn, according to locality, season, &c., from the beginning of September to the middle of January. They are supposed to remain about six months afterwards in the salt water. These fish might easily have spawned early in the season, and gone down to the sea soon afterwards in one of the many autumnal floods of 1879.—Ed.]

PAPAW-TREE HASTENING DECOMPOSITION.—What truth is there in the assertion made in Livingstone's "Zambesi," that rapid decomposition ensues when meat is hung on a papaw-tree? BAGDAD.

ANTS.—The harvesting ants of Italy, described by Mr. Moggridge, and the *Atta barbata* of Texas, both lay in stores for winter consumption. Is there any other species, living in a temperate climate, that is not dormant in winter? That all ants were dormant in winter, was, I believe, until the last fifteen years, held rather persistently, notwithstanding ancient belief to the contrary. V.

South Kensington,
March 8th, 1880.

MICE PLUCKING FEATHERS FROM CAGE-BIRDS.—I should be glad to have the opinion of your readers on the following circumstance. This morning the cage of a pied blackbird, in fine plumage, was found strewn with feathers from his tail and rump. There are no rats, but plenty of mice, in my bird-rooms. Is it possible that these were the depredators, and that the bird, which had only a low perch, quietly sat whilst he was being thus "ploated," as they say in the North?

Feb. 25th, 1880.

W. S.

Replies.

FOSTER PARENTS (p. 60).—Mr. Colquhoun ("The Moor and the Loch" 4th edition, i., 164) observes, "it is a curious fact, that the young capercaillie thrive better under the foster-care of the grey hen than if left to their natural protectress. When a capercaillie's eggs are discovered, they are divided among several grey hens, whose nests the keepers search out for this purpose. The grey hens, however, will not sit upon them, unless some of their own eggs are also left. But when the young are hatched, they pay equal regard to both; and it is not until the capercaillie are fully grown that they drive away their step-mothers, who dread them as much as hawks."

A. McD.

FISHING CATS (pp. 2, 65).—The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his anecdotes of "Natural History," mentions two instances of fishing cats: one given on the authority of his brother, and the other on that of William Wood, Esq., of Whinbrook, Moor-Allerton. In the latter case the cat was a regular fisher in the little stream at Aberford Mills (the Cock), and when the wheels were stopped, might generally be seen about noon swimming and diving about in pursuit of her finny prey.

J. P. ANDERSON.

POISONED ARROWS (pp. 25, 49, 50).—The 'Nga poison mentioned in your last number, as being in use among the Bushmen of the Kalahari, is stated in Livingstone's "Expedition to the Zambesi," 1865 (p. 467), to be from a small caterpillar (not pupa), of which the entrails are applied to the arrow. This venom is declared to be very powerful in producing delirium. Lions shot with it, are said to perish in agonies. The poisonous ingredient may, Dr. Livingstone suggests, be derived from the plant on which the caterpillar feeds. Another kind of poison was also met with on Lake Nyassa, which was said to be used exclusively for killing men. It was put on small wooden arrowheads, and carefully protected by a piece of maize-leaf. It caused numbness of the tongue, when the smallest particle was tasted. At p. 466 of this work, is an illustration of the poisoned arrows used on the river Shire, showing how the iron barb and poisoned portion of shaft are fitted, but not secured, in the hollow of the reed arrow, so that they may remain in the wound while the arrow itself falls to the ground. The poison used, called *kombi*, is obtained from a species of *Strophanthus*, and is said to be very virulent. Dr. Kirk found that it lowered the pulse when accidentally tasted. Professor Sharpey conducted a series of experiments with *kombi*. What were the results, and where have these been published?

BAGDAD.

ALBINISM (pp. 13, 30, 49).—Three years ago I

was presented with a white jackdaw, taken from a nest at an old quarry, where many of these birds breed. It is said that there are white jackdaws hatched every year at this place, and that they are usually thrown out of the nests by the old birds and killed.

W. H.

Ahenny.

JACK-SNIPE AND RETRIEVERS (p. 45).—During some years snipe-shooting with a favourite old retriever in India, I always had great difficulty with him regarding jack-snipe; he would carry one a few yards then drop it, and by the expression of his countenance, I gathered that the taste was obnoxious. On my speaking to him he invariably brought the birds, but it evidently cost him an effort to do so. Full snipe he always retrieved perfectly.

SONDY.

BIRDS AND PICTURES (p. 25).—On this question I would refer your correspondent to Dr. Lindsay's "Mind in the Lower Animals," 1879, where he will find a large collection of instances and opinions regarding the effects of pictorial representations of persons, animals and things on birds and beasts. Dogs and cats are stated commonly (an assertion which I much doubt) to recognise the portraits of their masters, &c., and even to mistake them for the originals, though such mistakes more usually occur in relation to the portraits of *other animals*. Andouin and Humboldt are given as authorities for this latter statement in the case of monkeys, and Hogg's dog Lion is instanced as mistaking a portrait of another dog for a real animal and allowing itself to be excited to angry rivalry. Dr. Lindsay remarks that "various statements have been made of parrots and other birds, and of certain insects being deceived by painted representations of flowers and fruit," but the evidence at his command was not sufficient to convince him; and he has met with no recorded instance of animals of any kind "recognising in any way pictures of *places*, or of *things* other than articles of *food*." In these circumstances the author applied to various distinguished painters, and asked to be favoured with the results of any personal experience they might have had on the subject. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Hamerton, wrote expressing his opinion, as the result of his own observation, that "animals do *not* recognise paintings." He adds that he has tried animals repeatedly with paintings but uniformly without success. A terrier belonging to him, it is true, was in the habit of looking at the portrait of a pointer in a manner which showed that she was interested in the representation, but the doubt remains whether the terrier thought the painted pointer a dog or "only some sort of animal on four legs." Mr. Hamerton, it is scarcely necessary to add, dismissed the old classical story of the birds and the grapes as a mere myth. Mr.

Millais on the other hand wrote a letter to Dr. Lindsay which is so remarkable that I cannot do better than give the whole of it, in the hope that it may elicit from your readers some original observations which may be confirmatory of this admirable artist's views or otherwise. The letter was dated in May, 1874. "The only fact I can call to mind which may be of use to you was when I was painting, in spring, a picture which I called 'Apple Blossoms.' I painted the trees when they were in full flower, and, not being able to finish the work in one spring, I continued the picture the following spring, so that many of the flowers were quite dry. I should tell you that I had my canvas out in the orchard and worked direct from nature. I was perfectly annoyed by bees crawling over my canvas and *distinctly* going to the centre of my painted blossoms—then a year old and scentless—as well as the wet ones, which might have had attraction in the way of smell from oil and turpentine. To my mind they *mistook the imitation for the real flower*. They were a great nuisance and retarded my work, dragging their legs, clogged with white and pink paint, across the canvas. Some of the blossoms I painted in the foreground were nearly the real size, and to these they chiefly went." (pp. 514-518).

ALCIBIADES.

WEEQUASHING FOR EELS (p. 15).—Is simply spearing eels by torchlight. A. M'D.

EELS (pp. 15, 47).—Acting on what I deem the very sensible plan, of gathering into the "NOTE BOOK" from all quarters, whatever is of interest, on subjects discussed in its pages, I forward an extract from the Rev. W. Houghton's "Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients," [1879], which will form an acceptable addition to your previous notes on the eel. "Eels were held in high repute by the ancient Greeks and Romans, as a delicious article of food. The Egyptians did not eat them, they paid the slimy creature a greater compliment by enrolling it among their gods. Antiphanes (in *Athenæus*, vii., 55., ed. Dindorf), ridicules the Egyptians for the honour they paid to eels, and contrasts the value of the gods, with the high price asked for this fish in the market at Athens. "In other respects men say that the Egyptians are clever, in that they esteem the eel to be equal to a god; but they are far more valuable than the gods, for we can propitiate *them* by prayer, but as for eels, we must spend twelve drachmas or more, merely to get a smell at them." Another writer quoted by Athenæus (the Athenian comic poet, Anaxandrides), thus very amusingly contrasts the manners of the *Egyptians*, with those of his fellow-countrymen. "*I never could associate with you, for neither do our laws or customs agree with yours, but*

differ widely. You worship an ox, but I sacrifice him to the gods; you esteem an eel as the greatest deity, we think him by far the best of all fish food; you don't eat pork, I am particularly fond of it; you worship a dog, I beat him if I ever catch him devouring my victuals; you weep at the sight of a sick cat, I with the greatest pleasure kill it and skin it; a shrew-mouse in your opinion is good for something, he is good for nothing in mine." The Greeks carried their partiality for the eel to a ridiculous excess. Now the eel is invoked as the goddess of pleasure, as the white-armed goddess, in allusion to the whiteness of the flesh; now, as the Helen of the dinner-table, because every guest strove, like Paris, to supplant his neighbour and keep her for himself. Lake Copias, and the river Strymon, and Sicily, all produced most excellent eels. I may mention that Lake Copias (now Topolias), is still famous for its eels. The Greeks, in the time of Aristophanes, and perhaps before his time and after, used to serve up their eels with beetroot, but sometimes they were simply boiled in salt and water, and served up with marjoram and other kitchen herbs. Eubulus, in *Athenæus* says:

"Then there came,
Those natives of the lake, the holy eels,
Bœotian goddesses, all clothed in beet."

Eels were captured in wicker baskets with narrow necks, as with ourselves; sometimes they were decoyed into earthenware vessels covered with colander-shaped lids, the vessels being baited with bits of cuttle-fish or other tempting morsels; the Romans kept them in their *vivaria* ready for the table when wanted. Eels were sometimes caught by stirring up the mud of the ponds or lakes in which they lived, hence rose the Greek proverb, "to fish for eels," "to fish in muddy waters," which had the political meaning of disturbing a state for the sake of gain; hence, in Aristophanes (*Eq.* 864), the sausage-seller addresses Cleon: "Yes, it is with you, as with eel-catchers when the lake is still, they take nothing, but if they stir the mud, they capture: so do you, when you disturb the state." A. E. S.

FOREIGN BIRDS IN OUT-DOOR AVIARY (p. 13).—The condition of the birds, kept during the winter in the out-door aviary, mentioned in your first number, may be inferred from the fact that a pair of Australian grass parrakeets from this Aviary, took the first prize at the recent show at the Alexandra Palace. A caution to exhibitors at Shows may be added: padlock all cage-doors, lest the birds escape by accident—or design. Both of the birds referred to above, made their escape, and one is still at large in the palace.

W. S.
Hampstead.

SIGN-BOARDS OF FISHES (p. 44).—In reply to M. G. W.'s query, I think fishes as tavern signs are not uncommon. At Chesterton, a village near Cambridge, there is "The Pike and Eel," and I have a vague recollection of two other cases in the same neighbourhood. Also near Axminster, on the road to Chard, there is a very unpretending inn with a wonderfully fat and lusty trout on its signboard. Again, the "Three Salmon" at Usk, in South Wales, is a well-known angling inn. I feel sure that plenty of such cases are to be found in different parts of England. H. S. H.

ASSIMILATION OF COLOUR TO SURROUNDINGS (p. 62).—A curious statement of this law of nature with respect to the trout, will be found in St. John's "Natural History of Wild Sports in Moray." (*Vide* its index, the book not being at hand to give exact page). M. G. W.

Notices of Books.

"Angler's Evenings. Papers by Members of the Manchester Anglers' Association." (Manchester, Heywood & Son), 1880.

THIS is a book particularly to be recommended to fishermen. It is free from slang and vulgar expletives, and not merely full of pleasant angling narratives, but also of much information most valuable to all lovers of the fly-rod. Thus, there are excellent papers in it on "Fishing in Norway," by Mr. Heywood, Jun., on the "Wensleydale Yore and its Tributaries," by Mr. T. Harker, and especially on "Sutherlandshire Trout Fishing," with the different routes, runs, &c., distinctly drawn out for intending visitors, by Mr. W. Bantock. This is the best general account of the fishing in that far-famed district which has yet been written. The "Raid to Kirkcudbright" is a brightly written narrative; while Mr. Estcourt's "Bibliography of Angling," containing Mr. Westwood's little book on the subject (which has long been out of print), is a most useful, painstaking list. As for the verse scattered here and there throughout the volume, it is as good as angling poetry usually is, save when written by a few who might be counted on the fingers of one hand, but it serves as a foil for the deeper and more valuable papers. The Association may be congratulated on so many literary members; and all who possess themselves of this book, will trust that another selection of their papers will ere long be given to the public. To produce these useful Essays is of itself a sufficient cause for the existence of the Association, and we hope earnestly to read some more of the

different anglers' experiences in Norway and Sutherlandshire. It is not every angler who can find his way to these remote paradises of trout, but all are glad to hear of their attractions.

The pleasant papers of this volume are by no means exhausted by the above enumeration; an extract from Mr. H. Vannan's "St. Boswell's," will sufficiently shew the practical character of the book.

"Another local angler is William Younger, son of John Younger, the poet. This man is a capital fly-dresser, and an equally good fly-fisher. I mention him on account of a peculiarity he affects in the arrangement of the flies upon his casting line. Most fishers, I take it, in making up their cast, would put the largest fly at the tail, and, if the others varied in size, would put the next largest in the position of first dropper, and so on. I speak here of comparatively small flies. Younger's practice is to reverse this order, retaining the smallest fly for the point hook. I have argued with him that this is a mistake, because when the line gets the turn of the wrist and the forward impetus, the point-fly, if the weightiest, will best continue the motion, and take the line out farthest and straightest. I imagine also that the weightiest hook in a cast of three or four being placed highest up the line would render the chances of entanglement much more frequent. He contends that he does not find this to be the case, and that his mode is the most deadly in his experience. His reason is, that the point or tail-fly being the most important and most deadly, falls upon the water by his method in the softest possible way." (p. 221).

Here is a hint for anglers, from Mr. Bantock, (p. 166).

"My belief is that orange, fiery brown, scarlet, claret, and blue bodies, with corresponding hackles, gold or silver tinsel, and mallard and teal wings, will best suit the taste of the Sutherland trout, as there is no doubt as to their fondness for bright colours. We can corroborate this from our own experience, and will add that these Northern fish are by no means insensible to the charms of a large March brown, laced with gold tinsel. If any one be ambitious of trying rod-fishing in the sea, he may learn all about its delights from another paper in which it is fully described as practised by the writer off the Isle of Man. M. G. W.

"The Fauna of Scotland, with special reference to Clydesdale and the Western District. Mammalia, by E. R. Alston, F.L.S., F.G.S., (published by the Natural History Society of Glasgow), 1880.

THIS is a pamphlet of the utmost use to all who are interested in the animals of Scot-

land. How often does the angler in the silent recesses of Rosshire or Sutherland desire to know something of the quadrupeds he sees or hears of around him? Mr. Alston, with an infinity of care and trouble has put together all that is at present known of their distribution, together with notes of their Gaelic and popular names. An appendix gives particulars of the extinct animals, whose bones, however, are frequently found in turf deposits and the like. Forming a section in the proposed exhaustive history of the Scotch Fauna, this pamphlet is a model of terse and scientific writing. It makes us long for the completion of the other parts in this great design of the Natural History of Glasgow, especially the same authors *Reptilia*, and Mr. Lumsden's *Aves*. As only a few copies are published for those who are not Members of the Society, we advise all our readers who are interested in the wild life of Scotch animals to procure a copy while they can. Mr. Alston is well-known as a careful student of *Mammalia*, and this paper worthily bears over his fame.

M. G. W.

"Columba," a novel appearing in monthly parts, together with occasional papers on subjects connected with the story, by Mrs. J. Francis Foster. (W. Satchell and Co.) No. 1.

THIS novel is evidently written by a close and loving observer of nature, and for this reason may claim a notice in our pages. The story opens in Western valleys, at a time when "lovely things were budding green, and February days were growing light and long." We welcome a novelist who knows *when* to make her readers look among the dead leaves for the first shoots of glossy cuckoo pint, *where* to gather trembling spurge or celandine, and can tell what plants really flower amongst the short fine grass on the hills. Among the occasional papers is the commencement of one "On the Art of Gardening," which promises to deserve careful perusal.

Dur Illustration.

ASHIESTIEL ON THE TWEED.

THE banks of the Tweed at Ashiestiel are uncommonly beautiful, and are rendered doubly attractive by the fact that here, Sir Walter Scott spent some of the happiest years of his life, when Sheriff of Selkirkshire. The residence of Ashiestiel seems to hang on the brink of a steep-wooded bank, on the southern side of *the Tweed*, and is now the property of General Sir James Russell, a near relative of the

immortal Wizard of the North. Sir Walter, during his residence at Ashiestiel, produced all his poetical works, and left for Abbotsford, six miles lower down the river, we may be sure, with much regret.

He was an angler, but he states in his review of Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*, that his line usually fell "with the emphasis of a quoit;" and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, speaks of him as being in the highest glee, when "toiling in Tweed to the waist" with rod and leister.

The salmon district of the Tweed, commences at Ashiestiel, and Mr. Stoddart, in *The Angler's Companion*, says: "It is not until it reaches Ashiestiel, that the Tweed is looked upon by salmon-fishers with much regard. Higher up, the fish killed by the rod are comparatively few, and these, most of them, in execrable condition."

J. P. A.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. M. (Finden Gardens).—The information sought for is most abundantly supplied by the *Fishing Gazette*, of which we regret to find that you are not an habitual reader.

F. M.; Rev. St. J. M.; Legard; A. B. C.; W. H.; Rev M. A. M., are thanked.

Books Wanted.

(No charge for insertion. Particulars to be sent to Publisher).

"The Rod in India," by Thomas.

"Campbell's West Highland Tales," 1st series.

Books, etc. for Sale.

"Notes and Queries," 1st series complete, with General Indices to 1st, 2nd, and 4th series.

A Pair of Snow Buntings.

A Crimson-crested Cardinal (cock).

N.B.—As a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication, unless desired, we require the names and addresses of our correspondents. Communications will not be returned unless stamps accompany them.

All business communications should be addressed to "The Publisher;" and all matter for publication, to "The Editor of THE ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK," at No. 12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 6.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31ST, 1880.

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INSOMNIA.

MOST people suffer occasionally from sleeplessness. Although, perhaps, in perfect health, yet either from undue mental activity, or from over-fatigue—or under fatigue—or some other cause they find it impossible to "fall off," as the saying is. In the attempt to do so, different people resort to different stratagems. Perhaps the most common way is to try the effects of counting, say up to 100 or 1,000, or until the end be achieved. The late Bishop of Win-

chester (and if mental activity have the effect of causing sleeplessness, Dr. Wilberforce must have been a good judge of the best way to counteract it) recommended as the best plan he knew of, the repeating over and over again the first five vowels, A E I O U. Why he omitted Y was best known to himself. I do not deny that this repetition of vowels may be good in the case of a Bishop, but perhaps ordinary mortals seeking sleep, would not find it the more readily by the constant mention of "I O U!" Perhaps rather the contrary.

A way I have myself tried and found efficacious, and not at all unpleasant, I ask leave to suggest to my brother anglers.

When I chance to find myself unable to fall asleep, I recur in thought to some fishing stream of my acquaintance, and commencing at any point I may choose, begin slowly to follow the river or brook down its course, ever calling up before my mind's eye in all their infinite variety and alternations, the flowing streams, the pools, the deeps and shallows, with their peculiarities of bank or rock, of bush and tree, not forgetting the matted weeds and gravelly beds, and opposing boulders all in their turn meet harbour for the trout. No angler can have any difficulty in remembering the varying features of the portion of stream he may have selected for his purpose, and therefore will find no difficulty in picturing them to himself, at first vividly, by degrees as sleep may be approaching, less and less so, until "Nature's sweet restorer" may happily descend and close his weary eyelids.

have tried at times the tracing *upwards* of my stream, but have found, I think, that the following it downwards is the more effectual for this particular end. Just as in reality the sauntering rodless along a river's side on some pleasant day, listening to the liquid lapses or the songs of birds, or the busy hummings of insects shall have the effect of inducing happy thoughts and peace of mind, so we may naturally infer, even without trying the experiment, that the mere recalling of such a gentle saunter may sooth the excited brain, and so bring on the wished for sleep, not unaccompanied by pleasant dreams.

I do not recommend the trial of my plan to anglers only, but to anglers more especially, as they preeminently are sure to have on hand a plentiful list of well remembered streams among which to make choice of one for the purpose I have indicated, and which they are sure distinctly to remember. But I would add yet a word. The angler must not, if he seem likely to have a sleepless night, merely think over again the actual circumstances of his fishing the day before, or of any day. That might tend rather to keep him awake. He must not allow himself to think of catching fish at all, but must simply confine himself to the summoning up of the diverse features of a scene he may oft have traversed; not skipping from place to place, picking out the plums (if I may say so), but keeping on slowly and surely the even tenor of his downward way, *seriatim et gradatim*.

T. P. W.

THE LITERARY SIDE OF ANGLING.

I have been carefully through the first four numbers of the "NOTE-BOOK," and certainly I think it ought to live and thrive. It has what the French call a *raison d'être*, as filling a void, the existence of which has long been deplored by the literary angler and collector. The literary side of Angling has been swamped, so to speak, hitherto, by the practical side. *The men, who ply the pen as well as the rod, are numerous enough and enthusiastic enough to strike a blow in defence of their cause and*

give the "NOTE-BOOK" every chance of establishing its position side by side with its elder and venerable brother, *Notes and Queries*.

T. WESTWOOD.

[The commendation and good wishes of the accomplished author of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," and the "Chronicle of the Complete Angler," will be as acceptable to our contributors as it is to ourselves. We hope to continue to receive the one and deserve the other.—Ed.]

MAHSEER FISHING.

THE Mahseer (*Barbatus tor*) is found in many of the colder streams of India and Birmah, and always gives good sport, both to the fly-fisher, if he use gaudy salmon flies, and to the troller when employing a spoon. As every one fond of sport in India is eager to catch this fish, and even stay-at-home fishermen find their mouths watering when it is named, a few particulars from that excellent manual of "Sport in British Birmah, Assam, and the Cassyah, and Jyntiah Hills," by Lieut.-Colonel Pollok, (Chapman and Hall, 1879) will be welcome for future reference. The fly-rod will require 100 yards of fine line, but for trolling, 200 yards of strong line must be procured. The author recommends the flies to be made from the hackles of the *Sunarattee* jungle-cock. The treble gut twisted footlinks for trolling must be provided with weights and swivels. "The gaff is nearly useless in mahseer fishing, as their scales are so large and tough that it will not penetrate, and I have lost many a fish by its use; the best weapon is a light three—or two-pronged spear, which can be thrown, and will pierce through even the tough hide of a bull mahseer of 50 lb. in weight. In trolling, a leather cup attached to a belt to be worn round the waist to hold the butt of your rod is a great comfort.

For fly-fishing, choose rough water, throwing the fly down stream, and drawing it across stream. For trolling, get into a boat if you can find one. Weight your spoon, artificial or live bait, sufficiently to cause it to sink near the bottom, for there the largest fish take up their station; throw out about 30 yards of line,

and then have your boat propelled as fast as possible up stream: the faster your boat goes the better will your bait spin, and the greater your chances of attracting a fish. If you can't get a boat, don't weight your line so heavily; go where the stream runs fastest, throw your bait well out, and let it be carried out some way before you check it, then wind up slowly, and the chances are you will hook a fish ere long; but this is far more fatiguing, and requires more patience than the boat work. On striking a fish, pull up the boat at once, and if you can land to play the fish, so much the better. Mahseer take from a quarter of an hour to two hours and more to land; be very patient after the first rush. A friend at sunset, *i.e.* 6-30, hooked a mahseer in the Godavery. He landed him about 2 a.m. He was a sixty pounder. Keep a gentle strain on your line, with one finger on it, to feel its every movement, and on a fish making a rush, do not check it, but let him drag the line out freely; but never allow it to be slack for a second, and after giving him the butt, gradually wind up; he will probably allow himself to be dragged some 30 yards or more, then will make another rush, and now and then they throw themselves right out of the water, but not often; this soon tells on them, and their rushes before long get feebler and feebler, till at last the fish is brought to the surface and begins to turn over; even then great circumspection is required. Do not frighten your fish, or be in too great a hurry to handle him, as even in the last gasp a fish will make a sudden effort to escape if suddenly alarmed, or missed by the gaff or spear, and if you are not attentive to its every movement, you may lose your victim at the last moment. I know nothing more exciting than to feel the pull of a strong fish at the end of your line. If you can keep half the head of your fish out of water it will drown in a few seconds. After a big fish is safely deposited in the bottom of your boat give it a smart rap, either with a hammer or stone. on the head, to kill it, or its struggles may injure your tackle, or the hooks may be forced into the legs or feet of your boatmen, as has happened to me when I first began fishing.

Jerdon told me there were some nineteen

kinds of mahseer. I never saw more than two, or at the most three. Though styled the Indian salmon, a mahseer belongs to the barbel or carp, but it is a fish that affords fine sport, and it is also very handsome. Mahseer are very fair eating. They have very few small bones. They make a capital curry. Kippered they are also very good, as good then as salmon. The best time for fishing for mahseer is from the early dawn to about eleven, and again from three to dark. The very big fish remain in the deep water in the gorges, and I fancy might be caught by bottom and float fishing. Green gram, I am told, is a very killing bait, and so is *atta*, or flour; this is made into large balls, and thrown down on the bed in some deep pool, and I have heard of fish from 60lb. to 80lb. weight being caught off Gowhatty by the lascars of steamers anchoring there, whereas I have fished there over and over again with spoon, artificial and live bait, without getting a single nibble. The spoons are made of copper, electro-plated in the inside. The dimensions of the largest mahseer I ever killed are as follows:—

1 fish	41lb. wgt.,	4ft. 3in. length,	2ft. 3in. grth.
1 „	32lb. „	3ft. 9in. „	2ft. „
1 „	44lb. „	4ft. 5in. „	2ft. 4in. „

The fish that gave me the most trouble to catch was one 28lb. in weight.” (Vol. ii. p. 184).

It strikes an English fisherman that a good minnow-fisher for trout would have no difficulty in killing the largest mahseer—if he could once have it on his spoon. For tiger-shooting, adventures with bears and bison and the like, Lieutenant-Colonel Pollok's book is much to be recommended.

M. G. W.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD NATURALIST.—GOIL (*Sepia* *Officinalis*).

May 6, 1824.—This morning very large number of Goils (*Sepia officinalis*), have been found swimming on the sea all along the coast, living, but not one in fifty has a head. There is little doubt but the heads have been eaten off by the gulls; but the wonder is what should induce these creatures, hundreds of which have been brought here for bait, and which usually

keep at the bottom, to swim on the surface. Our fishermen ascribe it to some agitation of the sea at the bottom, stirring up some offensive or poisonous matter. The weather has been turbulent, but we know turbulent weather does not commonly do it. One of the fishermen saw a mullet (*Mugil cephalus*), which seemed to be blind, swimming near these goils. He attempted to catch it, but could not.

May 26, 1824.—Goil, Bone Cuttle (*Sepia officinalis*). A great many have again been taken under circumstances as mentioned May 6th. Their heads and drabs are gone, and in almost every instance the bone is broken, though I did not mention it then. Our fishermen tell me that they have found them numerous to-day in the direction which a herd of porpoises have taken along the coast, and they suppose that these cetaceans have bitten off the heads, but after cracking the bone, found them too stiff to swallow. I think the explanation probable.

These remarkable facts in the history of this cephalopod, are taken from the MS. journals of Jonathan Couch of Polperro, twelve volumes of which are in my possession, and may furnish from time to time, to your pages much curious matter respecting the denizens of our seas and rivers. These journals begin with boyhood, and continue in unbroken series till within a fortnight of his death at the age of 81, A.D. 1870. They are written *currente calamo*, with more regard to the present and vivid truth, than to grace of style. The word *goil* (which Mr. Britten will make a note of), I thought quite obsolete, but an intelligent fisherman tells me, that the name *goil* is still in use, and applied to a cuttle-fish which is distinguished from others by a hard shell forming the back of the fish. Some apply the name of *bomb cuttle* to this fish. This internal shell or dorsal bone, is very commonly thrown up on beaches, and goes by the local name of *moushell*. It is a capital ink-eraser, and has had some repute in domestic medicine as a diaphoretic. J. C., in his "Cornish Fauna," says that the cuttle-fish is excellent food, bearing a considerable resemblance to tripe.

T. Q. COUCH.

FISHING IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

THE notice of "Angler's Evenings" in your last number, contained a reference to a valuable paper by Mr. William Bantock, on "The Lochs and Rivers of Sutherland."

As there are probably but few of your readers who possess this book, it may be acceptable to summarise the information which Mr. Bantock has collected.

Washed on three sides by seas which each receive numerous rivers, all emanating from great lacustrine sources, Sutherland possesses fishing waters, richer and more extensive than any other county in the Kingdom. The fish with which these waters abound are the best of the Salmonidæ: the salmon (*S. salar*), the sea-trout (*S. trutta*), the great lake trout (*S. ferax*), the brown trout (*S. fario*), and the char (*S. salvelinus*). There are no pike, save in one small loch (Migdale), and even the ubiquitous perch appears to be absent.

Mr. Bantock takes us first to Lairg, where the accommodation is in the tourist season, often unable to cope with the great stream of pleasure-seekers. Lairg is situate close to where the river makes its exit from Loch Shin, which is upwards of eighteen miles long, and the largest loch in Sutherland. Here the fishing is at present but moderate in quality, and the trout for which it was formerly noted have diminished in size and number. The loch also contains char and salmon. At Overskaig at the north end of the loch, and about sixteen miles distant from Lairg, the fishing is of a very high character, but the Inn there only accommodates seven or eight visitors, and Mr. Bantock found it full. About three miles from Lairg is Loch Craggie, famous for the size and quality of its trout (*fario*), and Loch Doula, which approaches its neighbour in angling reputation. Neither are open to the public. About four miles from Lairg is Loch Beannach, a small loch much resorted to by anglers, and apparently free to them. Within a short distance of Overskaig are Lochs Merkland and Giam, "angling upon which is free to visitors at the Inn," where

besides loch-trout many fine specimens of *ferox* are procured.

"Char abound in scores of the Sutherland lochs, but they are very rare risers to the fly, and have never been taken by any other lure." High up on the shoulder of Ben Hope there is a small loch where char are said to take a small grey fly freely; and another small loch (Borley) near the Manse of Durness said to contain char only, which in October may be taken in considerable numbers. The river Shin, issuing from Loch Shin and pursuing a course of six or seven miles to the Kyle of Sutherland, was pronounced by *Ephemeræ* "the best in Sutherlandshire, and the best I ever fished in." This opinion was formed thirty years ago and the Shin is still deemed "the best angling and spawning river in the North." It is let by the month and the portion from the big fall to the mouth, about a mile and three quarters—produces £500 a year!

Mr. Bantock next passes to the fishing grounds of the west and north-west portions of the county, his own limited experience being supplemented by the complete information furnished by the Duke of Sutherland's factor, Mr. McIver. The Scourie district may be reached by a mail gig which thrice a week runs from Lairg to Loch Inver, returning on the following day. The first fishing station on this route is Aultnagellagach, twenty-five miles from Lairg. The Inn here contains eight or nine bed-rooms and at convenient distances from it there can be fished Lochs Cama, Urigill, and Veattie, the Ledmore and Ledbeg rivers and some other streams, in addition to the Loch (Borrolan) on the shores of which it stands. A nominal charge is made for permission to fish these waters. They appear to abound with trout, six or seven anglers taking from seventy pounds to upwards of a hundred weight day after day, and one visitor one hundred and five dozen trout with the fly in ten August days.

The next inn and thirty miles from Lairg is Inchnadamph at the upper end of Loch Assynt. This loch and Loch Awe and the Mulach Corrie with the two small rivers Loanan and Trailigill are open to the public. Mr Bantock speaks of these waters in terms of

the highest praise. Assynt contains salmon, sea-trout, char and *S. ferox*, very fine specimens of the last being got by trolling. The trout in Loch Awe do not generally exceed herring size, but as a free rising loch he knows of no equal in the county. Fifty pounds of trout have been taken by one rod in a day. The trout in Mulach Corrie are "highly esteemed for their fatness and flavour, the result of feeding upon the fresh-water shrimp, which is said to abound in the loch."

Thirteen miles from Inchnadamph and forty-six from Lairg is Loch Inver, where there is a large and commodious hotel. The hotel keeper lets two rods on the river at 10s. each per day to parties residing at his house. The Inver is a late river, but in June and July affords excellent angling during a wet season. The whole country hereabouts is honey-combed with lochs "in many of which a fly has never been cast." Upwards of fifty lochs all abounding in trout and free to the public, are within a four mile radius of the village of Loch Inver.

When we add that besides the mail-gig, a steamer plies from Glasgow to Loch Inver once a fortnight, and this year probably once a week; that there is also sea-fishing and shooting of sea-fowl; that the village has a telegraph office, a resident medical man and roads making the wild and romantic scenery accessible; that there is soon to be further hotel accommodation near a fine salmon river with numerous pools, it must be allowed that here is a land of Goshen where for the present we will leave our "brother of the rod."

A. C.

FLY-FISHING FOR LYTHE IN KILBRANNAN SOUND.—To those of your readers who have not visited the Isle of Arran, it may be interesting to know, that very much amusement may be obtained in fly-fishing in salt water on the western coast in Kilbrannan Sound. The Lythe is a sea fish, something like a grayling, ranging in weight generally from half-a-pound to one pound and a half, and occasionally larger. It is useless to fish for it in the day-time; but about sunset, and for two hours afterwards on a summer's evening, it rises very freely at a large gaudy artificial fly, roughly made of red and white feathers; especially if a fresh breeze should be blowing. The fishing usually is from

a boat, rowed gently along at four or five hundred yards from the shore. The fly is allowed to float on the water 20 or 30 yards from the stern of the boat, and the line is attached to a rod of bamboo, which need not be of the most artistic construction, as the fish when on the feed at all, are not by any means fastidious, but seize the fly boldly, and are seldom lost. In two or three hours some dozens may be secured, and they are by no means despicable on the angler's table, after a short acquaintance with the frying-pan. In fishing for Lythe, the writer once caught a codling of 3½ lb. weight, which took the fly and was safely landed, or rather hauled on board the boat. This circumstance seemed to him rather peculiar. Fly fishing for cod being nowhere recommended as an available sport to his knowledge.

H. W. B.

[The "lythe" is the "pollack" (*Merlangus pollachius*), common all round our coasts. If often taken of the same size as a grayling, it belongs to quite a different family, the *Gadida* or cods.—ED.]

STRANGE CAPTURES.—It is the fortune of anglers sometimes, to secure a prey which they neither aim at, nor expect. Mr. Scrope tells us that his bait was one day swallowed by a duck, entailing the loss of his hook and line. My father when fly-fishing for salmon, and throwing a long line, contrived to hook a hare sitting on a form behind him. It is not an uncommon occurrence for swifts to take the artificial fly, and this will happen when there has been a spell of cold, black weather in the spring, and the hirundines are starving. On one such cold day, my rod and I were quite mobbed by swifts, and although I did all I could to avoid hooking them, yet three succeeded in getting themselves caught, but were disengaged, and allowed to fly off again, seemingly but little hurt. I have had a gannet and a Richardson's skua brought to me, both of which had been captured by hook and line. A pair of Great crested grebes, in summer plumage, in my possession were probably secured in a similar way, as I was unable to find any shot marks upon their skins. A water-rat swimming across the stream offers a temptation to the angler to throw his fly over it, but it is rash to do so, for in all likelihood the rat will dive instantly, and carry your collar into its hole. Perhaps, the strangest capture by hook and line I have yet heard of, was a fine old dog, fox, found hooked hard and fast to a baited spiller line on the beach not far from Clovelly.

KESTREL.

NIGHT-LINES FOR EELS.—The question was

tried in the Queen's Bench on Feb. 25, 1880, whether it was illegal to set night-lines for eels in the Severn, as a salmon-fishery district, on account of their liability to catch trout. The Severn Salmon Fishing Act of 1865 (cap. 121, 36), enacts that any person using any net or other instrument or device, not being a rod or line for catching salmon or trout, without having a license for the same, shall be liable to the penalty. A fisherman was charged under these circumstances with setting 18 night-lines for eels, and was convicted by the Gloucester Magistrates. On the case being taken up to the higher Court, it was argued for the fisherman that the case should be sent back to the magistrates to be re-stated, as to whether the lines in question were calculated to catch trout. Upon this, says *The Times*, "Mr. Justice Mainsty (who is known to be fond of angling) said it could hardly be necessary to send a case back to magistrates to be re-stated on such a point as that—whether trout could be caught by night-lines. Mr. Justice Lush thought that on the whole night-lines set for eels must be understood as being calculated to catch trout. He had not, he said, the advantage of the special knowledge and experience possessed by his learned brother as an angler, but he thought that if any one, unlicensed, used lines which would catch trout and were calculated to catch trout, then he was liable to be convicted. The conviction therefore was affirmed and the appeal dismissed." As the above case is likely to form a precedent as well as for its interest, it may well find a corner in the "ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK." M. G. W.

"BISHOPED": STUNG BY A BISHOP (*Trachinus vipera*).—When I resided at Gerran Haven, in Cornwall, a boy was brought to me one day by his mother, who told me "he had been bishoped," and further that he was "in great pain, and that it would not leave him until after the sun went down." I was the village quack and kept a few simples, there being no doctor nearer than Mevagissey, three miles distant. I at once applied a mixture of laudanum and olive oil, to the part, which was much swollen and discoloured. The boy was roaring loudly, and surrounded by a lot of sympathizing friends of his own size and of larger growth, for the fishing population greatly dread being "bishoped." Soon the boy left off howling, and although still feeling a numbness in his hand, he was able to laugh, and after paying the quack's fee of "thanks," started off with his companions, and the next morning felt nothing of it. I have used this application several times in "bishoping," and have found it efficacious also for the sting of bees, &c.

CHAS. W. PEACH.

Edinburgh.

THE PLEASURES OF ANGLING.—“Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it with nets, weeles, baits, angling, or otherwise, “and yields all out as much pleasure to some men as dogs or hawks, when they draw their fish upon the bank,” saith Nic. Henselius, *Silesiographia*, cap. 3, speaking of that extraordinary delight his countrymen took in fishing, and in making of pools. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book “*De Pisc.*” telleth how travelling by the highway side in Silesia, he found a nobleman “booted up to the groins,” wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all; and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, “that if other men might hunt hares, why should not he hunt carps?” Many gentlemen in like sort with us will wade up to the arm-holes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo. Plutarch, in his book “*De Soler. Animal.*” speaks against all fishing “as a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labour.” But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar ones, false flies, several sleights, &c. will say, that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding, and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet, and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of birds, he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-horns, coots, &c., and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make.” (“The Anatomy of Melancholy,” part 2, sec. 2, mem. 4.) It has been remarked, (Warton’s “Milton,” 2nd ed., p. 94), that Milton seems to have borrowed the subject of *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* together with some particular thoughts and expressions from a poem prefixed to Robert Burton’s delightful old book; and I think that Walton probably drew the inspiration of his beautiful angler’s song from the wonderful and often pillaged storehouse of this quaint and original writer. The “Anatomy,” was published in 1621; the “Complete Angler,” in 1653.

JASPER.

[Not only has Burton been robbed of his

thoughts, but he himself set the example. All the latter portion of this extract, from “if when the angler catcheth no fish,” is taken almost *verbatim* from the beginning of Lady Juliana Berner’s “Tractate on Fishing.”—ED.]

DOG TEACHING CIVILITY.—I send you a note of an incident, which one morning in January last, greatly amused those assembled on the Fish platform at Hull by whom it was witnessed. A large black dog called Rover, belonging to Mr. Hobbs while standing near the edge of the platform was very much annoyed by the conduct of a small dog, which persisted in snapping at his legs, &c. Rover for a long time bore these indignities with seeming indifference, but at length, losing all patience, he turned upon his tormentor, and, seizing him by the back of his neck, dropped him into the dock. The struggles of the unfortunate animal were viewed with apparent interest by Rover, who, at last, seeing that the poor thing could hold out no longer, jumped into the water and swam with the small dog to a boat, into which they were both safely landed. M. M.

Hart Manor.

POACHING OF FRESH-WATER FISH IN NORFOLK.—These rascally net poachers have again begun their unlawful work in the Norfolk waters, but were cleverly caught red-handed on Tuesday last, by the Norfolk constabulary, under Superintendent Basham, of the Acle division, who boarded the poachers’ old wherry when in the Bure, near Yarmouth, and seized about 700lb. weight of fish, which were removed in a cart to the Yarmouth Police Station, amongst them was a pike nearly 10lb., full of spawn, and many other little jacks of about 4oz. each. Bream of 4½lb. were amongst them, also several tench and perch, one of the tench is still alive at the police station, which is an abundant proof these fish were all recently caught. The gang were, no doubt, the same lot that formerly infested our rivers, and they do not deserve any quarter.

ESOX LUCIUS.

Another monster pike was caught this week in a Norfolk Broad; it weighed nearly 27lb., and was 47in. long.

SUMMER MIGRANTS.—It always gives me pleasure to hear the first well-known note of the Chiff Chaff (*Silbia rufa*) for, in a very few days after the arrival of this lively little bird, we are sure to have the sand martin (*Hirundo riparia*) closely followed by the rest of the Hirundines, with the exception of the swift which does not arrive as a rule before the first week in May. I saw the Chiff Chaff for the first time this year on the morning of the 19th inst. in Boscombe Chine, and again on the same day

in Bournemouth Gardens; both birds were feeding on the insects to be found in the newly opened flowers of the willow. I should strongly advise any one interested in the habits and migrations of birds to possess himself of, and duly peruse, a pamphlet entitled "Nature cared for and Nature uncared for," it being a lecture on ornithology delivered by H. B. Hewitson, Esq., M.R.C.S. It is published by West, Newman & Co., of Hatton Garden.

T. J. MANN.

Bournemouth, March, 1880.

A NATURALIST'S PARADISE : THE RED SEA.—Dr. Klunzinger who resided for some time on the shores of the Red Sea, speaks with enthusiasm of the richness of its fauna and flora which he declares would for years yield something new to the naturalist every day. The edge of the coraline reef is in some places steep and precipitous, while at other it sinks gradually in the form of terraces towards the open sea. This slope, like the staging of a greenhouse, is "entirely covered with those brightly-coloured many-formed animal growths which we call corals," while around them swarm and browse the coral fishes, so distinguished for splendour of colouring and strangeness of form. "As humming birds sport around the plants of the tropics, so also small fishes scarcely an inch in length and never growing larger, but resplendent with gold, silver, purple and azure, sport around the flower-like corals, on the leaf-like prehensile arms of which feed beautifully tinted shell-less and strangely shaped snails (*Æolide*), like the caterpillars and garden-snails on the leaves of plants." (Ehrenberg *Ueber die Korallenbänke*, 1832). All this is enveloped in the "magic mantle of the transparent briny flood, which, by peculiar effects of refraction, raises and magnifies the distant forms, and lends them colours so deceptive that, when taken from the water, they can scarcely be recognised. We feel drawn downwards as it were by a mysterious power towards these objects, apparently so near, yet rendered by the foreign element so distant and unattainable, and we gaze dreamily into the depths, sunk in nameless feelings and dim impressions regarding fairy beings flitting about in the gardens of some marine paradise. Against such ideas, even the Arabian fisherman, unsentimental as he is, is not quite proof, apart from the elephantine "sea-maiden" (*Halicore cetacea*) which can be caught and skinned, for him, too, there are below the waters charming genii who are eager to marry human beings, though, to be sure, only when the latter have mortified themselves for months previously with unsalted bread and water, so as to give to *their flesh and blood* a half-ethereal character." (*Upper Egypt*, 1878, pp. 368-9).

AMOS C.

WALTON'S ANGLER'S SONG.—Walton's beautiful song appeared in the first edition of the "Complete Angler," published in 1653. The garbled version of it given below appears, without note or comment, in "The Art of Angling," by R. Brookes, published in 1766. I suppose Dr. Brookes thought he had improved the poem by modernizing the turn of expression, and eliminating as far as he could, the charming quaintness of the original. I venture to think that men of taste, and especially devout Waltonians, will agree with me in pronouncing the Doctor's attempt a lamentable failure.

H. W. BENTLEY.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

As things most loved excite our talk,
Some praise the hound, and some the hawk;
Whilst those who choose less rustic sport,
Tennis, or some fair mistress court :
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunt, in dangers often ride ;
Who hawk, oft lure both far and wide ;
Who game, shall frequent losers prove ;
While the fond wretch, allured to love,
Is fetter'd in blind Cupid's snare—
My Angle breeds me no such care.

No other pastimes (thus employ'd)
Yield us such freedom while enjoy'd ;
All recreation else, no less
Than mind and body both possess,
My hand, alone, my work can do :
So I can fish and study too.

I love not angling (rude) on seas ;
Fresh streams my inclination please ;
Whose sweet calm course to thought I call,
And seek in life to copy all :
In bounds (like theirs) I fain would keep,
Like them would (when I break them) weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait,
To take, and he devours my bait ;
How small, how poor a thing, I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind :
And when none bite, the wise I praise,
Whom false allurements ne'er betrays.

If (too intent on sport) I fast,
Good fortune gives me rich repast ;
My friend it serves me to invite,
In whom, I more than that delight :
Who comes more welcome to my dish,
Than to my angle was my fish.

Content, as well, if nought I take,
As use, of that obtained, to make—
Christ thus was pleas'd, His fishers when
He happier fishers made of men.
Where—(which no other sport can claim)
A man may fish and praise his name.

His first attendants chose on earth,
 Blest fishers were, of meanest birth :
 And fish (as sacred records show)
 Was His last tasted food below—
 I therefore strive to follow those,
 Whom, Him to follow, He hath chose.

FLUKES IN SHEEP.—At a recent meeting of the Kingscote Agricultural Society, (reported in the *Live Stock Journal*), the Earl of Suffolk read a paper on "Flukes in Sheep," and called attention to the strange fact, that in the earlier stages of the malady, the sheep seem to thrive and fatten better than when in ordinary health. It is not uncommon for owners to send sheep they wish to fatten quickly, on to land notorious for its rotting powers, or, in others words, some celebrated fluking ground. X.

THE ROOTS OF THE UPAS TREE.—Speaking of the mountains of Java, Mr. Bickmore, in his "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago" (1868, p. 53-4), remarks that at various localities in the vicinity of active volcanoes, and also in old craters, carbonic and sulphurous acid gases escape from cracks and crevices in the ground. The "Guevo Upas," or Valley of poison is one of the most famous. It is situated at the head of a valley on the flanks of the volcano Papandayang, and about 600 feet below the rim of the old crater. "Here both Mr. Reinwardt and Dr. Junghuhn saw a great number of dead animals of various kinds, as dogs, cats, tigers, rhinoceroses, squirrels and other rodents, many birds, and even snakes." The soft parts of these animals, as the skin, the muscles and the hair or feathers, were found by both observers quite entire, while the bones had crumbled and mostly disappeared. The deadly Upas was fabled to be found in such a locality. The first account of this wonderful tree was given by Mr. N. P. Foersch, a surgeon in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and was published in Pennant's "Outlines of the Globe" (vol. iv), and reprinted in the *London Magazine* for September, 1785. He states that he saw it himself, and describes it as "the sole individual of its species, standing alone in a scene of solitary horror, on the middle of a naked blasted plain, surrounded by a circle of mountains, the whole area of which is covered with the skeletons of birds, beasts and men. Not a vestige of vegetable life is to be seen within the contaminated atmosphere, and even the fishes die in the water." On this account, Dr. Darwin no doubt founded the terrific picture of "Fell Upas, the hydra tree of death," which is contained in his "Botanic Garden":

"In shining rays the steady monster spreads
 O'er ten square leagues his far-diverging head,

Or in one trunk entwists his tangled form,
 Looks o'er the clouds, and hisses at the storm ;
 Steeped in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
 A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart,
 Snatch the proud eagle towering o'er the heath,
 Or pounce the lion as he stalks beneath ;
 Or strew, as martial hosts contend in vain,
 With human skeletons the whitened plain."

In the forests of Java there grows a tree with a very poisonous sap, the *Centiaria toxicaria* of botanists, but whether in the vicinity of the volcanic region or not, is uncertain. This fable, like most fables, has evidently been reared on a foundation of mis-apprehended facts.

S. S. L.

LAUGHTER IN THE LOWER ANIMALS.—In the methodical and laborious work entitled "Mind in the Lower Animals," published last year by Dr. Lindsay, the author has devoted a chapter to "Laughter and Weeping." It is well known that many animals, besides man, possess the facial and vocal muscular apparatus necessary for the production of laughter, while all the Mammalia have a diaphragm capable of the spasmodic or convulsive action which accompanies this expression of feeling. Among the instances so industriously collected by the author, however, I notice no case of an animal, lower than the anthropoid apes, which shows its pleasure and its sense of fun, or gives point to its derision, by the audible sounds which accompany the expression of those feelings in man. Laughter-like sounds are made by animals, but these are not necessarily connected with pleasurable emotions. The author instances the "laughing hyæna" of India, the "laughing kingfisher" of Australia, a pigeon, an ibis, &c. Dr. Lindsay it may be remarked gives no scientific names and gathers his facts impartially from Darwin and the "Percy Anecdotes," from Lubbock and the "Animal World," or "Cassell," or "Chambers," or the "Sunday Magazine;" neither does he give more than a dozen precise references in his thousand pages. Imitative laughter in humorous circumstances is used by parrots, starlings, magpies, and other birds, but with the exceptions mentioned among the Quadrumana, Dr. Lindsay has not recorded any instances where mammals laugh audibly at their own jokes or at the discomfiture of their enemies. Such cases nevertheless exist and I wish to record in your pages a remarkable one to be found in Livingstone's "Zambesi," 1865 p. 150-1. "The rats, or rather large mice, closely resembling *Mus pumilio*, (Smith), of this [Kwakwa river] region, are quite facetious, and having a great deal of fun in them, often laugh heartily. Again and again, they woke us up by scampering over our faces, and then bursting in a loud laugh of, He! he! he! he! at having performed

the feat. Their sense of the ludicrous appears to be exquisite; they screamed with laughter at the attempts, which disturbed, and angry human nature made in the dark, to bring their ill-timed merriment to a close. Unlike their prudent European cousins, who are said to leave a sinking ship, a party of these took up their quarters in our leaky and sinking vessel. Quiet and invisible by day, they emerged at night, and cut their funny pranks, no sooner were we all asleep, than they made a sudden dash over the lockers, and across our faces for the cabin door, where all broke out into a loud He! he! he! he! he! he! showing how keenly they enjoyed the joke. They next went forward with as much delight, and scampered over the men. Every night they went fore and aft, rousing with impartial zeal every sleeper, and laughing to scorn the aimless blows, growls, and deadly rushes of outraged humanity."

BAGDAD.

CATS UNDER THE ANCIENT IRISH LAW.—The "Book of Aicill" is peculiarly rich in information as to the ordinary life and condition of the ancient Irish people, and that portion of it named "The Exemptions" contains a large number of real or supposed cases to which the general principles before treated of are applied. Thus, as regards a cat in a kitchen, "the cat is exempt from liability for eating the food which he finds in the kitchen owing to negligence in taking care of it; but so that it was not taken from the security of a house or vessel." The rule about the cat in D'Achery's *Capitula Selecta Canonum Hibernensium* is however different: "Hibernenses dicunt, Pilax si quid mali fecerit nocte non reddet dominus ejus; in die vero, nocens reddet." Although the cat was exempt from liability, compensation was due from the person ordered to mind it.

S.

ANIMAL IMPLEMENTS: AN ELEPHANT STORY.

—The following from *Nature* will interest your readers, and perhaps elicit further facts, showing that animals are capable of fashioning *bond fide* implements, intelligently made for a definite purpose:—"One evening soon after my arrival in Eastern Assam, and while the five elephants were, as usual, being fed opposite the bungalow, I observed a young and lately caught one step up to a bamboo-stake fence and quietly pull one of the stakes up. Placing it under foot, it broke a piece off with the trunk and, after lifting it to its mouth, threw it away. It repeated this twice or thrice, and then drew another stake and began again. Seeing that the bamboo was old and dry, I asked the reason of this, and was told to wait and see what it would do. At last it seemed to get a piece that suited, and holding it in the trunk firmly, and stepping the left fore-

leg well forward, passed the piece of bamboo under the armpit, so to speak, and began to scratch with some force. My surprise reached its climax when I saw a large elephant leech fall on the ground, quite six inches long and as thick as one's finger, and which, from its position could not easily be detached without this scraper, which was deliberately made by the elephant. I subsequently found that it was a common occurrence. Leech-scrappers are used by every elephant daily. On another occasion, when travelling at a time of year when the large flies are so tormenting to an elephant, I noticed that the one I rode had no fan or wisp to beat them off with. The mahout, at my order, slackened pace and allowed her to go to the side of the road, where for some moments she moved along, rummaging the smaller jungle on the bank; at last she came to a cluster of young shoots well branched, and after feeling among, and selecting one, raised her trunk and neatly stripped down the stem, taking off all the lower branches and leaving a fine bunch on top. She deliberately cleaned it down several times, and then laying hold at the lower end broke off a beautiful fan or switch about five feet long, handle included. With this she kept the flies at bay as we went along, flapping them off on each side every now and then."

D.

WHY THE SHRIKE IMPALES ITS PREY.—M. de Brévans in his recently published "*Urigration des Oiseaux*," considers that the shrike's peculiar habit of impaling its prey on thorns is due to the fact that its claws are not fitted, like those of the larger birds of prey, for holding its food to the ground and thereby assisting its efforts to tear it to pieces with his beak. The shrike is thereupon compelled to hang its prey on thorns that it may peck at it and tear off morsels at its leisure.

X.

A TRUE DEVOTEE OF SCIENCE.—I should like to find a place in the "NOTE BOOK" for the following eloquent tribute to the devotion of a man of science, extorted from Lord Dufferin, inclined evidently at first to laugh, by the simple earnestness and noble enthusiasm of a young German whom he met in Iceland:—"It was impossible not to be struck with the simple earnestness of my German convive. My guest was an entomologist, and in the pursuit of the objects of his study, was evidently prepared to approach hardships and danger with a serenity that would not have been unworthy of the apostle of a new religion. It was almost touching to hear him describe the intensity of his joy when perhaps days and nights of fruitless labours were at last rewarded by the discovery of some hitherto unknown

[insect]; and it was with my whole heart, that, at parting, I wished him success in his career, and the fame that so much conscientious labour merited. From my allusion to this last reward, however, he seemed almost to shrink, and, with a sincerity it was impossible to doubt, disclaimed as ignoble so poor a motive as a thirst for fame. This was one of those calm laborious minds, seldom found but among the Teutonic race, that—pursuing day by day, with single-minded energy some special object—live in a noble obscurity, and die at last content with the consciousness of having added one other stone to that tower of knowledge men are building up toward heaven, even though the world should never learn what strong and patient hands have placed it there.” (“Letters from High Latitudes,” 1867, p. 66).

ADDISCOMBE.

THE DEVONSHIRE OTTER.—This fine trout stream has been more or less in flood since February 1st, when fishing began. Latterly it has run into the opposite extreme, and become too fine for angling, save with the most delicate tackle. Tired out by waiting for the river to clear, I went to it for a couple of hours on February 20th, and by fishing carefully at the edge where the flood ran over the meadow with very little stream, took one trout. Four more fishermen were out the same afternoon, and took three fish between them. The river ran like a Red Sea, and was hopeless, save to most careful fishing. The early spring fly on the river is a reddish brown fly until noon, then a yellow-bodied stone fly. Of course the “blue upright” and red hackles are standard Devonshire flies.

W.

Folk-Lore.

FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS (Ulster).—We are indebted to Mr. W. H. Patterson, of Belfast, for the following superstitious observances which formerly obtained, and have not yet quite died out among the fishermen of Ulster. They are mentioned in McSkimin's “History of Carrickfergus,” 1823. To meet certain persons in the morning, and especially bare-footed women was deemed an omen of ill-fortune for that day. To name a dog, cat, rat, or pig, while baiting the hooks, also foreboded ill-luck. The fishermen always spat on the first and last hook baited, and also in the mouth of the first fish taken. Before casting their nets or lines, they dipped them in the water three times, and each time gave a kind of chirp with the lips, resembling that of a

young bird. The wood of the hawthorn is never used in boats, being deemed unlucky. The fishermen were accustomed to light a small fire of chips in their boats, to drive away any witches that might have harboured there during the night.

THE HYENA: MIRACULOUS POWERS OF ITS FLESH AND HAIR.—“The hyena is generally regarded as a vile enchanter, transformed by the anger of God; and for this very reason its hair, teeth, skin, and flesh, possess miraculous powers. The animal having been slaughtered according to the rules of the Koran (such a slaughtered animal is always a rarity, however), the flesh is sold in the market, and goes off rapidly, and at a good price; the ulema, who are at the head of religion, are the chief lovers of it. It imparts strength, especially masculine strength. Lying on a hyena's skin drives away pains in the back. The teeth also are highly esteemed, and are used as amulets for young and old. The tufts of hair from the mane are particularly prized, and whoever has a skin requires to guard it well from the covetous multitude, for the possession of this hair secures love and faithfulness on the part of a husband or wife, as well as the favour of the Great.” (Dr. Klunzinger's “Upper Egypt,” pp. 401-2).

A. E. S.

“A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU.”—It is still a popular benefit that “a hair of the dog that bit you,” applied to the wound promotes the healing or prevents bad consequences. The figurative application of the proverb is expressed in the old song:

“But be sure, over night, if this dog you do bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
With a hair of his tail in the morning.”

Pepys thought this homœopathic remedy “strange, but found it true,” as he naively records in his “Diary” (31d April, 1661).

S.

Fishing Sundries.

THE SALMON DISEASE.—Reporters (*Land and Water*) state that there are still a number of kelts in the Tweed, in a “dreadfully diseased state, horrible to look at, perfect lepers,” and and that the disease has appeared among the trout in the Glen.

BERLIN FISHERY EXHIBITION.—The Japanese contributions will be large and important, and will include plans of fish-hatching establishments, vessels for the transport of spawn and ova, hatching apparatus, and all implements and utensils necessary for the artificial hatching and rearing

of fish. The Japanese Government with a wise liberality does not desire any of the objects returned, but places the whole collection at the disposal of the German Government for distribution to museums and public libraries.

"SLOB-TROUT" FROM CORK.—Mr. Francis Day in *Land and Water* (March 20th), records his examination of a specimen of the fish bearing this name in the south of Ireland and pronounces it a sterile example of the common trout (*S. fario*). This is the trout which takes the bait so readily about the quays of Cork during the first four months of the year, "at night time when the weather is soft," says Mr. Haynes, who adds "almost any night at flood tide, and indeed all night long, numbers of anglers are to be seen leaning over the bridges just under the gaslight, and every now and again lobbing up with a thud on the flags—aye, and on your head too, if you do not look out,—a magnificent fellow of a pound or two, almost as broad as he is long."

ELVER CAKES.—Mr. Buckland in *Land and Water* draws attention to the strange neglect of eel fishing in this country, owners of fisheries allowing "thousands of tons" to go down to the sea, while the Dutch and Belgians are making large sums of money by bringing them to Billingsgate. The eels go down to the sea in October and November to deposit their eggs, and about March the growing fry ascend our rivers in extraordinary numbers, keeping near the banks. The rivers running into Bridgewater Bay are most celebrated for this annual appearance of the Elvers, which are caught in scoops made of cheese cloth by the poorer classes in vast quantities. These are boiled in the form of cakes which are fried before being eaten. A pound of Elver cake was found to contain above 1800 young eels—a lamentable waste of palatable and nutritious food.

EELS IN THE CLOSE SEASON.—The legality of taking eels with a rod and line during the fence months, when they are in the finest condition, is stoutly maintained by the Editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, and by Mr. W. J. Carter, who earnestly hopes that no angler partial to "so toothsome a dainty as a dish of fine silver eels," will have any qualms of conscience in the matter.

FISH-HATCHING AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Mr. Buckland in *Land and Water* suggests that those "who wish to see a really beautiful sight" should pay a visit to his "Museum of Economic Fish Culture" at South Kensington, and request Mr. Edon to take the covers off the hatching boxes. The young fish are just bursting the shell and coming out of the egg. This year

the hatch-out of fish has been very good. Among them are Rhine salmon, which Mr. Buckland in the belief that a judicious cross of these German fish with our own, would improve the breed, purposes distributing in the upper waters of various salmon rivers, where the attempt to introduce new blood is approved by the conservators. A large number of these young salmon will go to the upper Thames—Mr. Buckland's "annual contribution towards the great idea of my life—viz. to restore salmon to the Thames" as he remarks with a pleasing and touching earnestness. The bull-trout (*S. eriox*) is represented in the troughs by thirty to forty thousand very healthy young fish hatched from ova obtained from the Coquet. These will also mostly go to the Thames, where the evidence taken in 1860 by the Commissioners favours the belief that they formerly existed, and were the "harvest-cocks" which, weighing ten to twelve pounds ran up the river in August. The two fish caught a few weeks back on the flounder nets between London and Waterloo Bridges, were of this species. *Salmo fontinalis* is also in the South Kensington troughs: a present from Mr. Capel. The parent fish are now alive in the centre trough of the museum. In some of the fishless Welsh lakes, should any spawning grounds exist, these fish would probably do well. There are a few eggs of the Loch Leven trout, (*S. Levenensis*), and of the special breed of trout with which Captain Lambert, of Canterbury has been so successful in stocking the Stour.

MR. MUNDELLA AND THE FISHERIES' ACT OF 1878.—A large oil painting by that clever artist Mr. Rolfe, representing all the English fresh-water fishes, purchased by the subscriptions of Angling Societies in various parts of the kingdom, has been presented at a meeting of the Piscatorial Society to Mr. Mundella, M.P., in recognition of his efforts in procuring the passing of the Fresh-water Fisheries' Act of 1878. Several members testified to the beneficial results which had already followed the Act, and also drew attention to its deficiencies.

Queries.

THE LAW RESPECTING TRESPASSERS IN PURSUIT OF FISH, *temp.* ELIZABETH.—The following startling clause in an Act of the 21st year of the reign of "Good Queen Bess" is quoted in "The Art of Angling, by R. Brookes, M.D., now improved with additions, and formed into a Dictionary. Illustrated with 135 cuts, the whole forming a Sportsman's Magazine." London, 1766 (viii and 293 pp). This work has been

very frequently reprinted, but copies are now rarely met with. The clause to which I refer appears under the word "Law," where the author professes to have gathered all existing enactments, in order that the angler "may have a certain knowledge how, without offence, to demean himself amongst his neighbours, when he goes about his sport." "No servant shall be questioned for killing a trespasser within his master's liberty, who will not yield, if not done out of former malice; yet if the trespasser kills any such servant it is murder." 21 Eliz. Is it possible that this law, assuming that it was made at the time stated, remained on the Statute Book until 1766? H. W. BENTLEY.

[Dr. Brookes had not a Chetham to guide him in his law as he had in his angling. There are no Acts of the 21st of Elizabeth because no Parliament was then sitting. We find in the fifth year of that reign: "Cap. xxi. An Act for punishing of unlawful taking of fish, deer and hawks." This was no doubt the "21 Elizabeth" to which Dr. Brookes alludes and quotes at page 101 of his "Dictionary" (ed. 1766). It punished persons destroying fish ponds, &c., and taking fish, or entering impaled parks, &c., and taking deer and hawk's eggs, with three months' imprisonment, the payment of damages to the persons grieved and the finding of sureties "for good bearing" for the space of seven years, but the summary method of dealing with trespassers taken *in flagranti delicto*, quoted by Dr. Brookes, was most assuredly never enjoined or sanctioned by this or any other legal enactment.—ED.]

FOLK-LORE OF BIRDS.—I shall be much obliged to any collector who will give me any notices of the folk-lore which has attached itself to the following birds, or any of them:—the tits, wood-peckers, swallows, reed warbler, blackcap, golden oriole, partridge, king-fisher, and sparrows. M. G. W.

LOCAL FISH NAMES.—I shall be glad to have the assistance of any reader in correcting and increasing the following list of names which will be included in an early publication of the *English Dialect Society*. I desire also to ascertain the places where these names are now in use, and how far age, sex, or condition affects their application.

WHITING (*Merlangus vulgaris*).—Buckthorn, Mop, Whiting-mop.

COAL-FISH (*Merlangus carbonarius*).—Baddock, Billet, Billard, Black-Pollack, Black-Jack, Bleck-Coalsay, Blockan, Blockin, Coal, Coal-fish, Coalsay, Coalsey, Coal-Whiting, Colemie, Colmey, Cooth, Cudden, Cuddy, Dargie, Gilpin, Glassock, Glashan, Glossan, Glossin, Green-Cod, Green Pollack, Grey-lord, Gull-fish, Harbin,

Kuth, Lob, Lob-Keling, Moulrush, Parr, Piltock Podley, Poddie, Podding, Pollack, Prinkle, Rauning Pollack, Rawlin Pollack, Rock Salmon, Raw Pollack, Saithe, Sethe, Sey, Sey Pollack, Sillock, Skrae-fish, Stenlock, Tibrie.

POLLACK (*Merlangus pollachius*).—Laith, Leeat, Leet, Lythe, Pollack, Skeet, Whiting Pollack, Whiting-pullet.

HAKE (*Merlucius vulgaris*).—Herring Hake, Merluce, Poor John, Sea-Luce, Sea-Pike.

LING (*Lota molva*).—Drizzle, Ling-grissle, Olic, Spotted-Ling, Stake, White-Ling.

BURBOT (*Lota vulgaris*).—Blob Kite, Burbolt, Burbot, Coney-fish, Eel-pout.

THREE-BEARDED ROCKLING (*Motella vulgaris*).—Rockling, Sea-Loach, Three-bearded Cod, Three-bearded Gade, Weasel-fish, Whistle-fish Whistler. THOS. SATCHELL.

Downshire Hill, N.W.

Replies.

LATIN POEM ON ANGLING (p. 45).—APER wishes to know whether Richard de Fournival's Latin poem *De Vetulâ* has been reprinted in this country. I do not think so. I believe I was the first to call attention to this singular work in *Notes and Queries* (Nov. 1868). A brief recapitulation of my article may not be superfluous in these columns. *De Vetulâ* was translated into French by a certain Jean Lefevre, who was born in the early part of the fourteenth century. He entitled his translation: "La vielle, ou les derniers Amours d'Ovide." (Reprinted in Paris by Aubry (1861) in his collection of rare and curious works). The passage treating of fishing is headed: "Comment Ovide tendait aux poissons," and is in 68 lines which I have given in full in *Notes and Queries*. Ovid appears to have been rather universal in his fishing. He took tribute from sea and river, and despised neither conger eel nor 'loggerheaded' chub. De Fournival's work cannot but be interesting to the angling bibliophile, as showing that more than four hundred years ago, (and probably about a hundred and fifty years before the date of the "Book of St. Alban's"), most of the modern modes of fishing were practised: bottom fishing, for instance; the worm, the fly, the torch and spear, the night-line, the eel basket and fork, &c., &c. If the whole of the antique truth were known, what honours of invention might not Piscator of the nineteenth century have to renounce!

T. WESTWOOD.

FERTILE HYBRIDS (p. 44).—The sterility of hybrids is not so universal as is generally supposed. The *Journal of Science for the*

present month mentions fertile half-breeds of American bison and the domestic cow, and a still more notable case of a fertile female mule, now at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

JACK-SNIPE (pp. 45, 81).—That the jack-snipe has a nauseous taste is a new fact for sportsmen. I have had this little bird retrieved for me by setters, pointers, and spaniels. Dogs which have been much used for snipe shooting become very expert in catching the close sitting jack. An old pointer I once had would generally pounce on the bird before it had a chance of taking wing, and would bring it to me in her mouth. One day when I stooped down to take a jack from her as she relaxed her jaws it flew off at a great speed so much to my astonishment that cocking my gun I missed it with both barrels. In the course of many years of snipe shooting I have had frequent occasion to observe the sluggishness of these small snipe. Walking on Dartmoor with three Gordon setters, two of them sagacious old dogs and very good at snipe, and the third a young dog I was educating, I had a point, and walking up saw a jack-snipe on the ground a few inches in front of the dog's head, the other dog backing just behind. I called up the young dog and the snipe allowed it to walk backwards and forwards within a very short distance and almost to trample on it without moving, and it was not until I actually gave the bird a gentle touch with the muzzle of my gun upon its back that it flew off. It is a common fault with dogs which have been much used for snipe shooting when they become old to run in and eat the birds directly they fall to the gun. This fault is quite incurable, and the dog which has once been guilty of it must either be worked henceforth with a muzzle or else be dismissed to the canine Hades.

KESTREL.

SILK TROLLING LINES (p. 62).—A very old friend has just sent me a splendid plaited silk trolling line, *very strong*. I have given it a thorough testing, and after several hours constant use, it went through the rings without kinking once, moreover it is very reasonable in price which is another great desideratum in these times; a gentleman out with me lately gave 15s. for his line of 60 yards, which proved very rotten. He purchased it only two months ago, and it smelled very strong of linseed oil, but my new line is dressed with some composition which leaves no smell at all. As may be imagined my friend was much grieved to see this line broken by a pike of not more than 10lb. which got away with more than 40 yards of it, as soon as he began to wind it in. Certainly he did not forget to anathematize the London tackle man.

PISCATOR.

FISHING DOGS (pp. 10, 28, 47, 63).—To the stories already gathered into your pages you may add the following from "Life in Normandy," edited by I. F. Campbell, 1863:—

"They saw close to them an old woman, followed by a dog. The old woman carried the usual basket on her left shoulder, and on the other a pick-axe, with a very long handle. The dog was white, with long hair and a bushy tail, twisted up with a double turn which he carried on one side of his back; he had a long, sharp, foxy-looking face, with bright black eyes, and his ears stood very erect, and were pointed. The old woman led the way along the outer edge of the rocks, till she came to a place where the sand ran for a considerable distance into the body of the rocks, which rose rather steeply on either side of this sandy estuary. The sand, however, was not smooth, for in all directions little mounds rose up, breaking the level. 'Go and seek, good dog Trompette!' said the old lady when she had entered this creek. The dog started off, hunting in all directions. In a quarter of a minute he stopped at one of the little lumps, and began to scratch and whine like a terrier at a rat-hole. 'See! he has one,' said the woman, as she ran towards the dog, brandishing her pick-axe. When she reached the place, she looked which way the hole ran, and then began tearing up the sand, which rose in lumps at every blow. After eight or ten strokes out tumbled a conger eel about the same size as those in her basket; the dog and his mistress made a dash at it, the biped got it; the woman flung it with great force on the hard sand, and then quietly put it in her basket with the rest of her load, shouting, 'Seek again, Trompette!' Trompette obeyed, and in this way, within five minutes after entering the creek, the dog found, and the mistress dug up and basketed, three of these eels. Being asked if there was much difficulty in breaking these dogs to hunt eels, she replied, 'None at all; we take a young dog out with an old one once or twice, and we let them worry the eel, or perhaps eat one, and then they will hunt quite well; but some of them have finer noses than others, and of course these are the best.' 'And is this talent confined to the *famille* Trompette, or are there other dogs that do the same?' 'Other dogs are taught,' said the old lady, 'but my dog's family do it at once;' and then continued her way, followed by her dog."

A. E. S.

SAGACIOUS DOGS, (pp. 12, 48).—No person interested in records of canine sagacity should fail to read the sixteenth of Mr. Hamerton's "Chapters of Animals," (1874), which contains an account of his interview with Blanche and

Lyda, two dogs trained by a M. du Rouil, who having been for ten years a teacher in a deaf and dumb institution, conceived the idea of trying how far a similar method of education might develop the intelligence of dogs. Though apparently incredible, Mr. Hamerton gives us his assurance that the narrative is a perfectly true account of what he himself witnessed. It seems evident that an intelligent dog may be taught to know a considerable variety of objects by their names. These dogs spelled and translated words, played cards and dominoes, and this in the absence as well as the presence of their master, and therefore to a great extent by the exercise of their own powers of reason and memory. M. du Rouil died a few days after his visit to Mr. Hamerton, and the secret of his method of training died with him. His widow has no knowledge of it, and the person to whom she sold the dogs could get no performance out of them whatever. A confederacy of a certain kind no doubt existed, but as it was such as human observers were unable to detect, the fact only proves the keen intelligence of the dogs. The dogs, Mr. Hamerton observes, had the jaded, weary look of overwrought professional men.

R. H. P.

EPITAPHS ON DOGS (pp. 11, 47).—I append an epitaph on a dog, copied from a brass let into a red-sandstone monolith, which stands in the grounds of a gentleman in Cheshire. The monument is of considerable size, and is chiselled in the highest style of cemetery-mason's art of the early part of the 19th century. I would only premise that tradition records, that while "Blucher" was still in the flesh, he was, somewhat contrary to one's expectations, a fighting bull-dog of the brindled persuasion; saturnine of aspect, and morose in manners; whose countenance and body were seamed with scars innumerable, honourably won on many a well-fought field. There is no date upon the stone, but the style of art, the name "Blucher," and the fact of his being a warrior of renown would alike point to a period shortly succeeding 1815, ere the gentle pastime of dog-fighting had entirely fallen into discredit, as this hero's probable epoch.

"Farewell! brute pattern of an honest heart;
And if for thee a tear unwonted start,
'Tis all I can repay thee for a love,
That neither time could chill nor dangers move;
For guardianship thro' midnights dark and drear,
For thou wert watchful and devoid of fear,
And hours of kind companionship, which would
But for thy presence have been solitude.
Blucher! farewell! a heartfelt, last, farewell
And 'ere the thoughts of thee have lost their spell
As days on days their billowy hours expand
And dim the lines on memory's figured sand,
From thy unwearied care and sleepless zeal,
Thy fearless daring for thy master's weal,

A precious lesson let my spirit find
And learn to be as pure as thou wert kind;
To keep in faith as firm from fault as free
And cling to virtue as thou did'st to me!"

BLACK GNAT.

Let me assist in gathering into your pages all the good epitaphs on dogs which are to be found. Here is one by Blacklock "On a favourite lap-dog":—

"I never barked when out of season;
I never bit without a reason;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
Happy for man could he say so."

EDEN.

Sir Walter Scott placed this inscription on the grave of his celebrated hound, Maida—

Maidæ marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida,
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis.

Which may be rendered:—

"Light be the earth upon you, Maida, keeping
Your post at the gate, in marble, sleeping."

BAGDAD.

SIGNBOARDS OF FISHES (pp. 44, 83).—Perhaps we may be allowed to place the Mermaid under this heading. "*The Mermaid*" was at one time a very common sign, and there have been several taverns bearing it in the metropolis. Amongst the most celebrated of these was one in Bread-street, which existed four centuries ago, and was the resort of Sir John Howard, and the house of probably the first literary club in England—founded by Sir Walter Raleigh. In Cheapside there was another "*Mermaid*," which was attended by Jasper Mayne, and John Dryden. This sign was also employed by printers. John Rastall used it in 1527, and Henry Binnemann in 1576. This fabulous creature was generally represented in the latter's books. "*The Dolphin*" is one of the oldest signs used in this country. We find one house with this sign mentioned in 1513. This was in High-street, London, and was reported to have been the residence of one of the Dauphins of France. It was probably the one alluded to by Pepys, under the year 1661. The house existed until about the close of the seventeenth century, at which time it was a noted coaching Inn. "*The Dolphin*" was also the sign of Sam Buckley, the bookseller in Little Britain, who published Steele's and Addison's "*Spectator*," and was afterwards adopted by William Pickering, the well-known publisher. The successor of the latter has also adopted it. "*The Dolphin and Comb*" was used as a milliner's sign by E. Herne, London Bridge, in 1722. The sign of "*The Fish*," without any particular specification is frequently to be met with; it originally was in-

tended for the Dolphin. There are two signs known as "*The Fish and Dolphin*,"—a puzzling combination—at Carlisle. Probably it refers to the chase of the Dolphin after the shoals of small fish. At Soho there is a "*Fish and Bell*," a combination which may thus be explained. A numbskull having caught a fish which he wished to keep for some future occasion, put a bell round its neck, and returned it to its native element, so that he might know its whereabouts when he wanted it; or the bell may have been added in honour of the Bell-ringers who frequented the house. Another somewhat similar sign is "*The Bell and Mackerell*," Mile End Road. "*The Three Fishes*," (crossing or interpenetrating each other in such a manner that the head of one fish was at the tail of another), was a not uncommon device in the middle ages. This may be emblematic of the Trinity. "*The Three Herrings*" is doubtless another name for the Three Fishes, and was the sign of a bookseller named James Moxton, who carried on his business near York House, in the Strand in 1675. There was an ale-house in Bell-yard, with this sign. At Leicester there is "*The Fish and Quart*,"—a very curious combination which is very difficult to explain. At Royden, in Essex, is "*The Fish and Eels*;" at Southampton "*The Fish and Kettle*," and "*The Whitebait*," at Bristol. "*The Salmon*," is occasionally to be met with in the neighbourhood where this fish is caught. "*The Salmon and Ball*," was originally a silk-mercator's sign. "*The Salmon and Compasses*," is evidently a sign adopted by houses attended by Freemasons—the emblem of the craft having originally been added to the sign of the Salmon. "*The Fishbone*," was a sign in New Cheapside, Moorfields, in the seventeenth century. It may have been originally a marine-store dealer's sign; and is now very rarely to be met with, as a tavern-sign. There is a "*Sun and Whalebone*," at Latton in Essex, which may have originated from a Whale's jaw hanging outside the house, or on account of the landlord having laid the foundation of his fortune as a rag and bone dealer, or because the owner was at one time engaged in the whale fishery. There are a number of inns throughout Nottinghamshire and other counties, which indicate that they are the resort of the disciples of old Izaak Walton, each as the "*Jolly Anglers*," the "*Fisherman's Rest*," the "*Fisherman's Tavern*," &c. For much of the information contained in the above we are indebted to the excellent "*History of Signboards*" by the late Mr. John Camden Hotten and Jacob Larwood (Mr. L. N. Sadler).

Nottingham.

J. POTTER BRISCOE.

FALCONRY IN AFRICA, &c. (pp. 37, 63).—It is stated in Adolph Erman's "*Reise um die Erde*" that the most expert falconers of the Tartarian plains, the Bashkirs, teach their small falcons to descend on hares, while a larger kind, called by them Berkúti, is trained to kill foxes, and even wolves.

R. S. EVANS.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. H. (Ahenny); Sonly; Rev. M. H.; T. B. C. (Doncaster); Fisherman; B. P. (Plymouth); will appear in our next number.

"An old angler" is thanked, but we are unable to make any promise at present.

"Bibliophile."—We shall be glad to place the notes which you offer in the hands of Mr. Westwood.

A. B. C. (Farnham); J. H. (Bournemouth); Dovedale and Piscator, are thanked.

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THE THRUM MILL ON THE COQUET.

The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 7.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15TH, 1880.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

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AN UNKNOWN ANGLING POET.

IN 1691, Mr. Thomas Heyrick, M.A., and formerly of Peter-House College in Cambridge, published his "Submarine Voyage: a Pindarick Poem in four parts," precluded by a collection of "Miscellany Poems," and commendatory verses. An anonymous annotator describes this book as of great rarity and not to be found in Lowndes.† He styles the "Submarine Voyage," an "extraordinary poem, treating of the unseen mysteries of the great deep."

† The omission is supplied in Bohn's "Lowndes," 1859.

From the commendatory verses we gather, somewhat to our surprise, that Thomas Heyrick was an angler, and further evidence of the fact is given in the body of the work by his "Pindarick Ode in praise of Angling." How far the form of the Pindaric Ode can be considered suitable to so simple and rustic a subject, is open to question. Certainly it has led the poet into very extravagant vagaries and much 'high falutin,' for all the gods of Olympus are dragged into his strophes—his rivers flow with nectar and ambrosia, and instead of Lea Marshes, or Thames Meadows, it is in figurative Elysian fields that our Pindarick Angler plies his sport.

"Here in Elysian fields, by chiding Rills,
The Offspring o' th' eternal Hills:
Beneath a pleasing Shade that can defeat
The Sun's impetuous heat;
Where Zephyr gently murmurs thro' the Bowers,
And dallies with the smiling Flowers,
And all the winged Choristers above
In melting strains sing to the God of Love:
While pleased Nature, doth a silence keep,
Even Hills do nod, and Rivers seem to sleep:
Here with a *Friend*—co-partner of my Joys,
Whose artful Soul knows every way
The scaly Offspring to betray,
The bold, the fearful, or the cautious Prey:
I an extensive Empire lay
O'er all the watery Plain;
And numerous Subjects do our Scepters fear."

The Poet then proceeds to describe at some length and always in "Ercles vein," the various

kinds of fish and the different modes of catching them. Amongst the latter, the Artificial Fly.

"With Art contriv'd, manag'd with Art, the fly,
By steady Hand and nimble Eye,
To any distant place we throw ;
And th' fatal Bait to credulous Eyes do show ;
Wary, as Treason lurks, we move ;
Silence do all Conspiracies improve.
The deadly Bait shakes, pendent on the Air,
Deadly and fatal, as a blazing Star,
Destruction with it falls to all are near."

Should my readers desire to know what Thomas Heyrick's sentiments were to those who were not of his own way of thinking, piscatorially, let them hear and tremble !

"Raptur'd Delight ! the Soul that loves not thee,
Whom fatal Pleasures o' th' deceitful Court,
Or *sycofantick* Flattery,
Whom Riches or whom Honours sway,
Or whom Revenge doth draw away,
Or other low or base design mislead,
From thy serener Sport ;

May he upon some naked Beach,
That o'er these Streams doth hang, he cannot reach,

Or may he in a *Lybian* Desert dwell,
With burning, rowling Sands o'erspread,
One degree on this side Hell—

May he among the Cinders live and burn,
Till he a perfect Salamander turn,
With raging Thirst for cooling Currents long,
But never get one drop to cool his Tongue.
And if a fish he e'er doth chance to see,
May it a Crocodile, or Hydra be ; (!)
May scaly Serpents round his Temples twine,
Serpents, whose heat

Their blood doth up to Poyson boil ;
May Asps and Adders be his meat,
And blood of Dragons be his wine ;
May he, far off, behold a flowery Plain,
And winding Rivers thro' it smile,
Like Tantalus to increase his pain ;
May these to him be seen

As to the damn'd the Joys of Heaven, with a vast gulf between."

After which, Anathema Maranatha, and out with the tapers !

But as if the above vehemence of vituperation

had left something still unsaid, and to show that he had yet fiercer bolts in his arsenal, he threatens, that all those who are given to poaching devices, or who tamper with the fair practices of the sport, shall have their purgatorial rations doubled.* Yea, *doubled*. O, mild-eyed piscator.

It is but equitable to add that Heyrick's Pindaric splendours soften down at last into a more pastoral, and suitable ending.

"All whose wide bosoms ships do plow,

Which Vice and Riches bring,
All, that to humble Cotes do bow,

And hear the jolly shepherds when they sing.
The haughty, rapid and imperious dames ;

The still, the quiet and soft-gliding streams,

May all assist the *Angler's* harmless sport,

And with full hands unto our line resort ;

All, that with silver feet

In melting numbers and harmonious strains,

Immortal Spencer once did cause to meet

On the marriage day of Medway, and of Thames."


My readers will, I hope, understand that I present the above Pindaric extravaganza merely as a curiosity, and not with a view to claim any superfluous honour for Mr. Thomas Heyrick either on Parnassus, or elsewhere.

T. WESTWOOD.

Brussels.

* Did our space permit, we might establish an amusing contrast between these Jupiter Tonans antics of the poet, in his verse, and another picture of himself, in a dedication of his book to Katherine, Countess of Rutland, in which he crawls abjectly on all fours, and is both servile in his homage, and mealy-mouthed in his adulation.

THE LITERARY SIDE OF ANGLING.

 H., a frequent contributor to that excellent undertaking of Hone, "The Every Day Book," (vol. II. 768) gives a curious account of literary ignorance on the part of an angler, which we have known paralleled in Devon, even in the last five years. W. H. was rambling through Dovedale in June, when the May-fly, "the glory of trouts and of trout-takers," was in season. The anglers were half as numerous as

they from the bottom of Dovedale to Beresford Hall, the whilom residence of Cotton, and the resort of Walton. "I pleased myself with fancying I saw amongst them many a face which belonged to a disciple of Izaak worthy of the master and the art, and had I not entered into talk with them, I might have thought so now.

But, I asked one if there was not once a very famous angler, who frequented the Dove. "Oh aye!" said he, "I know whom you mean; you mean old Dannel Hastings. For fishing and *shuting*, he was the cob of all this country!" Alas! poor Izaak! I thought; but I glanced at the man's fish-basket as I passed. It was empty, and I set him down as a fellow not more ignorant of Izaak than of the patient mystery. But soon after, I cast my eye upon an old and venerable figure. His basket was stored with beautiful trouts till the lid would not shut down. His grey hair clustered thick and bushily beneath his well-worn hat, as if it was accustomed to grow in the sun and breeze, and to be "wet with the dews of Heaven." His features were such as the father of anglers himself might have worn—good; and apparently accustomed to express a mixed spirit of bonhomie and simplicity, but were then sharpened into the deepest intensity of an angler's vigilant enjoyment. This, thought I, is surely the man, and I asked him if he had read "Walton's Complete Angler." Yes, he had it, and he had Major's new edition, too; and, turning to me with an air of immense knowingness and importance, said—"If he was alive now he could not take a single fin." "No," I replied, "how is that? He *could* take plenty in his day; and though I do not deny that there may have been great improvement in the art, yet, skill *then* successful would be equally so *now*, unless there has been a revolution amongst the fish, and they have grown wiser." "Ay, there you have it," he added, "the fish are wiser; they won't take the same baits." I instinctively glanced at the bait then upon the hook of my oracle, and—Heaven on earth! it was Walton's favourite bait—the drake-fly! I walked on. The romance of angling was destroyed. The glory, like a morning dream, had passed away from the whole piscatorial

race; and, from esteeming an angler after the fashion of Izaak Walton, I fell into great temptation of deeming him something worse than, as exhibited in Swift's definition, "a stick and a string, a worm at one end, and a fool at the other."
W.

LANDING A TROUT.

BY DR. UP DE GRAFF.



UT see, there's a rise! Yes, another, still! Yonder, under the limb that trails upon the surface of the water. See him! He jumps again!

"Go for him, Hamlin; you will be sure to take him. He seems just in the humour for that leading fly of yours."

Our skilful friend descends the bank, steps carefully into the water, that no ripple may reach the trout and give him warning of his danger, slowly unreels his line, sweeps it back and forth through the air, until the required length is obtained, then lands the gossamer leader, with its tiny flies, directly over the spot where the trout was seen to rise to the natural fly. Gently, deftly, are the deceptive feathers manipulated over the old trout's lair, until the perpendicular rod necessitates another cast. Again is the line in the air, describing a graceful double curve, far in the rear of the anxious fisherman, who with every nerve alert, every muscle quivering with anticipation for the next throw, projects the leading fly safely under the low-hanging bush. A splash, a dull thud that answers to its strike, and the merry rattle of the reel, at once reveals that the game is hooked. And now what a fight ensues! how the delicate six-ounce rod bends as the frightened fish endeavours to reach the cover of a pile of drift-wood near at hand! Failing in this, he tries the swift water beyond, and unreels a rod or two of line while dashing madly down the rapid. Oh, how he *does* pull! and with what anxiety the fisherman watches the result! every nerve in his body quivering, lest the delicate leader may part or the hold upon the mouth give way. Now he dives to

the bottom of a deep pool, and stubbornly shakes his head while trying to entangle the line under a stone, or to fray it off upon the sharp edge of a sunken rock. Then we observe, from the sudden spasmodic jerks upon the rod, that he is endeavouring to tear himself away, when Hamlin anxiously shouts, with head turned imploringly toward us, while great drops of perspiration chase each other over his flushed cheeks—

"Come, stir him up for me, doctor; he's sulking."

I hasten to the spot, casting a handful of pebbles into the pool; when away he goes again, making the reel run in his mad flight, carrying with him nearly every inch of line before reaching the lower end of the pool, where he tries to dart under a huge boulder; seeing which, Hamlin turns the butt of the rod toward the fish and stops the reel. My eye rests upon the rod as it bends from tip to butt, wondering the while whether it will or can stand the strain; but just then the fish leaps into the air in response to the bend of the elastic rod, or perhaps to show us what a beauty he is.

"He'll weigh a pound at least, Hamlin; hold him steady."

"I'll hold him if the tackle will," is the response; and again the trout leaves the water and shakes his head desperately to free himself from the hook. Darting back and forth across the stream, striving here to dive under a root, there to circumnavigate a rock, he cuts the water with the taut line, lashing it into a spray that reflects the prismatic colors of the bright morning sun. But now his dashes become less frequent, his struggles not so desperate, then the magnificent fish is slowly reeled toward the fisherman, the graceful, yielding rod displaying a perfect arch under the weight of the nimble beauty, until he abandons the fight altogether, and displays himself calmly, upon his side, on the surface of the water. I place my landing-net under him, and carry ashore the trophy to his *delighted captor*. There, lying within the folds of the net, upon the clean, green grass, his

beauty of form and color is commented upon, and size and weight estimated.

"A pounder, as sure as fate, Hamlin!"

"Yes, he's certainly fourteen inches long, and quite fat. How the fellow did pull, though! I thought I had at least a two-pounder when I first struck him," he replies, stooping to unfasten the hook before consigning him to a tuft of grass in the bottom of his creel.

[It may please many a stay-at-home fisherman to read this spirited account from "*Afield and Afloat*" of March 6th, 1880, and shew them that Test and Teme have not the monopoly of trout in sufficiently excellent condition to make the resistance here described in a North American fish.—Ed.]

THE OUTBREAK OF RABIES AMONG THE DURHAM COUNTY FOX- HOUNDS IN 1870.



SHORT statement of the commencement and progress of this disease, as it appeared in the Durham Kennels in 1870, may find a place in your "NOTE-BOOK."

The first hound, (Carver) a quiet animal, showed premonitory symptoms of madness when the pack, after a severe run, were breaking up their fox, by biting and snapping at every dog he could get near. He was taken up and led home, put in a separate place in order to ascertain the nature of the attack. Towards the end of the third day he became furiously mad, biting at everything within reach. After being destroyed, a *post mortem* examination by a veterinary surgeon of great experience in such cases, and who had attended to this case through its progress, showed the stomach to be filled with extraneous matter, such as straw, chips of wood, &c. It is by no means a certain test of hydrophobia, as some persons believe, that an animal so attacked will refuse to lap water, and in this opinion I am borne out by the best medical authorities. The dog whose case I have described, on showing his first symptoms in his way home, crossed a brook without reluctance, and lapped water freely. Two days later I saw him lap broth, when in a condition so mad that

he flew at any one coming near the door of the kennel in which he was confined. Four hounds bitten by this dog were immediately put down. After this alarm the pack was watched with the greatest anxiety and care. At the end of a fortnight two bitches were seized with throat disease, losing the use of the lower jaw and the power of swallowing. They were treated by blistering the throat, and with doses of calomel; astringent drinks were also administered, but no satisfactory result was obtained. About nine couples were attacked, all dying with the exception of a few, which were put down to prevent the spread of infection.

At this time, by our rotation, the kennels were changed to Hardwick; the disease still running on, fresh medical assistance was called in, but proved of no avail, and several distinct cases of rabies began to appear. These differed from the throat disease in so far as the use of the lower jaw was not lost, but on a *post mortem* examination the appearance of the throat had the same inflammatory characteristics in all the cases.

The night before the meeting of the members of the Hunt held in Durham, Dodeswell, the huntsman, than whom a more careful man did not exist, was much disturbed by the fighting and noise of six hounds he had separated from the pack, they having shown the usual premonitory symptoms. After trying in vain to quiet them several times during the night, at day-break he found three fighting and worrying each other, covered with blood and furiously mad, the other three crouched up in a corner, frightened and trembling. The day after the Durham meeting, before the hounds could be put down, four more went into a condition of decided rabies, and could not be approached by those to whom they had always been attached. A singular fact came to my knowledge, showing how deeply seated the disease was in the pack. A draught was sent out to India at the end of July, and shortly after their arrival three couples died of disease in the throat; this would be nearly the same time as the first case appeared in our kennels. From information subsequently obtained it appears

that throat disease and hydrophobia are much more common than is generally supposed. I knew one pack where, after struggling with the disease they called "dumb madness," the plan adopted was individual isolation, each hound being kept in a separate kennel and not able to come near any of his fellows; yet after 13 months of this treatment a case of throat disease appeared, terminating fatally. The wisdom of the painful conclusion arrived at by the members of the Hunt, to sacrifice their pack, has been fully confirmed by facts since ascertained, which leave not the slightest doubt in my mind that the decision was right. No one must or could have taken the responsibility of hunting with a pack of hounds in the condition of the Durham County (even if any had escaped the attack), and thus have run the risk, by a stray hound, of spreading the most terrible malady known to either human or animal life.

After the hounds were first attacked with the throat disease, and treated in the best known manner, not a hound was saved and about eight couples so seized all died; it was when the disease ran on into decided rabies, several hounds being attacked each day, and not before, that the members of the hunt arrived at their painful decision to sacrifice their pack. I will just mention two cases showing the danger those attending the hounds had to encounter. The huntsman, on visiting a few hounds separately confined, opened the door of the kennel, when a bitch he had brought up from a puppy flew at him most savagely, and, had he not fortunately held the door in his hand and caught her between that and the post, he would most certainly have been bitten. It is needless to say the bitch was perfectly mad; this occurred a few days before the Durham meeting. Again, a day or two after, before leaving home for a rest, Dodeswell went to take a last leave of such of his pack as remained, when Playmat, a favourite hound, who was accustomed to show his affection by standing up and placing his paws on his master's neck, sometimes being even permitted to lick his face, made his usual demonstration of licking; he was put gently

aside and seemed disappointed. The day following, Playmate, with three others, went perfectly mad, and would not permit those who were accustomed to feed and attend them to come near.

I mention these circumstances to show the extreme danger the men of the establishment had to encounter. Had the disease been confined to the throat phase an attempt might have been made by individual isolation to save a remnant of the pack, though the experience of those masters of hounds, who have gone through the ordeal and tried that method, by no means warrants a hope of success; but when large numbers of hounds were attacked by decided rabies to have persevered longer would simply have endangered human life and been criminal in the extreme.

I conclude my observations by reference to a most able letter on the subject which appeared in the columns of [the *Times*, written by Mr. Fleming, V.S., Royal Engineers, in which he says :—

"Rabies in the lower animals is incurable; its cure should never be attempted on any consideration, for the lives of human beings as well as other creatures are seriously imperilled. The Durham authorities acted most judiciously in destroying the hounds not yet affected, but attempting to treat those suffering from it was very reprehensible."

The questions which this (to me) painful case suggested, and which still await satisfactory answers, are these :—

1. How is the disease, whether throat or hydrophobia, originated?—for there is no trace of any of the Durham pack having at any time been bitten by a strange dog.

2. Is the throat disease, commonly called "dumb madness," a separate malady, or another phase of hydrophobia—the symptoms in the *post mortem* examinations being similar in both?

3. How is the disease propagated? It is known that the hunting pack in the Albrighton case took it from smelling through the yard railings at the young hounds which had the complaint.

4. *How long does either disease, especially*

that of the throat, lie dormant in the system?

JOHN HENDERSON.

Leazes-house, Durham.

OREGON TINNED SALMON.—This is not our *Salmo salar*, but the so-called spring silver salmon, the *S. quinnat* of Richardson. It enters the rivers of the North Pacific in countless myriads from California to Alaska during spring, and pours in for three or four months without much diminution of numbers. The Fraser River and the Columbia River teem with them. They commence entering the Columbia and its tributaries, says Mr. Murphy, "Rambles in North Western America," Chapman and Hall, 1879, (p. 25) "about the 1st of April in such numberless millions that the water fairly boils with them, and by the middle of the month they are so dense that they crowd each other ashore, and myriads die from exhaustion. These furnish a bounteous feast to carnivorous birds and quadrupeds for four or five months; but numerous as the latter may be, they cannot eat a fraction of the throng wrecked on the beach for a distance of hundreds of miles." The majority of anglers say that *S. quinnat* will not take a fly when it once enters fresh water for the purpose of spawning. A gentleman is said to have been sent out from England to report on Oregon, early in the present century when the Americans were clamously eager to possess that country. The first essay he made was to try a river, and finding that he could not induce the salmon to take a fly, he returned home disgusted and reported that the country was so worthless that even its salmon would not take a fly. "This report is said to have actually decided the British Government in surrendering this vast and treasure-laden region to the Federal Government under the Ashburton Treaty of 1844—a treaty which has now become famous as 'the Waterloo of English diplomacy.' The Commissioner had made a mistake in natural history as well as in diplomacy, for the *S. quinnat* will take a fly, but not as its British congener will, it being more moody in character and erratic in taste than *Salmo salar*. It will not bite, except under certain circumstances. I caught four

with a fly one fine day in April, in a small tributary of the Columbia, and on another occasion stowed half-a-dozen into my basket through the same means. The latter I caught early in the morning, during the prevalence of a heavy fog, which somewhat obscured the water and doubtless prevented the fish seeing the line." The fish which are put up into tins are consequently taken in seines. Mr. Murphy continues, "During the month of June, when the annual freshet increases the volume of the Columbia, and leavens its waters with sediment, the seines are worked both day and night, the fish being unable to see them during even the brightest day. Double gangs of men are then employed, and everybody is in the highest state of activity. When a boat discharges its finny cargo at a fishery, detachments of expert Chinamen stand ready to attend to it. The fish are first counted and sorted, then handed over to the 'Celestial' cutters, who chop off their heads with the greatest dexterity by means of large knives worked with a lever—on the principle of a tobacco cleaver; another party cuts open the ventral regions and clips off the tails; a third attends to the washing of the fish, and cutting them into 1lb. or 2lb. pieces; while a fourth is engaged in cooking and packing them into cans. Everything moves like clockwork, and the result is seen in the large piles of packed cans which stand ready for shipment after the work of twenty-four hours. To prepare the salmon for market, a piece weighing 1lb. or 2lb. is put into a can, and to this some spices and condiments are added. The can is then covered, except a small hole in the top, to allow the air to escape. It is next put into a boiler filled with boiling salt water, then into a boiler of hot fresh water; and when the fish is so thoroughly cooked that it is deemed fit to stand any climate, the can is soldered air-tight, and placed with many others until it is forwarded to market. The amount of salmon which was prepared for shipment in 1878, along the Columbia River alone, reached about 15,000,000 lb., in weight; and was valued at 2,500,000 dollars. Add to this the quantity prepared in other sections of Oregon and Washington

Territory, and it would be safe to assert that the total value of the salmon fisheries of the North-west, including all that was barrelled and canned, reached at least 4,000,000 dollars." Mr. Murphy, however, estimates that this is not a tithe of what these fisheries would produce, while the whole world is open for a market. Here therefore is a wide field for capital and energy.

M. G. W.

FISHING IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.



AFTER carrying the reader in our last number from Lairg to Inver under the able guidance of Mr. Bantock we return eastward to Loch Assynt. At Drumbeg, on the north coast of this loch, there is a small inn, from which numbers of small lochs, all open to the public, may be fished. At the Ferry of Kylesku, there is also an inn affording accommodation for two visitors and near numerous lochs and with excellent sea-fishing. Lochs Glendhu and Glencoul are about four miles distant; they receive large burns and are frequented by sea-trout.

Thence northward and forty-three miles from Lairg, we reach Scourie Inn, near which are many yellowt-rout lochs open to the public, and two small rivers and a loch containing sea trout and salmon. The Island of Handa the breeding place of millions of sea-fowl is two miles distant.

The Laxford which flows from Loch Stack has a high reputation as an angling river, and Loch Stack itself is probably unequalled. Stoddart mentions it in his "Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland," 1853; "the creels of sea-trout with which it has been credited are almost incredible;" it also contains yellow trout, char and probably *ferox*. These waters with Loch More are however let with the Reay Forest to the Duke of Westminster. At the upper end of Loch Inchard is Rhiconich Inn with five sleeping rooms, and near at hand is excellent fishing for yellow-trout, sea-trout, and salmon. In Loch Garbet Beg, Stoddart had great sport. The

fishing is late—from June onwards. Rhiconich is forty-two miles from Lairg.

Fourteen miles further the mail-gig reaches Durine Inn, Durness. Here vehicles can be obtained, and the aid of boats and gillies secured for fishing the numerous lochs in the district.

The parish of Assynt alone is said to contain two hundred, and from the high ground above Inchnadamph above a hundred of these lochs can be seen by the naked eye.

We next pass to the Tongue district in the north and north-east part of the county, and thirty-nine miles distant from Lairg. Here there are several fine angling rivers, all however let, and many lochs almost all open to the public. The lochs which have access to the sea, such as Lochs Hope, Naver, &c., afford excellent sea-trout fishing and also contain brown trout, *ferox*, and char. At the upper extremity of Loch Naver there is a good inn—at Aultnaharra, twenty-one miles from Lairg. The inn-keeper rents the fishing and lets it by the day, week or month. March is reckoned the best month, but during all the early part of the season up to May the fishing is good. The best salmon fishing is near the inn. The brown trout fishing in Loch Naver is indifferent, but excellent angling may be obtained upon Lochs Meaddie and Loaghal, which are six miles distant, and upon Loch Coar which is seven miles from the inn. There are good roads and conveyances may be hired.

Mr. Lyall's "Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, &c., of Scotland," refers largely to the Sutherland lochs and rivers, and its information respecting routes, hotels, &c., will be found most trustworthy. The best account of these waters, however, is contained in a series of articles entitled "An Angler's and Sketcher's Ramble through Sutherland," which appeared in the *Scotsman* in July last.

The only remaining portion of the county is the south-east corner of which Golspie may be taken as the centre. From Lairg the railway traverses the district and gives access to all the angling waters and hotels. There are comparatively few lochs, but two very important rivers—the *Brora* and the *Helmsdale*. Passing

from Lairg the railway first brings us to the Fleet, a very small river but well stocked with salmon and sea-trout. The Fleet runs into the estuary of the Little Ferry and at Mound, a station on the line, is impeded by an artificial embankment and allowed to escape by sluices only at ebb tide. There is good sea-trout fishing here but it is not open. An experiment to acclimatize the Sterlet in the Fleet, made about ten years ago, has failed.

"At Skelbo, about three miles below the Mound, and quite within the influence of the tide, there is a very remarkable cast, where, during a certain condition of the tide, salmon are taken with the fly. That fact has obtained for this cast much reputation, as there is probably not another in Scotland, except it be in the Kyle of Durness, wherein salmon are obtained under similar conditions." Salmon have never been taken here before the second week in July. On the Carnack, a tributary of the Fleet, a remarkable salmon ladder enables the fish to ascend to Loch Buie, and surmount a fall upwards of sixty feet in height. The ladder is 378 yards long and has twenty-three pools.

A short distance beyond the Mound is the village of Golspie, where very good accomodation can be obtained at the Sutherland Arms' Hotel. Within a mile is Dunrobin Castle, the princely seat of the Duke of Sutherland.

Beyond Dunrobin and five miles from Golspie are the only angling grounds here available—the waters of the Brora. Except during the earlier months the river is reserved for the Duke's guests, but it is during the earlier months that the fishing is at its best. Between the loch and the sea the Brora is, "by its frequent succession of grand holding pools and rapids, the very perfection of a salmon river." Where the river issues from the loch the Duke has established a fish-hatching house, where upwards of 300,000 ova from other rivers and also from the Rhine are annually reared. A number of *S. fontinalis* were recently introduced into the Brora. It is as yet uncertain with what success.

The fishing for *fario* in Loch Brora is probably

the earliest in the county. May in a favourable season is the best month. But it is for sea trout-fishing in the autumn that the loch, which is an open one, is best known and appreciated.

About twelve miles beyond Brora the river Helmsdale enters the sea. The angling is let out to several rods. At a further distance of twenty-five miles we reach the railway station of Forsinard at the head of Kildonan Strath. Here is a small inn from which several excellent lochs may be fished. The writer of the "Ramble through Sutherland" before mentioned, seems inclined to consider that the lochs of this basin afford the best trout angling in Scotland. He and two friends killed in five days, with the fly, six hundred trout weighing four hundred pounds. These trout are red fleshed and of very fine flavour, and in one loch (Sletile) they are of exceptional size and quality.

That the splendid angling facilities which Sutherland offers are not more largely used, Mr. Bantock partly attributes to the insufficient hotel accommodation at the best fishing stations.

A. C.

Angling Songs.

BY THOMAS TOD STODDART.



ALTHOUGH the "ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK" is "a repertory of fact, enquiry, and discussion, on field-sports," &c., and does not admit "word painting," or rhapsodizing essays from contributors to a place in its pages, I think, perhaps, note-worthy poetic productions relative to fish and fishing may occasionally find insertion, without detriment to the practical and scientific character of the work; and may perchance afford pleasure to some, if not all of your readers. Should you agree with me, you will, no doubt, deem the following Angling Songs, by Thomas Tod Stoddart, author of the "Art of Angling, as practised in Scotland," 1835 (2nd edition, enlarged and improved, 1853), worthy of a place in your columns. They are described by Professor Wilson (no mean judge, as all the world knows), as "among the best ever written."

SONG.

BRING the rod, the line, the reel !
 Bring, oh bring the Osier Creel !
 Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
 Bring me shower, and clouds, and winds ;
 All things right and tight,
 All things well and proper ;
 Trailer red and bright,
 Dark and wily dropper—
 Casts of Midges bring,
 Made of plover hackle,
 With a gaudy wing,
 And a cobweb tackle.

Lead me where the river flows,
 Shew me where the alder grows,
 Reeds and rushes, moss and mead,
 To them lead me, quickly lead ;
 Where the roving trout
 Watches round an eddy,
 With his eager snout,
 Pointed up and ready,
 'Till a careless fly
 On the surface wheeling,
 Tempts him rising sly,
 From his safe concealing.

There, as with a pleasant friend,
 I the happy hours will spend,
 Urging on the subtle hook,
 O'er the dark and chancy nook ;
 With a hand expert,
 Every motion swaying,
 And on the alert,
 When the trout are playing ;
 Bring me rod and reel,
 Flies of every feather ;
 Bring the Osier Creel,
 Send me glorious weather !

SONG.

"The Taking of the Salmon."

A BIRR ! a whirr ! a Salmon's on,
 A goodly fish ! a thumper !
 Bring up, bring up, the ready gaff,
 And if we land him, we shall quaff
 Another glorious bumper !
 Hark ! 'tis the music of the reel,
 The strong, the quick, the steady ;
 The line darts from the active wheel,
 Have all things right and ready.
 A birr ! a whirr ! the Salmon's out,
 Far on the rushing river ;
 Onwards he holds with sudden leap,
 Or plunges through the whirlpool deep ;
 A desperate endeavour !
 Hark to the music of the reel
 The fitful and the grating ;

It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried,—now abating.

A birr! a whirr! the Salmon's off!
No, no, we still have got him;
The wily fish has sullen grown,
And, like a bright embedded stone,
Lies gleaming at the bottom.

Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis hushed, it hath forsaken;
With care we'll guard the magic wheel,
Until its notes re-waken.

A birr! a whirr! the Salmon's up,
Give line, give line and measure;
But now he turns! keep down ahead,
And lead him as a child is led,
And land him at your leisure.

Hark to the music of the reel,
'Tis welcome, it is glorious;
It wanders through the winding wheel,
Returning and victorious.

A birr! a whirr! the Salmon's in,
Upon the bank extended;
The princely fish is gasping slow,
His brilliant colours come and go,
All beautifully blended.

Hark to the music of the reel!
It murmurs, and it closes;
Silence is on the conquering wheel,
Its wearied line reposes.

No birr! no whirr! the Salmon's ours
The noble fish, the thumper;
Strike through his gill the ready gaff,
And bending homewards, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper.

Hark to the music of the reel!
We listen with devotion;
There's something in that circling wheel
That wakes the heart's emotion!

These spirited Songs are quoted by Professor Wilson in his review of Stoddart's first edition, but they do not appear in the second edition of the work published nearly 20 years later. Stoddart in his preface to the latter says that he has unhesitatingly used the "pruning knife" on the former, where "increased experience" suggested it to him: "re-inforcing" the latter "with new and useful matter." Perhaps in his maturity our author looked upon the efforts of his youthful muse with disfavour, or thought them unworthy of a place in a practical work. We differ in opinion, and hold that most anglers if not absolutely poetical themselves, appreciate the poetry of their art, and like to see the poetical side of it exhibited. Wilson says that Stoddart's life (as a young man) was *divided between poetry and angling*, and that he *had been known to compose a series of sonnets*

during the time he was playing a salmon! It would appear that as he advanced in life he eschewed these youthful flights, thinking them no doubt beneath the dignity of age: but again we say we think differently.

H. W. BENTLEY.

"NOTES OF A NATURALIST ON THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND."

UNDER this title there appeared in the *Field* of March 27th, and April 3rd, a very pleasant paper by G. C. G. (Modbury, South Devon) narrating the incidents of a cruise, "delightful alike to the yachtsman, the sportsman, the naturalist, and the artist," which none of your readers should miss and from which I have excerpted some noteworthy passages for their future delectation. Sailing from Holyhead in a yawl on the 30th July, the writer and his friends first visited Belfast Lough; then ran past the Mull of Cantire to Gigha and thence to Oban, "with a fresh breeze and delightful alternations of sunshine and cloud, bringing out every variety of colour and shade on the caps of Jura, Scarba, Ben More of Mull and Kerrara." After passing through the sound of mull and by the Islands of Muck, Eig "and Rum," the writer remarks:

"The whole of this region, rocky, wild, abounding in solitary fantastic cliffs rising out of the water, appeared to me likely to be a paradise for an ornithologist; and I thought that nothing would please me better, had I time and money to spare for it, than to cruise about in this district for one year, with a small steam yacht at my disposal, and try thoroughly to investigate all the spots that are least visited, and ascertain what birds are to be found there, in all the different seasons. We saw countless guillemots, razorbills, and puffins swimming and diving in the water, having now left their breeding places for the more open sea; and very pretty it was to see so many pairs, the parent and its young one, and to hear the affectionate croak with which the old one tried to lead its young out of our way as we approached. I noticed that, as a rule, we did not see all these three species mixed up indiscriminately, but each seemed to keep its own water. We saw a few of the black guillemot, the contrast between mother and young one here being very strong. Here, too, I saw, for the first time in my life, gannets in the act of fishing; a beautiful sight it is, and well worthy of a few words of description for the benefit of those who have never been fortunate enough to witness it. The glorious bird, so spotlessly white against the dark background of

sky, steadily rises higher and higher, till at a great elevation the wings suddenly close, and, like a shooting star, the great white body flashes into the water with a velocity and force that almost takes away the breath of the beholder, and with a splash that sends the spray almost to the clouds and can be heard at a considerable distance. The bird rises, as Yarrell says, to such a height as experience shows is best calculated to carry it by a downward motion to the required depth at which the fish which it has discovered is swimming; and in a few seconds it reappears from its plunge, and rarely without a fish. As the shoals that attracted one generally attracted many, the sight was frequently very grand indeed. Hardly had we seen one disappear before the cry was "Look again! there! and there! and there!" another and another went down, till the scene might fairly be likened to a shower of falling stars, with the addition of a flash of white spray shooting up like a rocket, to show where each had disappeared. I feel sure that no true lover of nature could fail to be powerfully impressed by such a sight, however often he might see it."

After a peep at Loch Hourn, "the scenery of which is wonderfully magnificent, especially when seen as we saw it, and as I understand it generally is seen, under a heavy sky, making its depths and recesses look very fearful, and with a high wind cresting every wave in the foreground with foam," the *Doris* raced through Kyle Rhea and through Kyle Achin—"the best spot for an artist I ever visited." Delaying for a day at Portree in Skye, the writer started to fish the Storr lochs.

"Grouse ran along in the heather by our side, on the shore of the first lake to which we came, where lay the remains of a mallard, apparently struck down by a peregrine. Here I saw a sight which astonished me; skimming over the water in every direction were a great number of house martins. At first I thought I must be deceived, and that they must be sandmartins; but I watched them very closely, and they were unmistakably house martins. Besides the larger size of the bird, where was the blue black of the back, so plainly distinguishable from the brown of the sandmartin, and the very conspicuous white patch on the rump, which, besides the shape of the tail, distinguishes it from the swallow. But such a locality for the house martin! Not a human habitation for miles, except one shepherd's cot in the distance, entirely built of stones—no clay, no roofs, or eaves. The boy himself who was with us was astonished at the birds, and asked if I knew what they were. I should be glad to know if any of your readers have ever observed house

martins in a similar situation, on a high mountain loch, in a wild, desolate, moorland country."

The fishing was successful and the writer had quite enough weight on his back, for the "long trudge homewards over the rough mountain road." On a favourable day in June or July, he thinks that a splendid basketful of trout might be taken in these lakes.

At Gairloch next visited and found equally attractive to the artist, ornithologist and fisherman, four days of shooting, lythe fishing and sketching were enjoyed. Starting in the cutter for the purpose of securing a black guillemot the writer says:

"I very soon saw one in lovely plumage, its jet black body showing off the snow-white patch on the wing to the greatest advantage. But it was accompanied by a young one, and was showing such anxiety to secure the safety of its little charge, that I could not find it in my heart to take advantage of its parental affection, and so allowed the pretty pair to pass away unmolested."

Soon afterwards he was rewarded, as he deserved, with a "very clean-killed specimen."

Then Stornoway, Mr. Black's own land, was visited and after crossing the Minch to Loch Inver, the yacht was turned southwards and homewards. Near Pladda the writer had "the opportunity of seeing what I had never seen before, although I had heard it described, and that was a skua chasing a gull, and forcing him to disgorge the fish which he had caught, which this robber secured before it reached the water."

At Lamlash the writer's time for saying farewell to his friends had come, and here ended a most delightful trip, "the memory of which will long live and fill the mind with pleasant images for years to come."

PERA.

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SNAKE.—An old friend has recently told me two interesting stories about our common English snake, if somewhat apochryphal. A man lately found a snake sunning itself on a bank, and held his spade to it. It "struck at it and venomed it, turning the spade blue." Another snake, which he himself saw on a bank with its little ones around it, on being disturbed, opened its mouth, and the little ones glided into it. On referring to Bell's "British Reptiles," last edition, p. 68, the same fact is related, but doubtfully, of the adder. Perhaps one who had the happiness to know that excellent Christian and naturalist, Thomas Bell, who has lately passed away from a large circle of friends with universal regret, may here testify to the loss that science has sustained by his death. If he had written nothing besides the British "Quadrupeds" and "Reptiles," the

"Stalk-eyed Crustacea," and the classical edition of White's "Selborne," (2 vols., 1877, Van Voorst), he would have deserved well of his own and succeeding generations; but as preserver of every object of interest belonging to White, the naturalist, whose house he bought some 18 years ago, and as the genial friend and man of science who was always delighted to shew the most interesting parts of Selborne to lovers of the old naturalist, by whom it has been made famous, his memory will live greenest. Mr. Bel. was F.R.S., late President of the Linnean Society, F.Z.S., F.G.S., and recipient of many well deserved foreign honours. He died at The Wakes, Selborne, March, 13, 1880.

M. G. W.

HUNTING OF CHARLEMAGNE. AIX LA CHAPELLE. —M. Paul Lacroix, in his "History of Manners and Customs during the Middle Ages," tells of a tradition connected with the hunting of Charlemagne, which may be interesting to your readers. The great emperor is described as having been an indefatigable hunter, but as a rule, there was nothing very *sportsmanlike*, according to our modern ideas, in the mode of hunting which he pursued. The denizens of the woods were driven, it seems, by hundreds into large enclosures where, surrounded on all sides by cloths and nets, and quite unable to escape, they were slaughtered by the emperor and his followers. Even the empress and her daughters took part in these amusements. They were mounted, says the historian, on splendid coursers, and surrounded by a numerous and elegant court. The tradition, however, of which we have to tell, seems to show that Charlemagne, at times, enjoyed a higher form of sport. On a day, as he was riding in eager pursuit of a stag, he came to a little streamlet, which his horse refused to cross. The animal having stepped into the water, hastily withdrew his foot. The emperor dismounted, and on examination, found that the sole of his horse's foot was warm, that the water of the streamlet was scalding. "In this very spot," adds M. Lacroix, "he (the emperor) caused a chapel to be built having the form of a horse's foot." And now, where the wild stag fled before the hunter, stands the great city of Aix la Chapelle, with 68,000 inhabitants. Charlemagne, as it is well known, did more than build a "chapelle" at Aix. He built a city also, and raised it to the rank of second city in his empire, he appointed that *there* should take place the coronation of the kings of Germany, he had there his castle of Frankenberg, where he came to mourn for his beloved Queen Festrada, and in 814, it was there that he was buried, sitting upright in his coffin *with his sceptre in his hand, his crown upon his head, and his good sword Joyeuse by his side.*

On his knees was a copy of the gospels. We give this little story, having for it the excellent authority of M. Lacroix, although it clashes with the tales of Roman remains found at Aix, and of the town having been the birthplace of Charlemagne.

M. M. FOSTER.

FOXEAETH.

HILARES VENANDI LABORES. —You have given us old Burton's gleanings on the "pleasures of angling," but your readers are not all wont, *laxare animos*, by the exercise of the "gentle art," and you cannot do wrong therefore in recording what he has to say on hunting, hawking and fowling. "*Hilares venandi labores*," one calls them, because they recreate body and mind; another, "best exercise that is, by which alone many have been freed from all feral diseases." Hegesippus, *lib. 1., cap. 37*, relates of Herod, that he was eased of a grievous melancholy by that means. Plato, *7 de leg.* highly magnifies it, dividing it into three parts, —by land, water, air. Xenophon, in *Cyropæd.* graces it with a great name, *Deorum munus*, the gift of the gods, a princely sport, which they have ever used, saith Langius, *epist. 59, lib. 2*, as well for health as pleasure, and so at this day, it being the sole almost and ordinary sport of our noblemen in Europe, and elsewhere all over the world. Bohemus, *De Mor. Gen. lib. 3, cap. 12*, styles it therefore, *studium nobilium, communiter venantur, quod sibi solis licere contendunt*, 'tis all their study, their exercise, ordinary business, all their talk: and indeed some dote too much after it, they can do nothing else, discourse of naught else. Paulus Jovius, *Descr. Brit.* doth in some sort tax our "English nobility for it, for living in the country so much, and too frequent use of it, as if they had no other means but hawking and hunting to approve themselves gentlemen with."

Hawking comes near to hunting, the one in the air, as the other on the earth, a sport as much affected as the other, by some preferred. It was never heard of amongst the Romans, invented some twelve hundred years since, and first mentioned by Firmicus, *lib. 5, cap. 8*. The Greek emperors began it, and now nothing so frequent: he is nobody that in the season hath not a hawk on his fist. A great art, and many books written of it. It is a wonder to hear what is related of the Turks' officers in this behalf, how many thousand men are employed about it, how many hawks of all sorts, how much revenues consumed on that only disport, how much time is spent at Adrianople alone every year to that purpose. The Persian kings hawk after butterflies with sparrows made to that use, and stares: lesser hawks for lesser games they have, and bigger

for the rest, that they produce their sport to all seasons. The Muscovian emperors reclaim eagles to fly at hinds, foxes, &c., and such a one was sent for a present to Queen Elizabeth: some reclaim ravens, castrils, pies, &c., and man them for their pleasures.

Fowling is more troublesome, but all but as delightful to some sorts of men, be it with guns, lime, nets, glades, gins, strings, baits, pitfalls, pipes, calls, stalking-horses, setting-dogs, decoy-ducks, &c., or otherwise. Some much delight to take larks with day-nets, small birds with chaff-nets, plovers, partridge, herons, snipe, &c. Henry the Third, King of Castile, (as Mariana the Jesuit reports of him, *lib. 3, cap. 7*), was much affected "with catching of quails," and many gentlemen take a singular pleasure at morning and evening to go abroad with their quail-pipes, and will take any pains to satisfy their delight in that kind. The Italians have gardens fitted to such use, with nets, bushes, glade, sparing no cost or industry, and are very much affected with the sport. Tycho Brahe, that great astronomer, in the chorography of his Isle of Huena, and Castle of Uraniburge, puts down his nets, and manner of catching small birds, as an ornament and a recreation, wherein he himself was sometimes employed." ("Anatomy of Melancholy" part 2, sec. 2, mem. 4.) A. E. S.

DATES OF FIRST OBSERVATION OF CHIFF CHAFF (*Silbia rufa*).—1868, April 4th. 1869, April 7th. 1870, April 6th. 1871, (not seen by myself). 1872, April 11th. 1873, March 31st. 1874, April 1st. 1875, April 7th, (late Spring, 8 deg. frost on April 11th). 1876, April 19th. 1877, March 29th. 1878, April 7th. 1879, April 7th. 1880, March 19th.

N.B.—These dates are for North Middlesex, with the exception of the last, which is for Hants.

T. J. MANN.

REMARKABLE FISHING INCIDENTS.—You may perhaps consider the following fishing incidents worth preserving in the "NOTE-BOOK":—I was once fishing a pool which held some very heavy trout; it was a long, narrow sheet of water, fringed with flags and weeds, and except at one end where there was a tiny stream flowing out of it, the banks were steep and rather high. These fish would seldom rise well to a fly; but this day they rose freely, and I was fast in a heavy fish in a few minutes. I played him a long time, and when he was thoroughly exhausted, worked him down towards the only practicable landing place. I had him close to the bank, and was stepping down to secure him, when another fish came up and took the second fly; the casting line unable to bear this extra strain gave way, and the fresh fish immediately

disappeared, towing the other after him. I guessed them to be from 4lb. to 5lb. each. The other incident which I am about to relate had a more agreeable termination, the fish—a salmon in this case—saving me the trouble of landing him, by depositing himself on *terra firma* of his own accord. This happened in a little river, which runs into Cardigan Bay. At the spot where I hooked him, the river formed a long, deep and wide pool. The water was rather low at the time, and across the mouth of the pool, starting from the side on which I stood there ran a broad spit or bar of gravel narrowing the channel, and giving it a sharp bend to the other side. The fish was very sluggish in his movements, and kept swimming slowly backwards and forwards from one end of the pool to the other. It was getting late in the evening, and I saw that if he was to be got out before dark he must be stirred up. When he was turning at the head of the pool for about the twentieth time, I pressed him very hard indeed. This roused him thoroughly, and he bolted down stream at a tremendous rate, I following as best I could, but missing the narrow channel at the lower end, he landed himself high and dry on the gravel where I soon secured him. I then found to my great surprise that he was hooked in the dorsal fin. This accounted for the little control I had over him, and made the incident more remarkable, for as he was a very heavy fish, I could never have captured him had he not landed himself in such an obliging manner. W. H. Ahenny.

[Every trout fisher knows what immense powers of resistance a trout possesses when hooked in the dorsal fin.—ED.]

STRANGE CAPTURES.—Kestrel in your last number, records "strange captures by rod and line." I can add to his list. He warns the fly-fisher not to attempt to hook a water rat; but I have once in my life thrown a fly over one swimming in the river I was fishing in—the Derbyshire Wye—and hooked and killed him after a good tussle, and in the same river I made a still more unusual capture. I was recovering my line to make a fresh cast, when a moorhen—the common water-hen—dashed up on the wing nearly close to my feet out of some weeds, and came in contact with the collar and was hooked. I think it was in the fleshy part of the shoulder of the wing; however, she was hooked, and I had a long fight with her. The bird diving many times trying hard to get into a mass of weeds near, but my tackle was good, and I at last got her into my landing net and captured her. J. GARLE BROWNE.

April 5th, 1880.

CAPTURE OF A LARGE PIKE on Friday last at the Duke of Norfolk's Decoy, Angmering.

near Arundel, by Mr. G. Lopez of the Berkeley Mansions, London, W. The capturer's account may interest your readers. "Since I wrote you last, the waters and weather have improved, so I have devoted a little more time to angling, and have been doing very well with roach and bream. It occurred to me to save some small roach and rudd, and on Friday I went jack-fishing with them on the Decoy. An hour after I started, my float (with a rudd on) disappeared. I soon found it was rather a troublesome customer. On striking him, he rose two or three feet out of the water, when it astonished me to see his size. Well, I made quite ready for him and the fight began in earnest, he rushed first to the other side of the island, so that I had to move quickly on one side. Twice I succeeded in bringing him into the open part of the pond, but he again took to the other side of the island, risking the tackle at the very point of the island. I could not tire him, so after thirty minutes, I determined to try the strength of my tackle which proved very good, and brought him to the open water. I made up my mind, then, not to let him have his own way any longer, and relying on the line reduced his distance or runs to thirty or forty yards, when I brought him near to the bank. But now came the landing time. I had only a landing net with me, and not a soul within call to help. The net sent him off about a hundred times and in trying to get him into it he struck me a violent blow on the arm which fell quite powerless for some minutes. Well, after one hour and fifteen minutes, I did manage to land him after breaking the ring of my net; he weighed 25lb. 4oz. I wish very much you could have seen it; it was on show at the Railway Hotel, Arundel, during the evening, and as requested by the keeper, I then sent it to the Duke of Norfolk, at the Castle. It was in good condition and fine shape and size." I hear again this morning from my friend. He says he still feels the blow he received from the pike on the arm, and he had received a very courteous reply from the Duke acknowledging the receipt and thanking him for such a "grand pike."

R. H. J.

London, March 17th, 1880.

Fishing Sundries.

LAKE MENZALEH, LOWER EGYPT.—Mr. Charles E. Hamilton, in *Field* (March 27th), writes, "For the sportsman Lake Menzaleh in January and February would be a land of delights; besides fishing with rod and line, the shooting is perfect, as on some of the desert islands the wildfowl collect in flocks, and are

not difficult to get at. Wild duck and snipe abound; also geese, widgeon, and teal, with an occasional wild boar to relieve the monotony on the southern part of the lake." Again, "at one point (Gamile), where the sea enters the lake, thousands of fish are destroyed annually to obtain the roe, which is the caviare so much relished by the Arabs, and which even finds its way as far as Constantinople. The fish are ripped open, and the roe taken out before they are dead; it is placed on boards and dried in the sun, then dipped into hot bees' wax. Tons of this are sent away, and a duty of a dollar an oke is levied on it. Even with this great destruction of spawn, the whole lake is alive with fish of six or seven species, chiefly coarse, though two or three are very good, and much resemble those caught in the Mediterranean. At night, while going over the spawning grounds, large fish jump and spring into the boat. This is one of the most interesting sheets of water I was ever on, as, independently of its fishery and natural-history objects, it is associated with the remains of so many places of Biblical and historical note, read of, but seldom visited."

BASS FISHING.—The bass are making their appearance, and Mr. Wilcocks of Plymouth (*Field*, April 3rd) remarks that the "sport is becoming yearly more popular, being so much like salmon fishing." The bass rises well at a fly or artificial baits cast after the manner of a fly, and affords good sport off the various headlands along the South Coast in May, June and July.

HIBERNATING BASS, SUNFISH AND CATFISH.—A correspondent of *Afield and Afloat* of 6th March writing from Milford, N. J. notices that these fish are frequently found in hollow logs of wood during the winter when these are cut up at the sawmills.

LARGE PIKE, BAIT FOR.—"Esox Lucius" in *Land and Water* (March 27th), quotes the saying of an old Norfolk fisherman: "When you want to ketch a good 'un, put on a good 'un, and you on't ketch them 'ere little pikes only just fit for bait." Several of the large pike recently taken in Norfolk had jacks of nearly two pounds weight in their stomachs.

AMERICAN LEGISLATION AGAINST NETS.—Mr. Ross, of New Jersey, has introduced in Congress a bill designed to prevent the wholesale destruction of fish along the Atlantic coast. It recites that the chief agents in the annihilation of the fish of America are steam tugs and fishing smacks which employ "purse" and "slurr" nets to effect their destructive purpose. The bill makes the use of these nets illegal, and affixes a penalty

of a fine not to exceed 10,000 dollars, and imprisonment not to exceed ten years for each infraction of this law.—*Asfield and Afloat.*

Quæri.

Moss.—Would some of the readers of the "NOTE BOOK" kindly give me some information about the following curious formation of Moss? A lady found three egg-shaped masses of beautiful velvet looking moss, about the size of a large pear, one was opened and contained a little earth, but no stone; the one I saw was rather light in weight and the *whole* of the shape was covered, with no opening or blank spot in it. It may be common among mosses but I have never seen such before. T. J. M.
Bournemouth.

Replies.

PICTURES AND ANIMALS (pp. 25, 81).—I am not inclined with Mr. Hamerton to regard the story of the birds picking at the grapes of Zeuxis as a mere myth, and one of the "vain boasts of Greece," or "idle stories of Pliny." Greater discernment is surely required to distinguish between real and pictorial grapes: man is possessed by the bird, were it guided by sight alone. The incident in itself affords no high test of pictorial skill. This was felt by the painter. In a second picture he painted a boy bearing the grapes. Still the birds pecked. "Uvas melius pinxi quam puerum; nam si et hoc consummassem aves timere debuerant," he exclaimed. The story is told by Pliny (Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv. cap. x), who in the same place relates the other well known tale of the horse of Apelles. This picture was the result of a competition between Apelles and other artists, as to who should paint a horse most to the life. Distrusting the judgment of men, Apelles left the decision with the beasts. Horses were led by the pictures, and neighed only at the steed of Apelles. Ælian tells a similar though perhaps the same story. (Var. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 3). Alexander viewing his own picture which Apelles had just finished, seemed not to admire it as it deserved. The monarch's horse was also depicted, and a horse happening at the time to be led by, neighed at the sight of the steed. "One would think this horse a better judge of painting than your majesty," remarked the artist, with a bluntness unusual in a court painter, and foreign to the modest and polite Apelles. Erasmus in his *Apophthegms* makes the painter exclaim, "I have succeeded better with your horse than yourself." The story is probably a corruption of the horse story given by Pliny. Ancient skill in statuary is also credited with deceiving animals. Witness the brazen horse

made by Dionysius of Argos, which Phormis, the Arcadian, erected in the temple of Jupiter, at Syracuse. A spice of magic it is true was suspected by the people of Elis in the casting of this horse, for whose qualities the curious reader may consult Pausanias. Again, there was the brazen heifer of Myron, at Syracuse, mentioned by Livy (*lib. xli.*), upon which the Greek poets wrote unnumbered epigrams, (see the *Anthology*), and Ausonius also exercised his pen. Athenæus (*lib. xiii.*) has also other stories of a similar kind, of which it is unnecessary to make further mention here. Leaving the ancients; we may turn to a modern writer, and find a story like that of the grapes of Zeuxis, and much more diverting: "Some time since, going by the English Nuns, I was an eye-witness of an adventure, full as honourable to the art of painting. A new painted picture was set to dry in M. le Brun's yard, the door of which was open; in the fore-part of the piece a great thistle was perfectly well represented. An honest country-woman went by with an ass, which seeing the thistle, suddenly ran into the yard, threw down the woman, who in vain strove to hold him in by his halter, and if a couple of lusty young fellows had not each of them bestowed on him fifteen or twenty blows with a cudgel to force him to retire, he had eaten the thistle, I mean, that it being newly painted, he would have licked off all the painting with his tongue." (Perrault's "Parallel des Anciens et des Modernes.") BAGDAD.

STOAT SWIMMING (p. 21).—The circumstance mentioned by Mr. Mann is not unusual, but that this animal should inhabit a hole only accessible by diving is so singular, that a communication made by the Rev. E. Elmhirst to the *Field* is worthy of record in your columns:—"I was witness a few days ago to the following curious capture of two stoats. One was observed with its mouth filled with dead grass, running along the bank of a ditch with about a foot of water in it. Suddenly it plunged into the water, and disappeared; in a few minutes it reappeared, coming out of the water, ran a few yards, filled its mouth again with dead grass, returned to the same spot where it had previously dived into the water, again dived, and turned under the bank into a hole, the mouth of which was three inches under the surface. It there remained, and, though watched for a considerable time, did not make its appearance. A vermin trap was fetched, and placed at the bottom of the ditch, immediately under the mouth of the hole, the depth of the water being about twelve inches. Be it observed there was no other egress from the hole but the one which was three inches under the surface. Before night the stoat, an old male, was caught in the trap."

The trap was reset in the water, and within four days another stoat was caught, also of the male sex, but this time a young one of last year. The hole evidently is one the mouth of which, at the dry season of the year, is exposed, but which for many months past has only been accessible by diving to it. In fifty years' experience of the habits of this animal, and of the various modes of taking it, I have never known an instance of one being caught in this manner, like an otter." J. G. M.

MOUSE AND CROSS ROADS (pp. 24, 49).—The belief that a shrew mouse cannot cross a path or road is common in many parts of Wales. That they are often found dead on paths and roads I know from my own observations, and this, no doubt, has given rise to the idea that they cannot cross alive. W. H.

PAWPAW-TREE HASTENING DECOMPOSITION (p. 80).—Dr. Hooker, in his *Himalayan Journals* (1854), vol. ii. 350, says that this tree is "said to have the curious property of rendering tough meat tender, when hung under its leaves, or touched with its juices; this hastening the process of decay. With this fact, well known in the West Indies, I never found a person in East acquainted." The observation of this fact would, therefore, appear to have been made in Africa, and the knowledge of it carried with the pawpaw-tree to the West Indies. E. M. P.

FISH, AND THE SALT DUTY IN INDIA (pp. 26, 50).—Dr. Hooker says, that raw-dried split-fish are abundantly cured without salt, in Tibet. "They are caught in the Yaru and great lakes of Ramchoo, Dobtah, and Yarbru, and are chiefly carp and allied fish, which attain a great size." *Himalayan Journals*, 1854, ii. 183). In another place (p. 309), he remarks that these fish are in a half putrid state, and scent the air for many yards. Their condition appears to be similar to the dried fish so greatly relished in Russia, the unsavoury odour of which, in passing boats, has been frequently mentioned by persons travelling on the rivers of that country. (See Wallace's "Russia." E. M. P.)

WHITE KITTENS WITH BLUE EYES NOT DEAF (p. 49).—It may interest your readers to know that I have two perfectly white kittens—a Tom and a she—both with blue eyes and both with good hearing. The mother is a dark Tabby, the father a foreign cat, of what breed I do not know, but quite white. The mother produced four kittens at a birth, all white with the exception of one kitten which had two black hairs on the chest (these have since disappeared). I have no means of ascertaining whether the other two kittens, which have been given away, are deaf. A. K.

[Mr. Darwin's assertion is that white cats with blue eyes are "generally deaf."—ED.]

Answers to Correspondents.

P. S. S.—An article on Fishing in the Black Forest, will be found in the *Field* of Dec. 6th, and letters respecting it appeared on Dec. 27th, and Jan. 10th. On fly-fishing in the South of France some interesting notes by "Sarcelle" appeared in the same paper on April 3rd.

Rev. H. G.; John B.; Amicus; F. M. (Redcar); G. B. G.; I. B. (Boston); Rev. P. P.; Dr. H. in our next number.

G. H., and others. Perhaps so, but owing to a too liberal distribution of one or two of the earlier numbers, if so happens that complete sets of the "NOTE-BOOK" can never be "common" or in "everybody's hands."

Our Illustration.

THE THRUM MILL ON THE COQUET.

"THE THRUM" is a remarkable narrow rocky pass, about half-a-mile below Rothbury, where the waters of the Coquet are confined within bounds so narrow that an active man may leap over. At this romantic spot stands a water-mill called the "Thrum Mill." The river here seems to have cut a way for itself, through the solid rock, for one hundred yards or nearly. "The Strid," through which rushes the river Wharfe, in Yorkshire, is of a similar character. ("Coquetdale Fishing Songs," 1852.)

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A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 8.


FRIDAY, APRIL 30TH, 1880.

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CONRAD HERESBACH.

ONRAD HERESBACH was a great man in his day and generation. He was Councillor to the High and Mighty Prince of Cleves and an authority in all matters connected with the husbandry, field sports and country life in general, of his time. He was born in the year 1509. His biographers represent him as having been equally distinguished by the nobility of his origin and the force of his intellect. He was well versed in the Hebrew, Greek, and

Latin languages, while French and Italian were as familiar to him as his native German. Amongst his friends and associates were Erasmus, Sturmius and Melancthon. His book of agriculture (*Rei rusticæ, libri quatuor, &c.*) was published at Cologne in 1570—reprinted at Spire in 1596—and is now a very rare book indeed. It was accompanied by a treatise in three parts on Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing.† Sir Harris Nicolas, in his edition of Walton (1836) puts forth a peradventure that our Father of Fishers may have been indebted to Heresbach for the mechanism of his 'Compleat Angler.' If so, it was for the mechanism only, for I can discover no other analogy between the works of the two writers.

Barnaby Googe, as I have stated in my 'Bibliotheca Piscatoria' Englished (and very admirably) in 1577, the Book of Husbandry, but the sporting treatise has been left untranslated, hitherto. I therefore propose to give a portion of it (the '*De Piscatione*') in the columns of the "ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK," and in a form, rendering as nearly as possible, the style and colour of of the epoch.

T. WESTWOOD.

Concerning Fishing.

[From the Latin Tractate of Conrad Heresbach, entitled, *De Venatione, Aucupio atque Piscatione.*]

† *De Venatione, Aucupio atque Piscatione.*

HALIEUS. As touching the ordering of fish-ponds, whether for the husbandman, or for noblemen and princes, *Pissinarius* hath herein sufficientlie instructed us, in my former book of husbandrie. It therefore sufficeth that I now speake unto you of the third sorte of hunting, that is of fishes, and of the divers manners of taking of fish, called of the Greekes Halieutycks. And to begin, syth by the commandment of the most high God himself, man hath been made sole lord and soverayne ruler over all earthlie creatures, he hath ever laboured both by the devices of his art, and the painful travail of his bodie to put under and bring into subjection, not onlie the creatures of the earth and of the ayre, but alsoe the inhabitants of the waters. And if, on the one side, the huntsman hath constrayned the mighty elephant, and the fierse and ravening lyon to bow their necks to his all-conquering sceptre (to let passe the great multitude of fowls of the earth and of the ayre that he hath made servants unto him), on the other side, his diligence hath no less prevayled on the countlesse and strange nations of the waters. Yea, there is no creature of the sea, however terrible and ghastly, and feared of all men (such as the whale, the tortoise, the shark, the seal, and the cuttle) that hath not been at divers times taken by this poor race of fishers.

There be few writers, whether of the Latines or of the Greekes (if my remembrance be goode), that have entreated of this art, *Oppianus* excepted, who hath briefly handled the ordering of sea-fishing. *Aristotle*, *Athenæus*, and *Plinie* have taught us somewhat of the nature and conditions of fish. *Ælianus*, likewise, hath here a word and there a word respecting the same matter, but very breefe and imperfite.

Fishes, like all other creatures which God hath of his goodnesse given unto man for his commoditie and profite, doe furnishe him with a most daintie dish for his table, having in them a very healthful and nourishing juice, insomuch as among the nations of the earth there be many that of this same fish do make their daily and all-sufficing dyet. If we are to believe *Strabo*, the *Ogites* and the *Arbies* being *ichthy-*

ophagi, that is, eaters of fish, do also build their houses of fish bones, framing their doors of the ribs of fish, and fashioning mortars of their back-bones. They likewise make bread of fishes, dried in the sun, stamped and meddled with a little wheat.

Oppianus first, and after him, all that have written of this art of fishing, would have the fisherman to be no less hardy and vigilant, nor any whit less able to abide the extremities of heat and cold, than the hunter. He would likewise have him as subtil, to the end he may be the better match himself agaynst the craftie wilnesse of the fish. It is necessary that the fisherman be thoroughly acquainted with the divers engins and tools proper to his profession, such as nettes, speares, hookes, and such other, very necessarie in fishing, as I shall presently make you understand.

The principal season for catching of fish is when the fish seek warm and sheltered places for to spawn. You shall then take a great store of them, according to *Aristotle* his witness, especiallie earlie in the morning, and in the evening soon after the setting of the sun, because of the duskinesse of the ayre which hindereth their sight. In winter, they betake themselves to the bottom of the waters, lying hid in the mud, or sand, or els amongst the pebbles and stones that are there. In spring-time and in summer they rise agayne to the topmost parts of the water, and when the earth beginneth to wax green, they draw nigh to the brinks and edges. Fishes of the sea, in spawning time, are wont to forsake their ordinarie homes and resting places, and seeke some river or lake to the end they may both lay up their spawn in some hid place, shrouded from ill winds and tempests, and also for the safe guarding of their young, whiles they be styll little and tender, from the greedy appetites of the larger fishes. This is the reason why in the *Pontus Euxinus* there is found great abundance of fish, because it is little frequented of the great ravening sort of fishes.

Experience teacheth that the best time for catching of fish is in autumn, after the setting of the sun, and when the time of night has

come, for then the fishes are slumbering, and may be taken with the flaming light of torches, which do serve to show their harbours, yet awayle not to awaken them out of sleep. In winter, the best time is about mid-day, and in spring time it is all one, for then the fishes are scattered abroad so as you shall hardly find any great store of them in one place. Yet the same times do not hold for all manner of fish, but are divers, according to the divers fish you would take, and whereof some are best caught in summer, other some in winter. The *Hipparcus* and the *Coracinus* are not to be taken in winter, but onlie in the hot daies of summer.

(To be continued.) E. H. C.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD NATURALIST, No. II. FISH NAMES.



C., leaves his home, a very rare thing for him, and travels westward from Polperro to the Land's End, in pursuit, chiefly, of materials for an account of the Testaceous Molluscs of his county. His account of the towns he passed through, the ground he explored, the people he met, is simple and graphic; but contains too much relating to his special object to have much interest for your general readers. His setting out is characteristic.

"Left home about seven in the morning, but riding slowly on account of my carpet-bag before, and Thomas behind; and was still further delayed by the passage-boat being aground. I was thus a little too late for the van, but overtook it at the top of Fowey Hill." Our traveller, who was antiquary as well as naturalist, had also, it would seem, forty years ago, his eye on those subjects which so much interest Mr. Satchell, Mr. Britten and the English Dialect Society. Passing over the ground between his home and St. Ives, I extract the following notes on fish-names, which we may conclude are Cornu-Keltic as they were new to him as an East Cornishman.

July 7, 1840. "To St. Ives. Van is. A curious place, the road into it very steep, and most of the town standing on a peninsula; game good substantial houses, and more build-

ing on the inland side. The country round bare of wood and bushes, though I think they might be made to grow. The place is much of the same standing as Fowey though the harbour is very different, being a dry one with a single good pier. It is pretty well sheltered, especially from south and west winds, but when rough it must be tremendous. I suppose there is very little use, if any, of lime for manure, for the only lime-kiln I saw was small. The sand is, however, abundant and rich in shell which cannot lie long uninjured from the heavy sea. I found on the beach behind the town one perfect *Ianthina*, a very few *Turbines*, (*littoreus* and *rudis*), *Pectunculus pilosus*. *Pectens*, (scallops), abound though I saw few, and the razor shell, *Solen, siliqua* is in abundance at some points, and goes by the local name of *Clegga*. A fisherman informed me that of fish, launces abound, and in general most sorts of fish, but the Surmullet is so scarce that in a life time he has only known two caught; one by himself with a line. Numbers of our common spotted ray-fish, here called *Tailey*, are salted and dried in the sun. Our Sandy-ray is called *Owl*. Another ray which I did not see is named *Calamagena*. I saw no Thornback among a great number of the spotted kind." * * *

"We had a flat-fish for dinner which the girl called *Luggatee*, and though it is difficult to form an opinion of a fish after it is fried, I think it our *Kite*, (*Rhombus vulgaris*), which Borlase's *Lugaleaf* is not. The fishermen here know no such thing as a smelt. Perhaps it is the name rather than the thing they are ignorant of, as I find all their fish are called by strange names."

February, 1844. Our naturalist again visiting the Land's End, remarks: "From a fisherman at Whitsand Bay, near the Land's End, I obtained the names of fishes, as *Whistler* for our larger Rockling, which meets a ready sale and is esteemed at genteel tables. *Pettifoggers* and *Baud* are two other kinds like the first, but I could not distinctly make them out. The *Mulligrannoc* is our shanny; the *Poisonpate* (poisson?) I take to be our *Cottus scorpius*, but

am not sure. The Atherine is called Guid, a word that signifies white, and is descriptive of the fish."

T. Q. COUCH.

GAMEKEEPERS AND ENTOMOLOGISTS.

IN the "merrie month of May" the entomologist is annually reminded that, however harmless and peaceable he may believe his occupation to be, he is still looked upon by one class of men as worse than a rogue and vagabond. Gamekeepers have a horror of collectors, and now, when the hearts of others are opened and softened by the genial influences of the season, their whole nature becomes more indurated than usual, and they nerve themselves to do battle with every thing that moves through a wood, because it may disturb the game. "I'd rather see any mortal thing than you flycatchers," said one of these feudal retainers once to me, "'cause you gives us more trouble nor any other kind o' warmint." I attempted to show him that in the paths of the wood, I could do no more harm than himself, in fact, not so much, as my weapons did not explode. "That's all stuff," said he, "the birds is used to me and a gun : but they're frightened at one o' them flappers o' yourn." He saw things from a different point of view, and I might as well have argued with him on the matter as with a mile-stone about distance.

Once, I remember, crossing a field in a wood, and when about half way over the keeper issued from a copse on the other side and advanced to meet me. "Hollo there!" shouted he, before he came near me. I waited till I should be on closer terms, and then he resumed the conversation with, "How did you get in here?" To which I meekly replied, "In the proper way through the gate." "Then did you not see the notice." "No." Collectors never do see such things. Well, then, he would tell me that it said "All trespassers will be prosecuted, and all dogs will be shot." Of course I was dreadfully alarmed, not knowing which of the two punishments was to be my *ate, nor whether one was worse than the*

other ; but after a little "soft sawder" I was allowed to retreat unhurt.

In another wood, where I had permission to go, I was accosted by the keeper, who condescended to explain to me that the last year there was very little game, and he had told his master that "it was all along o' them fly-catchers, and there never would be no game as long 'as he let them come, for he knowed they stole the eggs as well as frightened the birds off their nests."

Now we all know that the impulse with collectors is so strong that they do not, as a rule, hesitate to go wherever their game is found, and so they do not wonder that they are treated as trespassers. There is no help for it ; if they will go, of course they must pay the penalty. There are, however, some few woods where access is free to all, and others where admission may be had for the asking ; and it is the duty of all to take care that no damage is done by their operations. I have been disgusted with the sight of trees and bushes mutilated by the thrashing they had received from heedless collectors, such damage being entirely unnecessary and indefensible, and provocative on the part of the owners or their keepers, of retaliatory measures, which often fall, not upon the doers of the mischief, but upon innocent persons. This caution, therefore, to have a care in beating, will, I trust, not be without effect in restraining the ardour of young entomologists in the use of the beating stick, and inducing them to keep in the paths in woods, which are far better for beating than the cover. The quaint advice to anglers, quoted from an old author* by Washington Irving in his "Sketch Book," is quite applicable to and appropriate for entomologists. "Take good hede that in going about your disportes ye open no man's gates but that ye shet them again. Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafti disport for no covetousness to the encreasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace and to cause the helth of your body and specyally of your soule." J. W. D.

[* Dame Juliana Berners, Ed.]

THE PARENTAL INSTINCT IN FISH : NEST BUILDERS.

THE interesting paper on the "Instincts and emotions of fish," read on the 6th November last, before the Linnean Society, by Mr. Francis Day, contains many facts respecting fish, collected from the writings of various naturalists, all serving to justify the belief that the finny tribes are not destitute of the joys and sorrows generally appertaining to vertebrate animals, though their faculties may be less acutely developed than they are in the higher races. "Nearly or quite destitute of any voice, with immovable eyes, and a fixed osseous face, their physiognomy has no play, their emotions no expression, only capable of hearing the loudest sounds, for, condemned to reside in an empire of silence, they have but small occasion for the sense of hearing. No tear moistens, no eyelid shelters or wipes the surface of the eye, which is but an indifferent representation of that organ as existing in the superior classes of animals. Delicate sense of taste is said to be wanting, and that of smell to be but small ; while feeling on the surface of their bodies is almost obliterated in consequence of the interposition of scales, and, in some species, even their very lips are converted to the hardness and insensibility of bone. To pursue their prey or escape an enemy is the constant occupation of their lives, determines their place of abode, and is the principal object of the diversities of form among them. Their sexual emotions, cold as their own blood, indicate merely individual wants. With scarcely an exception, fish do not construct a nest ; they neither feed nor defend their offspring. The inhabitant of the waters knows no attachments, has no language, no affections ; feelings of conjugality and paternity are not acknowledged by him ; ignorant of the art of constructing an asylum, in danger he seeks shelter among rocks or in the darkness of profound depths ; his life is silent and monotonous." Such is the gloomy picture drawn fifty years since by a great naturalist—Cuvier. The shadows are too deep, and we have now good reasons for believing that anger and affection are passions not unknown to the

fish whose life is not so silent, monotonous and joyless as has been represented. Fish possess two marked means of demonstrating their emotions. "They are capable," observes Mr. Day, of erecting their dermal appendages, as scales or fin-rays, under the influence of anger or terror, similarly as feathers or hairs are erected in birds and animals," and they further possess a power which "is absent, or but slightly developed in many of the higher animals," that of changing their colour under the influence of love, fear, or anger. The facts collected by Mr. Day, show that fish are not all polygamous, that "they construct nests, guard their nests or eggs, protect their offspring," show signs of affection to their companions, and even "exhibit traits of affection for human beings."

M. Carbonnier who has "studied the habits of the Chinese Butterfly-fish (*Macropodus*) in his private aquarium in Paris, where he has some in confinement, observed that the male constructs a nest of froth of considerable size, 15 to 18 centimetres horizontal diameter, and 10 to 12 high. He prepares the bubbles in the air (which he sucks in and then expels), strengthening them with mucous matter from his mouth, and brings them into the nest. (The same fact has been observed of the *Gasterosteus aculeatus*, by Mr. Mabel, the Curator of the Weston-super-Mare Museum). Sometimes the buccal secretion will fail him, whereupon he goes to the bottom in search of some confervæ, which he sucks and bites for a little in order to stimulate the act of secretion. The nest prepared, the female is induced to enter. Not less curious is the way in which the male brings the eggs from the bottom into the nest. He appears unable to carry them up in his mouth ; instead of this, he first swallows an abundant supply of air, then descending, he places himself beneath the eggs, and suddenly, by a violent contraction of the muscles in the interior of his mouth and pharynx, he exhales the air which he has accumulated by the gills. This air, finely divided, partly by the lamellæ and fringes of the gills, escapes in the form of two jets of veritable gaseous powder, which envelops the eggs, and raises them to the surface. In this manoeuvre, the *Macropodus* entirely disappeared in a kind of

air-mist, and when this had dissipated, he reappeared with a multitude of air-bubbles like little pearls clinging all over his body."

In Asia there are several species of Snake-headed or Walking-fishes (*Ophiocephalus*.) "The male of the common striped form, (*O. striatus*), constructs a nest with his tail among the vegetation at the side of tanks, biting off the ends of the weeds that grow in the water. Here the ova are deposited, the male keeping guard; but should he be killed or captured, the vacant post is filled by his partner. It is a curious sight to see them with their fry swimming along the surface of the water, the latter generally going in single file above them. The parents are very fierce at this period, and defend their offspring with great courage," Col. Puckle remarks. ("Report on the Fishes of Bangalor.")

Three genera of monogamous fish (*Osphromenus*, *Macropodus*, and *Ophiocephalus*), all amphibious Acanthopterygians are inhabitants of Asia. In South America two species of monogamous fish of the genus *Callichthys* have been observed to construct nests, which both sexes watch until the young come forth.

It is stated by Agassiz ("Silliman's American Journal," Feb. 1872) that "while examining the marine products of the Sargasso Sea, Mr. Mansfield picked up and brought to him a round mass of Sargassum, about the size of two fists, rolled up together. The whole consisted, to all appearance, of nothing but gulf-weed, the branches and leaves of which were, however, evidently fast together, and not merely balled into a roundish mass. The elastic threads which held the gulf-weed together were beaded at intervals, sometimes two or three beads being close together, or a branch of them hanging from a cluster of threads. This nest was full of eggs scattered throughout the mass and not placed together in a cavity. It was evidently the work of the *Chironectes*. This rocking fish-cradle is carried along as an undying arbour, affording at the same time protection and afterwards food for its living freight. It is suggested that the fish must have used their peculiar pectoral fins when constructing this elaborate

nest."

One of our indigenous fishes, the well-known Tinker or Ten-spined stickleback (*Gasterosteus pungitius*) also constructs a nest. Mr. Ransom ("Ann. and Mag. Nat. Hist." 1865, xvi. p. 449), has given the result of a close observation of the proceedings of this fish: "On May 1st, 1864, a male was placed in a well-established aquarium of moderate size, and in which, after three days, two ripe females was added. Their presence at once roused him into activity, and he soon began to build a nest of bits of dirt and dead fibre and of growing confervoid filaments, upon a jutting point of rock among some interlacing branches of *Myriophyllum spicatum*—all the time, however, frequently interrupting his labours to pay his addresses to the females. This was done in most vigorous fashion, he swimming, by a series of little jerks, near and about the female, even pushing her with open mouth, but usually not biting. After a little coquetting she responds and follows him, swimming just above him as he leads the way to the nest. When there, the male commences to flirt—he seems unaware of its situation, will not swim to the right spot, and the female, after a few ineffectual attempts to find the proper passage into it, turns tail and swims away, but is then viciously pursued by the male. When he first courts the female, if she, not being ready, does not respond, he seems quickly to lose his temper, and, attacking her with great apparent fury, drives her to seek shelter in some crevice or dark corner. The coquetting of the male near the nest, which seems due to the fact that he has not really quite finished it, at length terminates by his pushing his head well into the entrance of the nest, while the female closely follows him, placing herself above him and apparently much excited. As he withdraws she passes into the nest, and pushes quite through it, after a very brief delay, during which she deposits her ova. The male now fertilized the eggs and drove the female away to a safe distance; then, after patting down the nest, he proceeded in search of another female. The nest was built and the ova deposited in about twenty-four hours. The male continued

to watch it day and night, and during the light hours he also continually added to the nest."

The Fifteen-spined stickleback (*Gasterosteus spinachia*) is also a nest builder, and usually selects harbours or some sheltered spot to which pure sea-water reaches, for his nest, which is a pear-shaped mass, five or six inches long, formed of the softer kinds of green or red sea-weed, and bound with an elastic thread to the coralline tufts (*Fanix*) growing on the rock. (Couch's "British Fishes" i. p. 182). M. Gerbe ("Rev. et Mag. Zool." xvi pp. 255, 273, 337), has also observed fish of the genus *Crenilabrus* building nests of sea-weed, both sexes assisting in their construction. A. C.

A LAY OF THE LEA,

By T. WESTWOOD.

I'M an old man now,
Stiff limb and frosty pow,
But stooping o'er my flickering fire, in the
winter weather,
I behold a vision,
Of a time elysian,
And I cast my crutch away, and I snap my
tether!

Up 'i the early morning,
Sleepy pleasures scorning,
Rod in hand, and creel on back, I'm away,
away!
Not a care to vex me,
Nor a fear perplex me,
Blithe as any bird that pipes in the merry May.

Oh, the Enfield meadows,
Dappled with soft shadows!
Oh, the leafy Enfield lanes, odorous of May
blossom!
Oh, the lapsing river,
Lea, beloved for ever,
With the rosy morning light mirrored on its
bosom!

Out come reel and tackle—
Out come midge and hackle—
Length of gut, like gossamer, on the south wind
streaming—
Brace of palmers fine,
As ever decked a line,
Dubbed with herl and ribbed with gold, in the
sunlight gleaming.

Bobbing 'neath the bushes,
Crouched among the rushes,
On the rights of Crown and State, I'm alas!
encroaching;
What of that? I know
My creel will soon o'erflow,
If a certain Cerberus do not spoil my poaching.

As I throw my flies,
Fish on fish doth rise,
Roach and dace by dozens, on the bank they
flounder;
Presently a splash,
And a furious dash—
Lo! a logger-headed chub, and a fat two-
pounder!

Shade of Izaak, say,
Did you not one day
Fish for logger-headed chub by this very weir?
'Neath these very trees,
Down these sedgy leas,—
Where's the nightingale that ought to be singing
here?

Now, in noontide heat,
Here I take my seat;
Izaak's book beguiles the time—of Izaak's book
I say,
Never dearer page
Gladdened youth or age,
Never sweeter soul than his blessed the merry
May.

For the while I read,
'Tis as if indeed
Peace and joy, and gentle thoughts from each
line were welling;
As if earth and sky
Took a tenderer dye,
And as if a score of larks in my heart were
trilling.

Ne'er should angler stroll
Ledger, dap or troll,
Without Izaak in his pouch, on the banks of
Lea;
Ne'er, with worm or fly,
Trap the finny fry,
Without loving thought of him, and *Benedicite!*

So to sport again,
With my palmers twain—
There's a lovely speckled trout—where's its
peer, I wonder?
There's a dace, you ne'er
Saw finer, I declare—
There's—by all that's cruel, yes—there's my
CERREBUS* yonder!

Up go rod and tackle,
Up go midge and hackle,
Hurry-scurry, down the path, fast my foe
approaches;
Wheel the line in steady!
Now all's right and ready;
Izaak makes a sudden plunge 'mongst the bleak
and roaches.

Hollo, hollo, hollo!
Will he dare to follow?
Over dykes with flying leaps—over gates and
hedges!
Hollo, hollo, hollo!
Will he dare to follow?
No! I look behind and see nought but stream
and sedges.

Oh, the pleasant roaming
Homeward through the gloaming!
Oh, the heavy creel, alack! Oh, the joyful
greeting!
Oh, the jokes and laughter,
And the sound sleep after,
And the happy, happy dreams, all the sport
repeating!

I'm an old man now,
Stiff limb and frosty pow,
But stooping o'er my flickering fire, in the winter
weather,
Oft I see this vision,
Of a time elysian,
And I cast my crutch away, and escape my
tether!

[This "Lay" is from "A Garland of Angling
Rhymes" appended, with other poems, to "The
Quest of the Sancgreall," London, 1868.]

* My present readers will scarcely remember the Cerberus in question, Tim Bates, the guardian of the Crown waters, at Waltham Abbey, some thirty years ago the omnipresent, the incorruptible Tim Bates, whom no expostulation could move, nor entreaty melt, and who was even impervious to half-crowns! This unwinking worthy (one of the bêtes noires of my angling boyhood) spoiled me many a day's sport by his untimely apparition; and I confess to a feeling of heathenish satisfaction on hearing of the Lea's ingratitude, and how—unlike Tiber in the case of Horatius—it did not bear up Tim Bates's chin, when he slipped into its depths, with mortal result, one foggy night or morning. Chatto mentions him in his "Angler's Souvenir," and celebrates his "lynx eyes."

THE OULACHAN OR CANDLE FISH.

(*Osmerus pacificus*).

THIS small but important fish, known by the Indian names of "oulachan" or "tsweva," is peculiar to the northern portion of the Pacific coast of America, being found as far north as the Skeena, Stickeen, Naas, and Chilcat rivers, but never further south than the Columbia river, in which it does not remain, but ascends to one of its tributaries, the Cowlitz. The general appearance of the oulachan is that of the smelt, and its average length about six inches. It differs, however, remarks a correspondent of *Land and Water*, (April 17th), "from the smelt in having a sharper head, a tail longer and more forked, and is in colour of a brownish tint instead of the light green of the smelt. It is pronounced by all who have had the good fortune to taste it, the most delicate and succulent, if I may use the word, fish that swims—as delicate as the whitebait, with the advantage of a more decided flavour. It is very oily, so much so that it is not necessary to use butter or any corresponding substance in cooking them. Attempts have been made in New Westminster, British Columbia, to extract this oil in such quantity as would permit its replacing cod-liver oil. Medical authorities here pronounce it superior to the latter for consumptives, and it is as agreeable in taste as the finest Lucca oil. As evidence of the salutary effects this fish as food has on the Indians, it is only necessary to state that its coming is watched for as eagerly as does the sick man for his doctor, they knowing that it will cleanse their blood from all the impurities generated by the continued use of salted and smoked salmon during the winter months. The *modus operandi* practised by them for catching this fish is original, and will enable you to better comprehend the immense quantities there are of them in these northern rivers. They come up from the sea about the middle of May. The Indians are ready awaiting them, canoes and fishing poles prepared. This fishing pole is a straight stick from twelve to fifteen feet in length. At one end, for a distance of three to

four feet, are driven spikes sharpened at the point, two inches long, and an inch apart. When the head of the column of fish is seen approaching, the Indians jump into their canoes, one in the stern paddling and steering, a second one—the one who takes the fish—in the bow on his knees, armed with his spiked fishing-rod. This he plunges into the water, and, with a backward movement, into the mass of *oulachans* running up the stream. The fish are caught in the spikes, and as the Indian brings up the pole alongside of the canoe, he raises it over the side, and turning it the fish drop off into the boat. This movement of the pole is almost as rapid as paddling, and as six to ten fish are taken at each stroke, it is not long before the canoe is fairly filled. In the Cowlitz river a weighted basket is used, also dip-nets. As many as fifteen to twenty at a time are taken in this way. At first the Indians devour them raw, and when satiated turn their attention to spreading them out on the top of their *rancharees* or houses. One of these fish, after being sun-dried, can be lighted, and will burn with a sputtering flame to the end. From this they are sometimes known as the "candle fish." They run, perhaps, in greater numbers in the Fraser and Naas rivers than in the others. After spawning they apparently die, as along the banks of the rivers they can be found in places from six inches to a foot in depth, to all appearance lifeless, but after a time they disappear, and this has led the Indians to believe that they recover and swim off again to the sea."

The oulachan spear or comb sometimes takes the form of an ordinary hay-rake, with metal teeth, slightly curved and very sharp. One of these is figured in the Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natures teachings," 1877, p. 118. As the fish swim on the surface and are very numerous, when the Indian strikes the shoal with his rake, he generally finds a fish on every tooth and sometimes two or three.

A. C.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON "DOGS AND THE PROBLEMS CONNECTED WITH THEM"



At the Royal Institution, on the 6th and 13th instant, Professor Huxley delivered two lectures on Dogs, for a summary of which we are indebted to the *Daily News* of the 14th. In the first lecture the Professor aimed at fixing the position of the dog in the scale of animated nature and pointed out, in the first place, that by comparison of all parts of his bodily and mental structure there could be no doubt the dog belonged to the same great order of organism as that of which man formed a part. He had also taken into account those animals—such as cats, hyenas, bears, and weasels—which agreed with the dog and differed from man in all those particulars in which the dog most widely differed from the human subject, for which reason these animals, together with dogs, were grouped together by naturalists under the general name of the *carnivora*. This grouping was simply another mode of expressing the fact that all these animals were built on modifications of the same common plan, and that their relations were very much closer than those which existed between the dog, for example, and man. Further, he had shown that within the carnivorous group there was one particular division, comprising, according to the different estimates of naturalists, some 30 to 50 different forms, which constituted the dog kind, and which were separated from the others on exactly the same principle as the *carnivora* were separated from the rest of the *mammalia*. Examining in his second lecture yesterday the peculiarities of these animals of the dog kind, he pointed out that the only respect in which the different varieties presented any very great or remarkable difference—apart from the colour of the skin or fur and other minor details—was in the structure of the skull and in the teeth. That form of dog which departed most widely from all the rest—not in its external character, because outside it was very like a small fox, but in its dentition—was the *otocyon*, a small fox-like creature belonging to South Africa. It had 48 teeth, as compared with 42 in other dogs, and starting from this specimen and following up all the known forms of dog-like animals it would be found that the others had not only fewer teeth, but that what was called the sectorial tooth in the *carnivora* got larger and larger till it reached its greatest size in the wolf. Over the brow of the wolf would be found a great cavity which was absent in the fox. He could not tell the significance of these differences, but the skulls of dog-like animals

could be arranged into two series, one having the skull peculiarity of the wolf—these were called the Alopecoids—and the other having the peculiarity of the fox, and receiving the name Thooids. With regard to the staghound, the shepherd's dog, and many of our cur dogs, they might without any special knowledge be placed in a position between the wolf and the jackal series of dog-like animals; but some domestic dogs presented very curious features. Some of them had as large a development of skull as the wolf. This appearance of sagacity in the contour of the skull, he was sorry to say, was in many of the dogs, as also in some members of the human family, not always trustworthy, but was very largely due to there being there a considerable empty space. This remark about the sham nature of the frontal development did not apply generally, however, for in the Blenheim spaniel, for instance, it was genuine forehead, caused by the projection of *bonâ fide* brain. There could be no doubt that such a dog was the product of domestication and great selected breeding. Speculating on the probable origin of the domestic dog, the lecturer called attention to the fact that in North-West America the Indian dog was not really distinguishable from a wild animal called the prairie wolf. His domestication was easily explicable when one remembered that all these wild wolfish animals, although fierce enough when stirred up, were endowed with singular curiosity, which attracted them particularly towards man and his doings, and that when caught young and kindly treated they easily became as attached and devoted to their masters as ordinary dogs. Such an animal as the prairie wolf might soon become acquainted with man and give rise to a domesticated stock which then, curiously enough, became more attached to its human circle and animals connected with it than to members of his own tribe. If this one domestic dog had originated in the taming by man of an indigenous wild animal, then the general problem of the original taming of domestic dogs would take this form—"Can we find wild stocks so similar to the existing dog that there is no improbability in concluding them to be the same animals?" He thought we could. We might trace dog-like animals further and further West until in Northern Africa we had a whole series of kinds of dog-like animals usually known as jackals, presenting every conceivable gradation between the characteristic of the dog and the characteristic of the jackal. He believed these wild stocks were the source whence in each region of the world the savages who originally began to *tame dogs* had derived their stock. This was confirmed by the latest archæological evidence.

The monuments of ancient Egypt had preserved a great variety of dogs, but it was an interesting fact that the oldest monuments contained the least variety of dogs, and in the third or fourth dynasties there were only two well-marked forms of dogs—one small cur-like animal resembling the one that now haunted the streets of Cairo, and the other of a form more like that of the greyhound. There could be little doubt that the Egyptians in older times tamed these old jackal or wolf-like forms, which were most immediately accessible. Selected breeding might be taken to have given rise to the same modifications in the case of large and small dogs as we know it to have done in the case of pigeons. Concluding his lecture by a consideration of the problem of the origin of dogs in general, he referred to the discovery of dog-like remains in the various geological epochs, until in the upper Eocene period we had nearly bridged over all that wide interval which separated the bear and other animals from dog-like forms. Carrying the history of the dog thus back for many millions of years he contended that we were inevitably driven by the application of ordinary common-sense reasoning, verified by experience, to reject the notion of appealing to anything but causes such as operate in the ordinary course of nature, and this left us, as the alternative theory of the origin of the dog, simply the doctrine of evolution.

SALMONIDÆ NOT IN EASTERN ASIATIC SEAS.—

The subjoined passage in Dr. Hooker's "Himalayan Journals" (1854) ii. 183, should have a place in the "NOTE-BOOK": "It is one of the most remarkable facts in the zoology of Asia, that no trout or salmon inhabits any of the rivers that débouche into the Indian Ocean, the so-called Himalayan trout being a species of carp. This widely distributed natural order of fish, (*Salmonidæ*) is, however, found in the Oxus, and in all the rivers of Central Asia that flow north and west, and the *Salmo Orientalis*, McClelland ("Calcutta Journal, Nat. Hist." iii. p. 283) was caught by Mr. Griffith (Journals, p. 404) in the Bamean river (north of the Hindoo Koosh) which flows into the Oxus, and whose waters are separated by one narrow mountain ridge from those of the feeders of the Indus. The central Himalayan rivers often rise in Tibet from lakes full of fish, but have none (at least during rains) in that rapid part of their course from 10,000 to 14,000 feet elevation: below that fish abound, but I believe invariably of different species from those found at the sources of the same rivers. The nature of the tropical ocean into which all the Himalayan rivers débouche, is no doubt the proximate

cause of the absence of *Salmonida*. Sir John Richardson (*Fishes of China Seas, &c.*, in "Brit. Ass. Rep.") says that no species of the order has been found in the Chinese or Eastern Asiatic seas." E. M. P.

COSSUS AND HIS FOLLOWERS. (A page from my note-book) :—September 6th. Walking through the fields I came to an old pollard oak at the end of a hedge, saw *frass* protruding through the loose bark, and thought I would see if *Cossus* were the author thereof. The bark was loose, and on raising a piece, out fell a little *Cossus*, but he rolled down gently and did not seem hurt, for he soon went out of sight. I raised another piece of bark, and saw two more *Cossi*, full-grown or thereabout, and then I saw a very "weeny" one; so without investigating further, I jumped to the conclusion that here were the head-quarters of a family. I thought of *Velleius*, which is said to like the vicinity of *Cossus*, (a queer taste, or rather sense of smelling he must have), but I found him not. Then I saw a string of black ants going up the tree, and another coming down, and thinking I might see some of the attendant Staphs, spread myself out to watch; but none revealed themselves. While I lay motionless, a *Vanessa Atalanta* came boldly and sat on the trunk of the tree, ignorant possibly that I was a man and entomologist or trustful of me seeing I was quiet. Whatever he thought, I determined to observe him, and so by two or three quick steps he advanced towards the *frass*, opening and shutting his wings as he came. He then shut his wings close, unrolled his proboscis and thrust it down among the *frass* to try if there were any moisture there to his taste, but not succeeding, he withdrew it, and repeated the process several times until he seemed to have found something palatable for he remained quiet, with his proboscis inserted in a crack in the bark. As he was turned sideways towards me, I saw distinctly that he had only four legs in use, the fore-pair (as usual in his genus) being so short as to be useless for walking. Presently a man, not an entomologist, came past, and, as if he could not be trusted, and the sight of him were enough, *Atalanta* vanished. After a while though, he ventured to return, having acquired an irresistible relish for these his flesh pots, and he was left sitting and sucking. J. W. D.

SARDINES.—"The identity of the pilchard and the sardine is now pretty fully established; the larger size of the pilchard being accounted for partly by age and partly by difference of food. Whereas the sardine strikes the Spanish coast in March, and the French coast in May, it does not reach Cornish waters till July." (Report

on the Sea Fisheries of England and Wales," 1879, p. 198.) W.

FISHING TRAPS AND ENGINES.—"The names which fixed engines bear, sufficiently indicate their antiquity. 'Weirs,' 'garths,' 'goryds,' 'baulks,' 'hangs,' 'butts,' and 'kettle-nets,' are corruptions of Saxon, Celtic, and Norman words, and have been handed down by successive generations of fishermen from their Saxon, Celtic, and Norman ancestors. But, though the engines are certainly old, their use has never been tolerated. Their erection, except on the sea-coast, was reprobated in *Magna Charta*; they have been prohibited by many succeeding statutes, and fixed engines may be said to exist not by virtue of the law, but in defiance of the law." (Report on the Sea Fisheries of England and Wales, 1879, p. xx.) W.

JAYS STORING UP FOOD.—The following observation of this singular habit recently made by Mr. Yuille, the head-keeper at Shotley Hall, Durham, and communicated to the *Field*, of March 27th, may find a place in the "NOTE-BOOK":—"I feed with Indian corn a number of pheasants every morning, in a covert close to my house, and a pair of jays come pretty regularly to feed along with them, and I have frequently observed that these latter birds, as soon as they apparently have got their crops pretty well crammed, steal away into the covert a short distance off, and, digging a hole in the ground with their beaks, they disgorge a few grains of corn therein. Then, covering them nicely over with leaves and earth, they hurry back to the feed for more, and, after picking up a fresh supply, they make off and conceal that too in a similar manner, but invariably in a fresh part of the covert; and I have observed that they generally stored up three or four different lots of a morning—that is to say, if they had time to do so before the food was all pecked up by the pheasants. This singular habit of the jay was unknown to me until I observed it last winter, and I should be glad to know if any other naturalists have witnessed a similar practice elsewhere. Is it not quite possible that many a giant oak that adorns our forests to-day, or did so in bygone times, may have been planted by the agency of these birds, for they are as partial to acorns as squirrels are?" J. G. M.

PEACEMAKERS: HEIFER AND DOG.—A correspondent of the *Field* (April 17th) writes :—"It may interest some of your readers to hear of the singular behaviour of a heifer in my possession. She is coming two years old, a cross between Hereford and Devon, and has been running all the winter in an orchard

where a great many fowls are kept. Whenever a difference of opinion arises between any of the roosters which they proceed to settle by ordeal of battle, she assumes the office of policeman and peacemaker, coming at once to part them, and never leaving them until she has driven one away to a safe distance. This I have seen her do over and over again; and on one occasion, when the birds were on the other side of some iron fencing, she stood and looked on in the most disconsolate manner. I have heard of a dog doing the same thing, and a puppy, belonging to the Bankside Harriers, when at walk at Mr. John Verrall's, at Swanboro', near Lewes, actually carried away the bird that was getting the worst of the battle and put him in a place of safety, thereby earning for himself the *soubriquet* of 'the policeman'; but I fancy it is strange for a heifer to take this office on herself and endeavour to keep the peace. I have, however, seen her do it so often that there can be no mistake as to her intention to part the combatants." You may perhaps find a corner for this anecdote in the "NOTE-BOOK."

J. G. M.

MEMORY AND REASON IN FISH.—Mr. Seth Green, superintendent of the New York State Fish Hatchery, says that in the first pond at the hatchery there are 5,000 large brook trout that were all captured with the fly in unfrequented streams and lakes of the Adirondack region. These trout, he says, have convinced him that fish have reasoning powers and memory. When they were hooked and reeled slowly to the boats, they had time and opportunity to note the form and character of the tackle that made them prisoners. They have never forgotten that. They will follow Mr. Green as he walks about the pond. Let him have a walking-stick and a fishing-rod hidden behind his back. If he reveals the former to the fish, by holding it out over the water, they pay no attention to it. But the moment he produces the rod with its tackle, away they all scamper to distant parts of the pond. Mr. Green says he will permit any one to cast a fly in that pond to his heart's content, as he is satisfied that not one of the trout will come near it, so vividly do they remember their enemy of five years ago. At a recent meeting at New York Mr. Green stated that he is trying to see if brook trout can be improved by mixing different kinds, since it is known that constant interbreeding of animals deteriorates them in size and intellect. Mr. Green rather amused the meeting by maintaining that fish had reasoning powers, and that he did not see why they could not be improved in point of intellect. "If," he said, "we can breed a trout that has sense enough to avoid the nets

of the poachers on Long Island, I am under the impression that some clubs that I know of would be willing to give somebody a chromo." This, in my eyes, very apochryphal story is cut from the *Times* of April 20th. Most certainly an English fly-hooked trout forgets it all in a couple of days or so, and I cannot conceive it possible that these American trout, being so little hurt as is a fly-caught fish, should remember it for five years!

W.

Folk-Lore.

SUFFOLK SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BIRDS, ANIMALS, &c.

"**Y**OU must not take Robins' eggs; if you do you'll get your legs broken," they say in Suffolk. It is unlucky to kill a robin. "How badly you write," was said to a parish schoolboy, "your hand shakes so that you can't hold the pen steady. Have you been running hard?" "No," replied the lad, "it always shakes; I once had a robin die in my hand, and they say that if a robin dies in your hand it will always shake."

The cross on the donkey's back is connected, as is supposed, with the fact of our Divine Lord having ridden upon one on His entry into Jerusalem. With all respect for such a beautiful tradition, however, it is at least not certain that donkeys had no mark of the kind before the Christian era; and it is not wrong to surmise that the cross stripe may be, as it were, the evanishment in this species of the multitude of stripes which we see in the allied species, the Zebra.

It is lucky for martins to build against your house, for they will not come where there is strife.

It is unlucky to count lambs before a certain time; if you do, they will be sure not to thrive. It is unlucky to kill a "harvest-man" i.e., one of those long-legged spiders which may be seen scrambling about, perfectly independent of cobwebs; if you do, there will be a bad harvest.

The poor hedgehog finds that the absurd notion of his sucking the teats of cows, serves as a pretext for his cruel treatment.

It is currently believed that if you put horsehairs into a spring they will turn to eels. A labouring man in Suffolk affirmed to a friend of mine that it was so, saying that having put a number of horsehairs into a spring near his house, in a short time the water was full of young eels.

Mermaids are supposed to abound in the ponds and ditches in parts of the same country. Careful mothers use them as bugbears to

prevent little children from going too near the water. A child, when asked what they were, replied "them nasty things what *crome* (i.e. hook) you into the water." Another child said "I see one wanst, a girt big thing loike a feesh." Probably a pike basking in shallow water. Uncaught fish are very likely to have their weight and size exaggerated. Everybody knows what enormous fish those are which anglers *lose*. A man said of some carp, that he could compare them to "nothing but great fat hogs." When caught in a drag net, they were found to be not more than four pounds weight.

The saying about magpies is well known. "One, sorrow; two, mirth; three, a wedding; four, death."

In the same county they say that it is not lucky for a stray swarm of bees to settle on your premises unclaimed by the owner. A death in the family within the year is predicted. They also say that bees will not thrive if you quarrel about them. An old woman was congratulated upon her bees looking so well whilst her neighbour's hives, which had been flourishing, looked deserted.

"Ah," she said, "them bees couldn't du."

"How is that," was asked. "Why," she said, "there was words about 'em and bees'll never du if there's words about 'em."

It is customary in many parts of England, when a death occurs, to go and tell the bees, to ask them to the funeral, and to hang a bit of crape on the hives. G.

"BENDING IN:" A BRIGHTON FISHERMEN'S CUSTOM.—A curious festival was celebrated on the Brighton beach on Saturday, (April 24th), in connection with the commencement of the regular fishing season. The fishing fleet being on the eve of starting in search of mackerel, the fishermen observed their annual custom of holding what is called the "bending in," the chief feature of which is to hold "open house" on the beach around the boats, when bread and cheese is distributed to all who choose to ask for it. So far as the adults are concerned the custom has practically fallen into desuetude, but amongst the younger members of the fishing population—the "aborigines" of Brighton—it is regarded as a most solemn occasion. Accordingly on Saturday, from early in the morning till the afternoon was well advanced, crowds of children flocked to the beach, a fluctuating group of between 100 and 200 being constantly present to partake of the hospitality of the elders. The origin of the ceremony, which seems to have been lost, may perhaps be found in a mixture of the Pagan superstition of propitiating Neptune grafted on to the promised return of bread "cast upon the waters."

Fishing Sundries.

WINTER FISHING IN CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.—*Afield and Afloat* of March 30th contains an account of a successful method of winter fishing in Chautauqua Lake, which is conducted in this manner:—A hole is cut in the ice, and a box about three feet square with a hole in the bottom is placed over it. The fisherman crawls into the box, and, as it is perfectly dark inside, he is able to see the bottom of the lake, if the water be clear, quite plainly. If it be not clear, a newspaper sunk to the bottom, enables him to see the fish passing over it. "Through the hole in the ice a wooden fish, properly weighed, is sunk to the proper depth, and with the cord attached to it the bogus fish is made to fly around lively, and thereby attracts other fish to its locality. The man in the coop, keeping watch, seeing a fish in good position, lets drop his heavy spear, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, fastening him to the bottom. Some large fish are caught in this way. The Monday before New Year's Day, there were caught three pickerel (*Esox reticulatus*, Lesueur), weighing respectively twenty-seven, thirty, and forty pounds. It is quite a business when the lake is frozen over, and those who follow it make money."

AN INFUSORIAL FISH DISEASE.—A fish disease due to a parasitic infusorian—the *Ichthyophthirius multifiliis* of M. Fouquet—has been detected within the last year in the Isis at Oxford, and *Land and Water* of the 10th inst., contains a note respecting the circumstance by Mr. W. H. Jackson. Under favouring conditions this disease might, no doubt, prove as destructive as *Saprolegnia ferax*, and as the two diseases are similar in external appearances and can only be properly discriminated by the use of the microscope, it is not improbable that some of the disease supposed to be fungoid is really infusorial. The diseased fish present white filmy patches, which, under the microscope, are found to consist of nucleated cohering cells, among which lie numerous infusoria. The adults with a spherical nucleus; the body striated longitudinally, and having two or three contractile vacuoles with a period of about forty seconds. The young, rhomboidal in shape, moving very rapidly and turning over and over as they swim. M. Fouquet's description and figures will be found in the Archives of Lacaze Duthiers for 1876.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION at Berlin was opened on the 20th, and the English contributions, according to the *Times*, consist of "A few stuffed fishes sent by Mr. Frank Buckland, a somewhat malodorous array of tinned meats, a fine case of hooks, &c. exhibit—"

by Messrs. Bartlett, and a model Scotch herring-boat displayed by Messrs. McCombie of Peterhead."

It is solely owing to the public spirit of Mr. Frank Buckland that any attempt was made to secure an adequate representation of the vast fishing industry of this country. By working very hard Mr. Buckland managed to send off fifteen large cases full of casts, maps, diagrams, models, photographs, &c. Their arrival was announced by Baron Von Bensen in these delightful terms:—"No care was omitted when opening your boxes. I was personally present. Never did I see greater havoc than that which this short and easy journey had produced. The damage is practically irreparable."

THE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FISHERY EXHIBITION are in striking contrast with the slender and unworthy participation of England. The Government of Washington eagerly embraced the proposals of the Fishery Society in Berlin to take part in the scheme, and granted a sum of £4,000 to support the claims of the United States in the international competition. Some idea of the extent to which the Union has contributed to the Exhibition may be judged from the fact that no less than 250 tons weight of piscatorial matter, valued at about £10,000, have already arrived from the other side of the Atlantic. Prominent among the exhibits is a whaling-boat, fully equipped with all its gear, and as ready for action as a fire-engine with the horses yoked and the men seated. Another rarity is a 'purse seine,' from 200 to 300 fathoms long, and 20 to 30 deep, used for netting whole shoals of mackerel in mid-ocean. Six specimens of a peculiar fishing boat called the 'dory,' which experts were very anxious to see, have also been brought over.

THE AMERICAN OVA-HATCHING STEAMER.—The most attractive, as it certainly is the most novel, object in the American collection is the model of a new twin screw steamer, the Fish Hawk, specially constructed for the artificial hatching of piscine ova, chiefly those of the shad and the cod. To some point where these two species of fish are being caught in abundance this vessel proceeds and begins to work. The hatching process is somewhat in this wise;—The ova, being taken out of the females when caught, are suffused with the fertilising element with which the males by skilful manipulation are made to part, and then put into buckets with fine network bottoms. These buckets are then suspended from poles which project through openings like port-holes all round the steamer, and are thus by internal machinery made to rise and fall gently in the water in conformity with the principle that motion is necessary to

the effective hatching of ova. This is a brief and simple statement of a method which is found to work not only effectively but economically. Inside the steamer there is also fitted up a naturalist's room, with microscopic and all manner of necessary scientific apparatus for the purpose of marine inquiry and observation.

Quæri.

ANIMAL IMPLEMENTS, (p. 94).—Can any reader say whether the elephant in its wild state fashions the leech scrapers mentioned at the above reference? It is generally understood that man stands absolutely alone in the use of tools and that no beast, however intelligent, ever used a tool except when instructed by man. The Rev. J. G. Wood in his interesting volume called "Nature's teachings" (1877) even denies that the monkey ever uses a stone for the purpose of cracking nuts unless taught by man, and asserts that all the stories of the larger apes using sticks and stones by way of weapons are without any foundation whatever, "no animal employing any tool or weapon save those given to them by nature." This is a very positive statement, but I doubt its correctness. M. M.

Replies.

STODDART'S ANGLING SONGS (p. 109).—I think I can explain to Mr. Bentley why Stoddart, in the second edition of his "Art of Angling, as practised in Scotland," suppressed the Angling Songs incorporated in the first issue. In the interim between the two he had collected the songs in question, with others, into a separate volume, which was published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, in 1839. It was entitled "Songs and Poems, in three parts," and contained 57 songs on angling subjects. The book has become scarce, and did not win the recognition it merited. Christopher North's report that Stoddart, on one occasion played a salmon and composed a series of sonnets simultaneously, I take for a flight of fancy. Playing a salmon requires too much concentration of attention to be compatible with the severe mental effort of sonnet-making. It is true, the salmon may have sulked. Let us suppose it did, by courtesy. The dictum of the "old man eloquent" that Stoddart's angling songs are among the best ever written, no one, I believe will cavil at, or question. T. WESTWOOD.

Brussels.

FISHING DOGS (pp. 10, 28, 47, 63).—To the stories of fishing dogs which your correspondents have collected into your pages, you

can add the following which is taken from "The Gamekeeper at home," (2nd ed. p. 54), one of those delightful books, smacking of Mayfields and hedgerows in every page, for which we are indebted to Mr. R. Jeffries— "I had a pointer," writes Mr. Jeffries, "that exhibited the faculty [of learning by experience] in a curious manner. She was weakly when young, and for that reason, together with other circumstances, was never properly trained: a fact that may perhaps have prevented her 'mind' from congealing into the stolidity of routine. She became an out-door pet, and followed at heel everywhere. One day some ponds were netted, and of the fish taken a few chanced to be placed in a great stone trough from which cattle drank in the yard—a common thing in the country. Some time afterwards, the trough being foul, the fish—they were roach, tench, perch, and one small jack—were removed to a shallow tub while it was being cleansed. In this tub, being scarcely a foot deep, though broad, the fish were of course distinctly visible, and at once became an object of the most intense interest to the Pointer. She would not leave it; but stood watching every motion of the fish, with her head now on one side, now on the other. There she must have remained some hours, and was found at last in the act of removing them one by one, and laying them softly, quite unhurt, on the grass. I put them back into the water, and waited to see the result. She took a good look, and then plunged her nose right under the surface and half-way up the neck, completely submerging the head, and in that position groped about on the bottom till a fish came in contact with her mouth and was instantly snatched out. Her head must have been under water each time nearly a minute, feeling for the fish. One by one she drew them out and placed them on the ground, till only the jack remained. He puzzled her, darting away swift as an arrow and seeming to anticipate the enemy. But after a time he, too, was captured. They were not injured—not the mark of a tooth was to be seen—and swam as freely as ever when restored to the water. So soon as they were put in again the Pointer recommenced her fishing, and could hardly be got away by force. The fish were purposely left in the tub. The next day she returned to the amusement, and soon became so dexterous as to pull a fish out almost the instant her nose went under water. The jack was always the most difficult to catch, but she managed to conquer him sooner or later. When returned to the trough, however, she was done—the water was too deep. Scarcely anything could be imagined apparently more opposite to the hereditary intelligence of a Pointer than this; and certainly no one

attempted to teach her, neither did she do it for food. It was an original notion of her own; to what can it be compared but mind proceeding by experiment? They can also adjust their conduct to circumstances, as when they take to hunting on their own account; they then generally work in couples." T. FENWICK.

THE ROOTS OF THE UPAS TREE (p. 93).—The most recent visitor to the volcanic region of Japan, Mr. James Hingston, makes the following allusion to the upas-tree, in "The Australian Abroad":—"Mention has been made of the volcanic Merapia that was in our neighbourhood all day. It has a similar effect upon the surrounding country to that of Vesuvius around Naples. I am shown a depression in the earth here, in which it is said to be death to lie down and sleep. A tree is growing on it, however, in an apparently good state, which I am told is the upas-tree. Here then was the meaning of the story of 'the deadly upas-tree of Java.' The tree had nothing deadly about it, but the earth in that depressed part emitted fumes of carbonic acid gas, that hovered over the ground for about three feet upwards, as in the 'Cave of the Dog,' near to Naples, suffocating those who might lie down on the earth there.

How wind-bags shrivel and bubbles burst when squeezed! The Javanese natives believed that the evil influence found here and in some other similar places was due to the properties of the tree. Those who slept under its branches did not awake, therefore the tree caused their deaths. That was told to the first-coming Dutch, who told it to all travellers, who told it to the world—which believed it.

Finding that my Javanese friends believed also in this delusion, I—as I had seen done in the Cave of the Dog—to explain the chemical nature of the phenomenon, lit a match, and, holding it near to the earth, showed that the fumes exhaling therefrom instantly extinguished it. A dozen lighted matches were so put out; but when held three feet or more above the earth, they continued burning. The mephitic nature of the vapour did not ascend that height. Standing in the midst of it, I was all right. Had I lain down, I should have got asphyxiated, and, unless promptly pulled away, have died. The upas-trees of Java have, therefore, no distinctive character. The gas that exhales about their neighbourhood is fatal only to animal life. It is questionable whether in any two of these poisonous places the same species of tree would be found to be growing. Any tree is a 'upas' that grows on these spots. . . . I now give up the upas-tree, though parting with it is like almost to losing a tooth."

SKUA KILLING A GULL (p. 111.)—The chasing of gulls by the skua for the purpose of making them disgorge their prey, mentioned in your last number, is sometimes followed by the killing of the gull, should it prove obstinate or unable to disgorge. A correspondent of the *Field* (April 3rd) noticed an instance of this at Torbay in November last. "A kittiwake was being chased by a skua, and for about half a minute the chase was an exciting one. The poor gull at last was caught and pounced upon by the pirate bird, and the two went down to the water together. There being scarcely a breath of wind we could not get up in time to get a shot at the skua, but we could see it on the back of the gull, its head raised, watching our approach, but apparently with one foot holding the head of the gull under water. When within forty yards, and just as we were about to fire, the "bully" fled away, and in a minute more we picked up the poor kittiwake quite dead, but without any mark on its plumage. Death seemed to have been caused by suffocation. Our skipper said that he had never seen such a thing happen before, although he had constantly watched a skua go up to a gull and make him disgorge. Perhaps some of your readers have witnessed a similar fatal assault." J. A. WILLIAMS.

Yardley Wood Vicarage.

PAPAW-TREE HASTENING DECOMPOSITION (pp. 80, 116)—I have seen the action of the papaw fruit, squeezed or rubbed upon raw meat, in the West Indies. That action is to disintegrate the fibres, and to hasten decomposition. As, in the tropics, we are obliged to eat beef and mutton very soon after they are killed—I have waited for an ox to be slaughtered before I could breakfast—the papaw fruit is sometimes used to induce a premature tenderness. The only objection is that it so nullifies the fibrous quality as to make the *texture* of the cutlet or steak unpleasant in the mouth.

GODFREY TURNER.

Notices of Books.

"Nature cared for, and Nature uncared for."—

A Lecture on Ornithology, by H. B. Hewetson, M.R.C.S. (London, West, Newman & Co., 1879).



HIS is an earnest attempt, in the spirit of that friend of our youth, *Eyes and no Eyes*, to induce young people to study the birds of their district. The author takes three, the Golden Eagle, the Hedge-sparrow, and the Swallow, and by narrating their life-histories,

endeavours to shew the perennial spring of interest which flows for every dweller in the country, if he will observe the wonderful economy of birds. Their coming and going from our shores, their method of obtaining food, their nest-building, all the varied instincts they display, will minister to a careful observer's happiness, and go far to increase the pleasures of home. The author has a curious theory that the swallow was a perpetual resident here before the Glacial Epoch set in, that it then was driven to warmer climes, but as often as it can, in every spring, endeavours to return to its old home. We are old-fashioned enough to believe that Providence has given the swallow a special end to accomplish, to destroy flies during the hot weather, and, therefore, that it comes North to fulfil that function, as naturally as the African swallow stays at home to perform the same good work there. At all events, the migration of the swallow must not be considered by itself, but in conjunction with the movements of other migratory birds, and of fishes as well. The three birds here treated are illustrated, the first from a facsimile of a drawing by Wolf, the other two from Bewick's birds. The lecture shews careful study of birds on its author's part, and cannot fail to do good, by inculcating habits of love and observation towards English bird-life. M. G. W.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. B. F. (Ipswich); "Sedge-fly;" Abel J; Mr. Hastings; F. M. A. are thanked.

Captain W. C. H. must oblige Mr. Westwood by forwarding a copy of the title-page of "The Rod in India."

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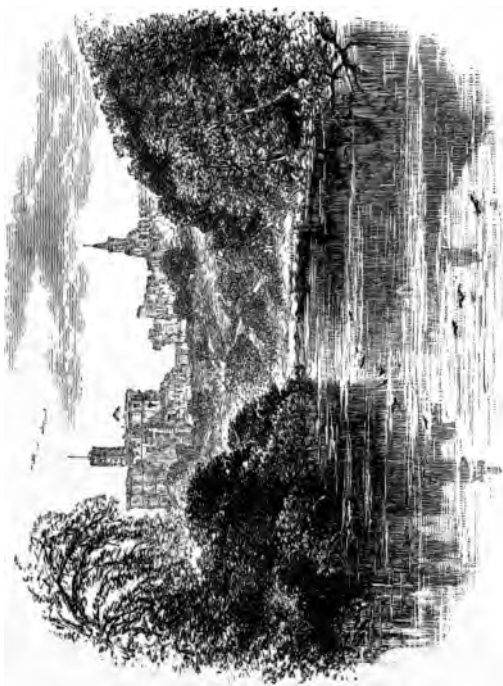
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A Black Swan, (male.)

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WARKWORTH CASTLE ON THE COQUET.

The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 9.

SATURDAY, MAY 15TH, 1880.

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Concerning Fishing.

[From the Latin Tractate of Conrad Heresbach, entitled, *De Venatione, Aucupio atque Piscatione.*]

(Continued from page 119.)



HE *Pourcontrol* cannot be rent away from the rocks whereon he hath set up his rest, but and if you make him to smell to the hearbe Savourie (as *Plinie* teacheth) he shall bye-and-bye loose his hold. Some fish there are that love bread

and can be trayned to come to the sound of your voice and to take their meat from your hand. The *Purple* and other such-like fishes delight in foul and troubled waters. The smallest sort of fishes are taken with little hooks, yea, and even with goat-skins puffed out.

They that journey in the waters of the *Mediterranean* and of the great oceans, do oftimes encounter the *Cetus*, a mighty monster, very terrifying to ships, but slow-paced. *Nearchus* giveth him a length of from twenty to thirty foote.

The *Sea-ratte* is a very little beaste with a very long tayle, and he is, as it were, the guide and pilot of the *Cetus*, ever going on before, the *Cetus* following. And so long as the *Sea-ratte* liveth, you shall hardly take the *Cetus*, but and if the ratte be slayne, the *Cetus* having lost his counsellor and friend, waxeth feeble, being, as it were, stricken with blindness, and so he may lightly be taken. For no sooner is he bereft of his little keeper, than there appeareth above the water the back and the huge finnes of the monster. And the way to take him is to cast out into the sea great and strong ropes, having writen round about them chaynes of iron for avoyding of the danger of his teeth, and fastened there-unto bladders puffed out with ayre. And at the end of the same ropes, there would be hung an hooke baited with the liver or the shoulder of a bull, or such other like morsel as the monster may swallow at a mouthful. And the fishermen having in

readinesse hatchettes and long swordes, do bide their time, till that they see the *Cetus* to have seized and swallowed the baite, and then altogether they let drive, but withal having a care, they be very mute, lest the monster being amazed at any the least noyse, should plunge down into the depths of the sea; and now you may behold the benefit of the bladders, for wanting them, the monster would soon make an end of the ship and the fishermen, whereas while he wreaketh his rankour upon the bladders, that styll slip away as oft as he toucheth them, the fishermen do hastily dispatch him, afterward drawing his carkas aboard with the ropes.

The *Physeter* is well nigh as great as the *Cetus*. Strabo reporteth, that as he swymmeth he spouteth up into the ayre great streames and as it were fountaines of water.

The *Balena*, or common *Whale*, is taken with harpoons, and slayne with the stroke of the hatchette. It is a beaste very perilous to ships and oftymes causeth them to sink. They may be affrighted by casting tonnes into the sea, or els by strewing abroad gobbets of the flesh of a beaver.

The *Whale*, the *Orca*, and the *Cetus* are all called of the Germanes *Wallfisch*.

The *Orca* is enemie to the *Whale* and is thought to be taken while hotly pursewing the *Whale*, the waves do carry him unawares hard by the shore. His back ryseth out of the water hoop-wyse, or after the fashion of an upturned keel, so as he may readilie be assailed of the fishermen. In blowing he oftymes covereth the fishermen with water and maketh their barks to sink. His mouth openeth in the midst of his forehead, and this is the reason why he is liable to spout into the ayre such great fountaynes of water. *Plinie* recounteth that *Claudian*, the Emperor, on a day encountered and gave battle to the *Orca*, in the port of *Ostia*, and being come to *Rome*, with his prætorian guard, he made a publique show of him to the people. He was slain by the emperor his soldiers, with their speares from the decks of the galleys.

The *Sea-dogge*, being very gluttonous and causing no small mischiefe and inconvenience to the fishermen whyles they are fishing, they

use to take with baite of live fish.

The *Shark* commonlie assayleth the oars, and he may be taken by casting an iron ring betwyxt his teeth.

The *Sea-calf*, or *Seal*, because of the thicknesse of his skinne, cannot be taken with hooks, or harpoons, nor yet with speares, and the only waie to take him is with nettes.

The *Turtle*, a beaste of an uncommon bignesse, is likewyse counted in the number of the *Cetaciae*. He is found in the Indian seas. The inhabitants of those countries do frame the roofes of their houses with his shell; in the Red Sea likewyse the same serveth insteade of boates.

The order of taking him is to caste him upon his backe, for in that plight, seeing he cannot stirre, he is the readiest killed. He delighteth to disporte himself upon the waters, when the sun shineth, and if the weather be fayre, oftymes he tarrieth, taking his full of the ayre and the warm sunshine, so long as until the sun with his burning drinketh up the moysture of his shell, in such sort as he is not able to dive down again, but willy nilly floateth upon the waters, and is cast ashore of the waves. It is then that he is taken of the fishermen. *Ælian* writeth that though his head be cut off, yet he liveth a great whyle after, for if you put your hand into his eies, he winketh the same, and if you put it nigher, he will byte you.

The fisherman doth seldome of his free-will slay the *Dolphin*, for that this fish is very friendlie unto man, and oftime succoureth the fisherman. For it needs onlie that he call on the name of *Simonides*, and straightwaie the *Dolphins* come in haste, driving great abundance of fish before them from the bottome of the sea. And for this reason, the fishermen have a care to give them some portion of the praie, lest that their due reward being denied them, they be enraged and you ever after lack their services. Howbeit, about the coastes of *Byzantia*, the *Thracians* spare not to take the *Dolphin*, that being nothing appeared of man is made the lightlier praie, speciallie the young ones. And tho' but one of the young be taken, without doubt the damme likewyse shall quicklie be taken alsoe, as it would seem of set

purpose, for (if we would accept the witness of *Oppianus*) the *Dolphin* carrieth abroad her young after the manner of children in a schole, causing them to go on before, whyle she followeth after and over looketh them.

If she be taken in nettes (as Aristotle sayth) she is very soon choaked, for then she cannot breathe. There are many pleasant stories told of the love the *Dolphin* beareth unto man, as for example, the tale of *Arion*, in *Herodotus*, of the *Dolphin* that so greatly delighted in children, as he would oftime beare them out to sea, a-riding upon his back, and afterward bring them back agayne, and the truth of this story is also witnessed of the two *Plinies*, of *Athenaeus* and of *Oppianus*. Furthermore 'tis commonlie known how *Ceramus* having, on a daie, delivered a *Dolphin* from the hands of some fishermen, that were on the point of putting him to death, afterward the saide *Ceramus* being in a ship that was fallen upon the rockes, the self-same *Dolphin* saved his life. Moreover, it is written, that *Ceramus* having died in his countrie, and his dead bodie being brought over to the sea-shore, there was seen to appear, from afar off, a great companie of *Dolphins*, as lookers-on and mourners at his buriale.

The *Purpura*, or purple whilke, is caught after the dog-daies, or before the spring, for being delivered of their young afterward they cast their humours, and *Plinie* affyrmeth that they delight in stinking and corrupt places. The manner of taking of them is to cast into the sea sufficient store of shell-fish in baskettes very fine woven of rushes or of sedges. Then the *Purpura*, thrusting in his tongue to taste of the meate, bye and bye it swelleth so as he cannot draw it back agayne, and thus he is ensnared. Another waie is to take baskettes that are little, but having the void spaces betwixt the osyars large, and withal very strong, and therein to bestow cocles, or such other like, that are nigh perished, but being cast into the sea, they presently revive, and their shells gaping, the *Purpura*, for excessive desire of that praie, shall fail not to come at it speedilie. Yet the cocle no sooner feeleth the sharpnesse of his tongue, than he suddenly clappeth to his shell, and so he

imprisoneth his enimie. Then the fisherman, drawing up the cocle, he findeth the *Purpura* a-hanging to his shell, a -praie to his greedie appetite. And being thrown into fresh water, he straightway dieth.

The *Sepia*, called of the Frenchman *Meunier*, is a fish covered with mire (as *Pausanius* sayth) and he delighteth onlie in puddled waters. He is taken with nettes for he swymeth in the uppermost parts of the water.

The *Tunny* hath a great wit and a strange subtilty, for having swallowed the hook (where-with commonly he is taken) he casteth about to ridde him of the same, and plunging to the bottom of the sea, he rubbeth himself eyther agaynst some rock, or agaynst the sand, and tho' he find his labours vayne, yet is he not dismayed, but styll busieth himself to enlarge his wound, so long as untill he reacheth unto and disgorgeth the hook. Howbeit sometimes he may be taken, for sometimes he fayleth of his purpose.

The *Sperling* is caught with a dragge-nette, woven of a very fine and a very loose thread. The littlenesse of these fishes maketh them of no account, saving for taking of larger fish.

Oysters, *Cocles* and *Crabbes*, called of *Theodorus*, *Locustæ*, are likewyse caught with the dragge, either at the ebb of the tide or els by drawing the nette along the brym of the sea.

The *Tunny-fish*, or the *Sea-hog*, which would be called *Strabies* (as some affyrme) before he be come to his second yeere, is a dweller in the lake *Mæotides*. And a great companie of them journeying thence across the strait, as far as the gulf of *Byzantium*, they do there take them by the bushell, yea, so much as with their handes. They may likewyse be taken in nettes, and that from the rysing of the *Pleiades*, to the setting of *Arcturus*, that is from October unto February. *Ælian* affyrmeth that the *Celts*, the *Ligurians* and they of *Marseilles* use to take them with very great hooks. During the remnant of the winter, they lie hid in their holes aud lurking places. On the coasts of *Spayne* (as *Strabo* sayth) they have a custom to feede and fatten the tunny with acorns.

(To be continued.) E. H. E.

THE PARENTAL INSTINCT IN FISH. No. II.

IT is not only in the construction of nests that fish show solicitude for their offspring. Fish which do "not construct any receptacle for their eggs," observes Mr. Day, in the paper read before the Linnean Society on the 6th November last, from which we have quoted so largely in our last number, "have interesting modes of protecting them or removing them from localities where they may be exposed to danger." Some of the Siluroid or Sheat-fishes (*Siluridae*) which are numerous both in fresh and salt water in the tropics are in the habit of holding the eggs in their mouths. The marine and estuary genera of which the group *Ariina* is composed, all deposit large eggs upwards of half-an-inch in diameter, and many of the males were found by Mr. Day ("Fishes of India," p. 456) to have fifteen to twenty of these eggs in their mouths. "Some of these eggs were in an early stage of development, others ready for hatching, while one example contained a young fry hatched, but having the yelk-bag still adherent. They filled the cavity of the mouth and pharynx of the male fishes. Whether the male carries these eggs about in his mouth until they are hatched, or merely removes them from some spot where danger is imminent, of course may be open to question; but it is a significant fact that in none of the examples which I dissected could I find a trace of food throughout the intestines of the males who had been engaged in this interesting occupation. The same phenomenon was observed in two examples of *Arius fissus* which came from Cayenne, and were presented to the British Museum, and by Dr. Hensel in the Brazilian *Arius Commersonii*. A fish from Lake Tiberias, *Chromis paterfamilias*, has been described [by Dr. Günther], the male of which carries the eggs in the buccal cavity, the young even remaining there some time after they have been hatched. It has been remarked of the Siluroid genus *Aspredo*, that they take care of their progeny, and the females possess append-

ages for the purpose of keeping the eggs attached to the belly of the mother. Some fishes, as the Salmon, the Trout, and the Shad, have been known to discontinue feeding during the breeding season. Among Batrachians we also see that the males may carry the eggs until hatched: thus, in *Rhinoderma Darwinii*, the males have an extraordinary brood-sac developed as a pouch from the throat and extending over a great portion of the ventral surface of the animal. In this cavity a number of living tadpoles have been observed by the Spanish naturalist Jimenez de la Espada," but we have no evidence that this sac is actually used for the purpose for which it is possibly intended. The care with which the common Three-Spined Stickleback (*Gasterosteus aculeatus*) by a vibratory motion of the body causes a current of water to pass across the surface of the ova is well known to all who have kept this little fish in an aquarium; and also the unflagging zeal with which he protects the young fry from the approach of other fish and seizes them in his mouth and brings them back to a place of safety when they have moved far from the nest.

The Lamprey (*Petromyzon fluviatilis*) which come from the sea in the beginning of spring to spawn, make holes in the gravelly bottoms of rivers, removing and throwing out stones of considerable size to effect their purpose. "The female remains near the place where the eggs are excluded and continues with them till they come forth. She is often seen with her whole family playing about her, and after some time she conducts them in triumph to the ocean." (*Buffon*.) The female of a Black Sea fish, the Bitshki, which produces fever in those who eat it, also watches over her eggs, (deposited in a nest formed by the joint labour of both parents) as carefully as a hen, and "when the little ones are hatched they remain near the mother till they are sufficiently grown to venture forth alone into the world of waters."

In that order of fish (the Lophobranchiate) which is represented in British seas by the Pipe and Horse-fishes, "the males perform the function of hatching the eggs, which for that purpose are deposited, up to the time of the

evolution of the young, either between the ventrals (in the genus *Solenostomus*), or in tail-pouches (in *Hippocampus*), or in pouches on the breast and belly (in *Doryrhamphus*), or in rows on the breast and belly (in *Nerophis*), and are thus carried about by the fish. M. Risso notices the great attachment of the adult Pipe-fish to their young, and this pouch probably serves as a place of shelter to which the young ones retreat in case of danger." "I have been assured by fishermen," observes Mr. Yarrell (Brit. Fishes 2nd ed. ii. p. 436) "that if the young were shaken out of the pouch into the water over the side of the boat, they did not swim away, but when the parent fish was held in the water in a favourable position the young would again enter the pouch."

M. Carbonnier (*Compt. Rend.* Nov. 4th 1872, p. 1127) has "recorded how the male of the curiously grotesque Telescope-fish, a variety of *Carassius auratus*, Linn., acts as accoucheur to the female. Three males pursued one female which was heavy with spawn, and rolled her like a ball upon the ground for a distance of several metres, and continued this process without rest or relaxation for two days, until the exhausted female, who had been unable to recover her equilibrium for a moment, had at last evacuated all her ova." A. C.

NATURAL HISTORY IN ITS DIRECT AND OBLIQUE ASPECT.

IN this England of ours, where the majority devote themselves body and soul to commerce,—a juggernaut that remorselessly sacrifices in its progress those who are at once its devotees and victims, to a greater extent than war or any other idol that human perversity has ever set up—it is gratifying to know that there are a few who are able so far to abstract themselves from the popular abasement as to turn aside into the by-ways of art, science or literature. We would fain reckon of this number those who call themselves Naturalists, whether they be *merely collectors of specimens*, observers of

economy, students of organization and classification, or the more profound enquirers into the laws which govern the existence and perpetuation of particular forms of life.

Each of these classes has its pleasures and advantages. To the most superficial naturalist the cultivation of the perception of beauty should be one, if not the only, result of an acquaintance with the endless variety in living forms, and so, under the illuminating power of ideality, he may rise to view the most fragile creatures not merely as animated atoms, but as glorious components of the splendour of the universe—a splendour that is unappreciated by the unassisted sense. To him who can thus lift the veil from the face of Nature, the acquisition of a new species, the perception of an affinity between species, the discovery of something fresh in the habits or economy of any, or the perception of the laws governing life, affords a pleasure which the merely prosaic maker of a collection can never possibly know.

But a man must bring the faculty of perception of the beautiful with him when he becomes a naturalist of this class, for however much science may do to cultivate, it cannot originate it. Unhappily it is sometimes the case that men are attracted to Natural History, entomology especially, not by any love for it in any of its legitimate phases, but merely to gratify a sordid acquisitiveness in making up a collection of insects. To this end no means are spared; all the vices of a commercial life are brought to bear in order to accomplish the one end in view, and although such persons earn the detestation of all right-minded men, yet they bring a stigma upon entomologists, which, as a body, they do not deserve. The domain of Natural History should be holy and no traffickers allowed within its precincts; the constitution of its state, however republican in one sense, acknowledges the desire to know as supreme over every consideration of acquisitiveness.

Selfishness does immense harm to entomology. What must be the feeling of an ardent and simple mind when it comes into contact with unscrupulous or covetous collectors?

There is reason to fear that some who might have done good service to entomology have relinquished it in disgust at the behaviour of some of its professed followers. Sad indeed would it be that the popularity of entomology should be hindered by the conduct of those who, while possessing none of the liberality of the sons of science, are yet reckoned by the world at large as members of its family.

J. W. D.

HEY FOR THE COQUET!

By T. WESTWOOD.

Awa' frae the smoke an' the smother!
 Awa' frae the crush o' the thrang!
 Awa' frae the labour an' pother,
 That hae fettered our freedom sae lang!
 For the may's i' fu' bloom i' the hedges,
 An' the laverock's aloft i' the blue,
 An' the south wind sings low i' the sedges,
 By haughs that are silvery wi' dew.
 Up angler, off wi' each shackle!
 Up gad an' gaff, an' awa'!
 Cry—hurrah! for the canny "red hackle
 The hackle that tackled them a'!"

Off, off to the bonny brown Norland!—
 It haunts me for aye i' my dreams,—
 To torrent, an' mountain an' muirland,
 An' to Coquet, the queen o' the streams!
 To Coquet, the beautifu' river,
 Beloved by the bards that sae lang
 Upheld her the foremost for ever,
 An' hallowed her banks wi' their sang!
 Up angler! off wi' each shackle! &c.

O Sharperton streams, we are comin'!
 O Halystane, greet us wi' glee!
 O Rothbury, deep i' the gloamin',
 We'll bring our first creelfu' to thee!
 An' Alwinton, Harbottle, Hepple,—
 If the saumon, the glorious, the strang,
 Still lurk i' your current's quick ripple,
 We'll measure their inches ere lang!
 Up angler! off wi' each shackle! &c.

*From Blindburn, 'midst crag an' hill-hollow,
 To Warkworth anear the salt main,*

Each turn o' fair Coquet we'll follow,
 Each haunt o' our childhood regain.
 At Thropton, we winna dissemble
 Fu' hearts, nor at Harbottle-hold,
 An' at Weeldon, wi' voices a-tremble
 We'll pledge THE GREAT FISHERS O' AULD!
 Up angler! off wi' each shackle! &c.

We'll see if the Sharperton lassies
 Are winsome as in our young days,—
 If they'll rin to the ringin' o' glasses,
 Or the lilt o' the auld merry lays.
 Oh! we'll shake off the years wi' our
 laughter,

We'll wash out our wrinkles wi' dew,
 An' reckless o' what may come after,
 We'll revel in boyhood anew.

Up angler! off wi' each shackle! &c.

Then back to the smoke an' the smother,
 The uproar an' crush o' the thrang;
 An' back to the labour and pother—
 But happy an' hearty an' strang;
 Wi' a braw light o' mountain and muirland,
 Out flashing frae forehead and e'e,
 Wi' a blessing flung back to the Norland,
 An' a thousand, dear Coquet, to thee.

As again we resume the old shackle,
 Our gad an' our gaff stowed awa'!—
 An'—good-bye to the canny "red
 hackle,
 The hackle that tackled them a'!"

[This song, written for the "Newcastle Fishers' Garlands," reached Mr. Crawhall too late for insertion in that volume. Ed.]

FLY FISHING IN THE NORTHERN WATERS.



OUR Northern streams being mostly rapid flowing waters, and their beds consequently very strong, the manner of fishing them with the fly differs somewhat from that employed in the comparatively smooth running rivers of the southern counties. Having selected one of the finest gut casts, or better, good round

single hair, stained with strong tea, if for fell brooks or brown water, or a pale green if for very clear running rivers and low waters, and having tied on the flies suitable for the season &c., the experienced Fly-fisher proceeds in this manner.

He commences at the foot or tail of the stream or pool wading carefully up and casting up and across on each side of him. He is very particular not to have a greater length of line out than he can command. He is then able to cast his point fly into any eddy not bigger than a tumbler; and knowing almost by instinct every spot likely to hold a fish he can place his lure within sight of any hold that he thinks fit, in full confidence of finding a trout at home, and ready to make his acquaintance.

Before alluding further to the manner of fishing, a few remarks with regard to the rod and line used, will not be out of place. A good artist always has his tools in good order, sharp, neat, clean, and ready for work, so likewise a good Fly-fisher has his tackle in the best condition for his purpose. Hooks sharp, good, and light, and well tempered. Flies neatly tied and not too heavily feathered, with body and wing a little lighter than the natural fly so that when wet, it will assume its exact colour; these requisites are essential to success. The casting line should taper from the gut cast up to the thickness of the real line, which should also taper and not be too light, if for long, or far off casting.

The rod line I prefer of silk and hair as running through the rings more pleasantly and not getting flabby when wet, as the *all-silk* lines generally do.

The rod should not exceed twelve feet in length, light, fine as possible and of even taper with the smart spring of steel, which enables the angler to strike his fish promptly, and certainly. "Always have your best killer for the tail or end fly, because you thus save much entanglement when netting your fish, and can cast it to any point you choose." (See "Halcyon or Rod Fishing in Clear Waters," by Henry Wade, Bell and Daldy, pp. 55, 56, 57, &c., where full information is given for casting, &c.) Sup-

posing an angler is fishing with the fly in such a river as the Tees, Swale or Wear, he begins as above described. There is a stone yonder, past which the stream flows, making a little eddy on one side especially. Ah! there you see a rise, as you expected. Now cast your point fly a little above where the fish rose, or on the very spot. So—there he comes—the quick strike is given with just the proper force, acquired almost as a knack by practice and observation, and the fish is hooked, the landing net held forward by the left hand and well under the water and the fish guided by the rod and line down over the same, so the net is raised, and the fish secured without disturbing any other water on right or left. And so he proceeds, leisurely advancing up-stream and casting only in places where experience has taught him fish are to be found.

The easy manner in which the rod is wielded and raised after each cast, and the deft art of so moving the wrist as to strike swiftly, but softly, marks the adept angler with the fly. And not less so does the method of bringing his fish straight into the landing net. This "inconvenient convenience" as Mr. Stewart terms it, is necessary to the angler who wades, and the easy and proper use of it in practised hands, marks the artist from the bungler. This latter using his net to land a hooked fish, gets excited, pokes at the fish, when he can get near it, scares it accordingly, and away it goes, the angler after, poking away, and letting the fish dart up the stream spoiling his best fishing, and finally hitting it with the bow of his net, when either a fly is gone or the hold torn out, and the angler, much disappointed, bewails his bad luck. How often have I looked on and pitied such thoughtless anglers.

I well remember a case in point which occurred on the Wear a few years ago. It happened in the latter end of May when the Stonefly, our Northern Mayfly, was well upon the water.

I had the day before invested some seven and sixpence in a new fourteen-pound fishing basket, it seemed large for so small a stream, but a large basket is convenient for stowing away

other things than fish. It was a lovely morning, soft, mild and warm, but a blazing sun was overhead, and the water very clear and low. This latter was just what I wanted for my Saturday's holiday, for I knew that there would be few anglers out on such a day.

I made a start from home about six a.m. walked about three miles and commenced just above Froskerley Bridge, where I made my first cast about eight a.m. My large horn had been well filled with Mayflies the night before, and I was in high glee at my anticipated sport, in which I was not disappointed, as the sequel will shew. No angler was to be seen within sight of the bridge, and in the open broken water above, up to the long pool, I had secured fifteen trout in grand condition, and of goodly size for our water. I waded up the middle of this pool fishing before me, and on each side, and by the time I had arrived under Bucklerdale I had added thirteen more to my basket. I now retired to the bank to have a pipe, the midges were so troublesome, and the heat so excessive. Here I turned out my fish, and not wishing to soil my new basket, I placed some plane-tree leaves at the bottom and returned them to it, shouldered it, and to work I went again, fully determined to fill it if I could.

Glad to find no one in sight up the next reach of water, I kept hooking and landing a fish, first from the side of this stone, then from that, now from the left side, now from the right, or wherever a fish rose. I never in my long experience of sixty years angling saw fish rise as they did on this day, and I never missed fewer. At Templeairs I had another rest and put on a fresh hook, I was then only using a single hook, the old one being likely to "neck off;" lighted up again and to work I went, my basket by this time being over three parts full. By the time I had fished the next reach, I espied a brother angler flogging away *down stream* with small fly, wading thro' the best water, and scaring before him, or only now and then slightly hooking a fish when he had out a long line, which fish he often lost before he came to the net.

I had just fished a nice swim on the opposite

side, over which some willows hung, and had taken three therefrom, but one with a black tail and body for a third of his length I could not hook; he was up to nipping the fly by the tail, three or four of which he had taken in succession without being pricked. I now sat down to watch my brother angler who when he came to where I was sitting accosted me thus :

"Well, old fellow, you've got a basket fit for a salmon fisher—do you ever expect to fill it?" and then he chuckled and laughed. This rather riled me, and I replied rather tartly "I have filled it."

"You don't say so! let me see," he said, coming to the side on which my basket was placed. I then emptied it of its contents, when we counted just one hundred and twenty trout. You should have seen that brother piscator open his eyes and stare at the heap.

"But what have you in that big horn?" he asked.

"Mayflies," I replied. "I have taken that lot between Froskerley Bridge and here with the Mayfly, since eight o'clock this morning, so you see I have 'hanselled' my new little basket."

"So you have indeed, I never saw such a splendid lot of trout. How do you fish with the mayfly?"

"Wait till I finish my pipe, and I will shew you." Accordingly he sat down beside me and lighted a cigar. He then said, "I thought that I had had good sport, I've taken sixteen or eighteen between Stanhope and here, and lost a great number."

"Well, if you will *persist in fishing down stream* you will always lose a great number. Do you see yon black tailed one rising just above the willows over yonder?"

"Yes I do, I never saw one marked so distinctly."

"Well, he has taken three or four flies from me, but I'll do for him yet, wily as he is." On this I put on a different coloured fly to those he had taken, then going down below, I cast above him letting only the fly touch the water. On its floating within a foot of where he was rising, I saw him come, struck, hooked and

netted him in a trice, and then walked out to examine my black tail.

"Now, if you will allow me I remarked, I will shew you how to fish our water, as I perceive you are of another school. I will take the water you have just passed, not fished, for you have only flogged down the main stream and missed the only places where trout haunt. There is a fish laid beside yon square stone yonder," pointing to it—"another beside yon round topped mossy one just above—another on the far side next the gravel or perhaps more than one. Let us see if I am right in my conjectures."

"Why how can you tell that there are fish there?" said he.

"Wait a little, and I will prove my assertion," I replied, I then stepped into the water below, and cast up and across to the square stone above alluded to. No sooner had my fly dropped upon the water close to it, than there was a boil, a strike and a fish was hooked which I speedily netted and my scholar, after many futile efforts, netted. So much for number one. Another fly was soon put on and I essayed to cast towards the mossy stone. The fly fell upon the stone and was gently pulled off; as soon as the fly touched the water a trout felt the steel, and after a short struggle was brought down for my scholar to net. It was a good half pounder and pulled very hard. Into the water he came and poked his net at the fish, which as often as he did so 'made tracks' as the Yankees say.

"Hold on," I cried, "hold your net before you, well in the water, man, and I will bring him over it, then lift your net as soon as you see him there." Accordingly he did so, and on the fish being drawn down to the stationary net, it was raised by the netter and the fish secured. Thus ended number two.

"Now for the far side trout, if he is at home," said I. Another fly was put on, and a cast was made over the said stone when number three bade good morning, which salute was responded to, and he paid a visit to the scholar's creel; a like procedure followed with another, which lay a little above, near the edge of the gravel

bed. Stepping a few yards further up three or four more met with the same fate, when I gave up fishing. My scholar being quite excited at the result. He had never before seen any mayfly fishing. At his request I gave him a tackle and my remaining mayflies and set him to work, but it was all I could do to get him to fish *up and across*, so much was he wedded to his malpractice of fishing down. After a few casts, however, made properly in spots likely for a fish, he hooked one, and netted it himself in a sportsmanlike style. He fished on till evening and caught a nice dish, as I afterwards learnt from him, and he never forgot the lesson.

The same system is pursued in fishing with the small fly by experienced anglers on our Northern rivers and brooks, and is found the most effective; and quick striking is the general rule.

There is no better method to teach the time and force of striking a fish than by the preceptor standing close behind the pupil, and taking hold of his hand which holds the rod, and so making a cast. The pupil not only feels the effect of the wrist movement, but he sees also the fish when it comes up to the fly, and perceives also the quick and sudden stroke given to the line by the quick yet moderate rise of the rod's point, which is the strike. He then tries to practise the movement at an imaginary rise a few times, until he was learnt the movement, and afterwards hooking a fish or two in this manner, soon acquires the art of striking quickly, and at the proper time, which once learnt he never forgets. He ever after strikes as naturally as if to the manner born, and his fishing then gains greatly in interest and pleasure.

I have tried to make this paper as plain and clear as I possibly could, and I think the hints derived from so long a practice as threescore years have given, may be useful to the would-be fly-fishers of the future.

One word more in advocacy of *up-stream* fishing. To follow nature as near as possible must be the best method and this is only following nature's method. Reader did you ever see a heron fish? I have, and watched one with much interest, and founded my practice on that

model. I saw the bird coming to his feeding ground and immediately hid behind some intervening bushes thro' which I could watch his method of fishing. Coming along he made a circle and dropped gently down upon the gravel *at the foot*, not at the head, of a gentle, thin or shallow stream, into which he carefully waded step by step with great caution, and then stood motionless for a time, gazing into the water. Suddenly, down goes his long yellow beak, and as quickly emerges with a small trout. Putting his beak up with the fish in it while his neck gracefully curls back, he gives it a nip or two turns it head first and down he gulps it. Now again he moves silently forward a step or two, lifting his long legs and setting them down as if in hot water. Then he stands again gazing for a short time when down goes his beak again and another trout follows his brother. This operation of *stepping up the stream*, and standing and darting in his long bill occurred seven or eight separate times, when he appeared to have finished his supper. Walking as leisurely out of the water as he entered it, he stood for a short time, raised his crest, shook himself once or twice, and extending his splendid grey wings rose with a kind of spring, and flapped leisurely and softly away to his roosting place in the old oakwood. This observation made when quite a boy struck me with so much pleasure and astonishment, that I decided to adopt *up-stream* fishing with the fly or worm in clear waters, and it has stood me in good stead on many a delightful fishing day, and brought many hundreds of trout to my basket. HAL.

NORFOLK DECOYS.



THINK the following account of the Norfolk decoys, which is taken from *Blackwood's Magazine*, of December, 1879, and also of the vegetation round the Broads, are of such general interest, and so admirably written, that they may well find a place in the "NOTE-BOOK."

"Norfolk was a stronghold of decoys, and there are still as many as six in active operation. *Very few persons have actually seen decoys; for as the greatest quietude is necessary in order to*

give the ducks a sense of security, the presence of visitors is not encouraged at any time, and the greatest mystery and secrecy are observed about a decoy. Briefly speaking, a decoy may be said to be a pond or lake from which shallow creeks or arms branch out like the arms of a starfish. These arms are curved so that the ends are not visible from the lake, and are arched over with network, forming pipes which lessen in size until at the end there is a kind of removable pocket. No gun is allowed to be fired within the neighbourhood of the decoy, and the fowl rest there during the day in, as they fancy, unassailable security. But from behind a screen of reeds the decoy-man, who holds in his hand a bit of smouldering turf to prevent his own odour from reaching the birds, gives a low whistle. On the pond are several tame ducks, which know that food is ready for them at the mouth of the pipe whence the sound proceeds. These swim quietly towards the hidden decoyman, and are followed by the wild birds. Then a reddish-coloured dog jumps through a hole in the screen and back again through another. The ducks are immediately brimful of curiosity, and swim to inspect this curious creature. The dog reappears a little way up the pipe, and the ducks follow. When they are well inside, the decoyman presents himself at the opening, and the frightened crowd flutter into the pocket and are captured. From one to two thousand birds might be taken in one season. There are two sets of decoys on Fritton Broad—one worked by Lieutenant-Colonel Leathes, and one by Sir Saville Crossley. Those who are interested in the subject of decoys should read an article upon Norfolk decoys, by Mr. Southwell, in the 'Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society' for 1878—1879."

VEGETATION ROUND THE BROADS OF NORFOLK.

"On either side of the river and around the Broads is a dense wall of emerald-green reeds, from seven to ten feet in height. Then come the yellow iris flowers, tall and bending rushes and bulrushes, the sweet sedge with its curious catkins; tangled feathery grasses, in such variety that, as you stand up to your neck in them, you may pluck a dozen kinds without moving; blue clusters of forget-me-nots, foxgloves, spikes of purple loose-strife, and broad tufts of valerian; bushes of woody nightshade; and sweeter than all, masses upon masses, all the way along, of the cream-white and strong-scented meadow-sweet; these are what make the immediate banks changing panoramas of kaleidoscopic beauty. Then on the water, beneath the reeds and across shallow bays, and in the little 'pulks' or miniature Broads, which everywhere open off

the river, are lilies, yellow and white, in dazzling abundance. Here and there are tropical tangles of wood; a picturesque house in a cluster of trees, or a reed-stack floating on the river with a supporting wherry hidden somewhere beneath it.

The far-reaching marsh has a beauty of its own, that of changing colour as the wind bows the many-tinted grasses and flowers, and the wind-waves and cloud-shadows sweep along; while everywhere are the snowy sails of yachts, and the red-brown canvas of the wherries. The atmospheric effects, too, are unusually beautiful, and sunrises and sunsets glow with a warmth of colour that gives the placid lagoons an almost unearthly loveliness; while, when the sun is set, the mists often show lakes and ships and islands that vanish with the dawn. Colour is seen far away; a group of red and white cattle, or the scarlet berries of the guelder rose entwined around some fallen willow, with a gleam of sunshine upon them, will lighten up miles of marsh. Then the flight of hawk and heron, snipe and wild duck, the splash of fish, and the scattering rush of the small fry as a pike makes his raid upon them, are incidents of every hour."

W.

THE MALTESE DOG.

WITH reference to the Maltese dog chapter in Mr. Vere Shaw's "Book of the Dog," *The Live Stock Journal* has received the following interesting remarks from Mr. John L. Hurdis. In Charlevoix's "History of the Island of St. Domingo, 1733," vol. I, page 166, he states that Christopher Columbus, on his first voyage to America, in the year 1492, touched at the newly discovered island of Cuba, for the purpose of refitting his ships. During that operation, two intelligent Spaniards were sent to reconnoitre the neighbouring country. On their return they reported, among other circumstances, that they had met with many different kinds of birds, and small dogs which did not bark or yelp ("*qui ne jappoient pas*"). At page 48 of the same volume, he gives the following account of these dogs. "The Goschis," a name found only in the manuscripts of Father le Pers, "were small dogs kept for the amusement of ladies, who carried them in their arms. They were also used in sporting, to scent other animals. They were likewise good for food, and were of great assistance to the Spaniards in the first famines they experienced. The species would very soon have become extinct in the Island of St. Domingo, had it not been brought there from other places of the American continent. There were several kinds; because one

had the entire body covered with a very soft wool; a larger number had only a sort of down, very soft and fine. The same variety of colour prevailed amongst them as in our own dogs; perhaps greater, because all the colours met with were brighter." The Goschi of Père le Pers, is therefore, a distinct race of dog, peculiar to America and the West Indian Archipelago, where it must have existed from the creation. Père le Pers described it as being mute, and the companions of Columbus also stated that it never barked. One of the varieties mentioned by the former writer, viz., that with a soft woolly coat of hair, quite white, is still found among us, under the name of the Maltese dog. Many of these domestic pets have been carried by the Spaniards from Cuba and St. Domingo to Spain, from whence would be no difficulty in their transit to the island of Malta. Some writers assert that these dogs are to be met with in the Philippine Islands, which is highly probable, seeing that the Spaniards who settled in those islands traded directly with the Spanish settlements of Mexico and Central America. It is quite certain that the Goschi is not the small pet dog mentioned by the ancient writers of Greece and Rome. Whether this American dog continues to be mute at the present day, or whether it ever was mute, my experience does not enable me to state. In Captain Edward Cooke's "Voyage Round the World"—at page 202, description of Peru—it is stated that at the first coming of the Spaniards, "no dogs were found in that country, but a sort of curs"—an allusion, no doubt, to the native dog of South America. In a recent work, "The Andes and the Amazon," by Professor James Orton, M.A., of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, U.S., the author, in his account of the Forest of Napo, mentions, I think, having seen a specimen of this native dog, a circumstance I have omitted to transfer to my note-book. Charlevoix's work is printed in the French language. The translation above referred to is my own.

JOHN L. HURDIS.

March 2nd.

[All wild dogs are said to be mute. Barking is a sign of civilisation.—E d.]

CURIOUS CAPTURE OF A TROUT.—Fishing in a plantation, through which the stream ran, the bait being a worm, I hooked a fish, close to an overhanging bank, where tree-roots formed an excellent retreat and harbour for big fish. My captive made a vigorous rush when struck, and broke my line just above the single swan-shot with which the latter was weighted, about

three inches above the hook—of course I never expected to see hook or fish again; but strange to say, both re-appeared in the following manner. Two or three days after the above occurrence, I was fishing with a friend in the same plantation; and at precisely the same spot, my friend got hold of a fish, and landed him in my presence, which proved to be a fine trout of nearly 2lb weight. What was our astonishment to find that my friend's hook had not struck the fish at all; but had become entangled with the small piece of gut line, with a shot at the end, left by me when my fish broke away carrying my hook firmly fixed in his nose, and the line hanging down from his mouth! That it was the same fish I had struck was undoubted and the question very naturally arose as to which of us he ought to be claimed by. I certainly hooked him, but did not catch him: my friend as certainly caught him, but did not hook him! The matter was amicably settled between us by a compromise: my friend's cook boiled him and I was invited to supper to partake of him!

H. W. B.

CAT STEALING A HEN'S EGG.—Last week I was standing in my garden close to a wall, when I heard something come to the top of the wall and then jump down, and saw my own house cat running away with something in its mouth. Unable to make out what it was, I followed, and the cat jumped into the drawing-room window and at once took refuge under the sofa. When dislodged we saw that it had in its mouth a hen's egg, which it had just broken, that contained a young chick ready for hatching. I never before knew a cat steal an egg, but by some wonderful instinct it must have known that the contents were quite ready for eating. The egg had been raised, carried, and the wall jumped without receiving any injury.

H. G. Ellacombe

Bitton Vicarage.

SMELTS IN THE RIVERS YARE AND WAVENEY.—Mr. Parker, fish merchant in Norwich Market, last week informed me that smelts, (*Salmo eperlanus*) have been this year unusually abundant in the Yare and Waveney, which he attributes to the good effects of the Norfolk and Suffolk Fishery Act. As a proof of this Mr. Parker had over 30 score of these beautiful fish consigned to him from one person alone living near the upper part of the Waveney; he also stated that the fishermen near Norwich have had very good luck lately. It is a very pleasant trip to go afloat for an hour with these men, and witness what masters of the art they are with the casting net, especially just now when they have been more fortunate than of late years. The magnificent falls of beautiful clear water tumbling

and splashing over at the Norwich new mills, and the fishermen hard at work with their casting nets, would make, in my opinion, a very pretty picture for the Royal Academy. It is, however, rather a singular coincidence that all this good luck has come on with the fine weather, since Messrs. Colman and Tillet's return as the liberal M.P's. for Norwich. Most of the fishermen imagine that fine weather, smelt fishing, and a good and early harvest must inevitably be the result, now that Liberals manage affairs instead of Conservatives in Downing Street.

Esox Lucius.

CRABS AND LOBSTERS IN NORFOLK.—Some years since there was such an immense destruction of little crabs and lobsters going on at Sherringham, Cromer, Runcton, &c., on the north coast of the county of Norfolk that the fishermen's earnings gradually dwindled away to almost nil. More and more lobster and crab pots were then put down to increase their miserable income, but as might be expected, with the worst possible results; as a *dernier ressort* application was then made to Government, and Mr. Frank Buckland was sent down to investigate the whole matter. The result of his enquiries exhibited a most deplorable state of things, over a million of tiny crabs being used in the season for cod-bait alone, and thousands of them sold at 2d. per score; as a proof of this 10,000 tiny crabs were knocked down one morning at the Yarmouth Fish Wharf for about £2, none of which exceeded a crown piece in size. Mr. Buckland and Mr. Spencer Walpole, his colleague, have since repeatedly visited Cromer, Sherringham, &c., and the operation of the laws they recommended have proved completely successful; lobsters are cheap and plentiful, and the supply of crabs so increasing that there is every hope in a year or two this valuable crustacean fishery will be as productive as ever. One of the new laws prohibits taking any lobster when full of spawn or "berried;" hen lobsters as the men call them. Lobsters measuring 8 inches, and crabs 4½ inches, are only allowed to be caught. As a proof of the good working of the recent Acts of Parliament that quantity of crabs sold at the Yarmouth fish wharf for £2 would be worth £150 in another year if let alone. Cromer crabs, and especially lobsters, well deserve their good name, like Loch Leven trout, Yarmouth long-shore and midsummer bloaters, they must be eaten to be appreciated. I was at Cromer last week and very delighted to hear what the men said, and how they appreciated all the kind efforts of Mr. Edward Birkbeck, our indefatigable member for North Norfolk, to get these excellent laws passed for their benefit.

Esox Lucius.

CUCKOO AND SWALLOW, APPEARANCE OF.—The old adage in respect of the Cuckoo says: "In April come he will," but with us here in South Leicestershire, the adage has not been verified, for it was the 3rd of May before I heard his welcome cry, and I do not recollect his appearance being so late as it has been this year. Has he in other districts been as late as here? The first pair of Swallows, (*Hirundo rustica*) I saw at my house here on April 17.—

J. GARLE BROWNE.

Desford.

FISH THAT SHOOT FLIES.—In the "Transactions of the Royal Society of London," for 1764, (vol. liv.) will be found a paper on the Jaculator-fish by Schlosser, the substance of which may be transferred to the "NOTE-BOOK," with the certainty of interesting it readers. When this singular fish (*Chelmon rostratus*) which frequents shores and sides of Indian rivers near the sea in search of food, sees a fly sitting on the plants growing in shallow water, it swims to a distance of five or six feet, and then, with surprising dexterity, it ejects out of its long and tubular mouth a single drop of water, which never fails to strike the fly into the sea, when it becomes its prey. This aroused Governor Hommel's curiosity, and he had a large tub filled with seawater, in which he placed some of these fish. When they were reconciled to their situation, a slender stick with a fly pinned on its end was placed in such a direction on the side of the vessel that the fish could strike it. It was with inexpressible delight that he daily saw these fish exercising their skill in shooting at a fly; and they never missed their mark. Governor Hommel observed that when the Jaculator-fish intends to catch a fly or any other insect which is seen at a distance, it approaches very slowly and cautiously, and comes as much as possible perpendicularly under the object; then the body being put in an oblique position, and the mouth and eyes near the surface of the water, the Jaculator stays a moment quite immovable, having its eyes fixed directly on the insect, and begins to shoot without ever showing its mouth above the surface of the water, out of which the single drop shot at the object seems to rise. The Jaculator can also shoot flies on the wing and another fish of the same order (*Zeus insidiator*) forms its mouth into a tube and squirts at flies so as to encumber their wings and bring them to the water's surface. G.

CURIOUS AFRICAN FISH.—The *Clarias Capensis* is often seen migrating in single file along the wet grass for miles. The "dagala," a small fish caught in great numbers in every flowing water and very like white-bait is said to vent its

eggs by the mouth and these immediately burst and the young fish manages for itself. (Livingstone's "Last Journals.") W.

[This last is probably another instance of the habit of carrying eggs in the mouth until they are hatched, which is mentioned in the article in our present number, on "The Parental Instinct in Fish." Ed.]

A FISH-FABLE BY CYRUS.—Herodotus (Clio, I., 141), tells a curious story of Cyrus, which is worth noting.—When the Lydians were subdued by the Persians, the Ionians and Æolians sent ambassadors to Cyrus at Sardis, wishing to become subject to him, on the same terms as they had been to Croesus. But he, when he heard their proposal, told them this story: "A piper seeing some fishes in the sea, began to pipe, expecting that they would come to shore; but finding his hopes disappointed, he took a casting-net, and enclosed a great number of fishes, and drew them out. When he saw them leaping about, he said to the fishes, 'Cease your dancing, since when I piped you would not come out and dance.' Cyrus told this story to the Ionians and Æolians, because the Ionians, when Cyrus pressed them to revolt against Croesus, refused to consent, and now when the business was done, were ready to listen to him. He, therefore, under the influence of anger, gave them this answer." (Carey's translation.) W.

WOODCOCKS, come over to the eastern coast in October and fall exhausted for a day or two on the nearest long grass or covert. Their arrival is eagerly awaited by gunners who massacre many of the birds when hardly able to rise from their shelter. As many as between thirty and forty in a day have thus been shot in Holderness. On the second night generally they fly inland and reach their several resting places. W.

MARTINS (*H. urbica*) are sometimes kept very late before migration in autumn owing to their having been persecuted during the laying of the second set of eggs and rearing of the brood by sparrows, until the latter seek the wheat fields for their Harvest Home. W.

FOXES IN TREES; LITTER IN ELM.—That foxes frequently take refuge in trees when hounds are abroad is well known, and more than one instance of their being found there, is noted among the details of the past hunting season, contained in *Land and Water*, of the 9th. inst. The Bedale hunt "found foxes three days in

trees." Their breeding in trees is, however, very unusual, but its occurrence has just been recorded. Mr. Hoddinott, the tenant of the Lodge Farm, Compton Verney, (Warwickshire) recently found a cub, with an injured back, lying at the foot of an old elm tree. This proved to be one of a litter, which a vixen had deposited in a hole above twenty feet from the ground. She has since removed her family to a safer position, where the cubs, yet a thousand generations off instinctive caution, will not run the risk of falling when they crawl from the hole.

X.

BONES OF ANIMALS FOUND IN CHURCH WALL.—During the progress of the alterations in St. Margaret's Church, in the City of Durham, the widening of the aisle rendered the removal of the north wall necessary, and while the workmen were engaged in pulling it down they found a wooden box, a little more than a foot square, in the centre of the wall, which was about two-and-a-half feet thick. The cavity, according to appearance, seemed to have been prepared for it when the wall was built, probably in later Norman times. The wood is about half an inch thick. On being removed in consequence of the oxydisation of the nails with which the box was fastened, its sides gave way. Within it were found the skulls of several animals, in a very perfect state, as also the bones of others less perfect. Several gentlemen have examined them and Mr. Cullingford, the curator, of the Durham University Museum, after a very careful scrutiny, gives it as his opinion that the skulls are those of three badgers, three foxes, and a polecat. He thinks that the fragmentary remains ought to be carefully preserved for further examination. It is difficult to account for the interment of these natural history specimens in such an unwonted place, more particularly as the wall, internally and externally, did not reveal their position. Even the most expert antiquaries—so far, at least—fail to explain the object of their insertion in the wall at the time of its erection. It is to be hoped that the Rev. J. Cundill, the vicar of St. Margaret's, will order the transfer of the remains to the Museum, with a note bearing the date and place of their discovery. Are similar instances known?

H.

A CONNOISSEUR IN 'SINGLE HAIR.'—A little character sketch from Hone's "TABLE-BOOK," may be transferred to your paper. The scene is laid at the Swan at Thames Ditton. "One evening last summer there alighted from the coach a gentleman apparently of the middle age of life, who first seeing his small portmanteau, fishing-basket, and rods safely deposited with

the landlord, whom he heartily greeted, walked into the room, and shaking hands with one or two of his acquaintances, drew a chair to the window, which he threw up higher than it was before; and, after surveying with a cheerful countenance the opposite green park, the clear river with its sedgy islands, and the little flotilla of punts, whose tenants were busily engaged on their gliding floats, he seemed as delighted as a bird that has regained his liberty; then, taking from his pocket a paper, he showed its contents to me, who happened to be seated opposite, and asked if I was a connoisseur in 'single hair,' for if I was, I should find it the best that could be procured for love or money. I replied that I seldom fished with any but gut-lines; yet it appeared, as far as I could judge, to be very fine. 'Fine!' said he, 'it would do for the filament of a spider's web and yet I expect to-morrow to kill with it a fish of a pound weight. I recollect,' continued he, 'when I was but a tyro in the art of angling, once fishing with an old gentleman, whose passion for single hair was so great, that, when the season of the year did not permit him to pursue his favourite diversion, he spent the greatest part of his time in travelling about from one end of the kingdom to the other, seeking the best specimens of this invaluable article. On his visit to the horse-dealers, instead of scrutinizing the horses in the customary way, by examining their legs, inquiring into their points and qualities, or trying their paces, to the unspeakable surprise of the vendors, he invariably walked up to the nether extremities of the animals, and seized hold of their tails, by which means he was enabled to select a capital assortment of hairs for his ensuing occupation.'

A. E. S.

PRIMITIVE FISHING APPLIANCE.—Dr. Hooker noticed a native of the Sikkim Terai fishing in a stream, "with a basket curiously formed of a cylinder of bamboo, cleft all round in innumerable strips, held together by the joints above and below; these strips being stretched out as a balloon in the middle, and kept apart by a hoop: a small hole is cut in the cage, and a mouse-trap entrance formed: the cage is placed in the current with the open end upwards, where the fish get in, and though little bigger than minnows, cannot find their way out." ("Himalayan Journals" (1854) i. p. 405)

E. M. P.

WALTON'S COMPLEAT ANGLER.—At the sale of the Rev. C. H. Craufurd's library in spring 1876, a set of the three first editions of this book produced £100.

W.

TAME TROUT (pp. 58-59).—When Coleridge, Dorothy, and William Wordsworth visited

Dumbarton Castle during their Scotch tour in August, 1803, they were shewn a trout in a well there, where he was said to have lived thirty years. (Journal, by Dorothy Wordsworth, p. 61). W.

Folk-Lore.

THE MARKS ON THE JOHN DORY.—The Doree "was formerly hung up in churches on account of the remarkable spots which appear on each side, which were said to be the marks of St. Christopher's fingers, who caught this fish as he was carrying our Saviour over a ford: or, according to others, because this was the fish out of whose mouth St. Peter took the money wherewith to pay tribute; and that the spots are elegant representations of the coin, being left as a memorial of the miracle." ("The Art of Angling," by Dr. Brookes, ed. 1766.) X

MOLE.—In the autumn of 1877 the caterpillar of a death's-head moth was brought to me by a rustic. He gravely affirmed, and entirely believed that in due time it would turn into a mole! M. G. W.

MIGRATION OF SOULS INTO FISH.—Runjeet Singh was persuaded, being the present Maharajah of Cashmere, that the soul of his father, Gholab Singh, had migrated into a fish and although the staple food of the natives consists of fish, gave orders that none should be taken throughout the country. (A. Wilson "Abode of Snow," p. 394.) W.

FOLK-LORE OF THE SWALLOW (p. 97.)—Mr. Henderson in his "Folk-lore of the Northern Counties" records the following superstitious notions attaching to swallows:—Their building upon a house is of good omen; they preserve it from fire and storm and protect it from evil. Their desertion of a place they have once tenanted forebodes misfortune. The penalties which threaten those who destroy their nests are a month's rain, the loss of dairy produce or general trouble and ill luck. Swallows descending a chimney or alighting on a person presage death. In Perigord the swallow is the "messenger of life." In our midland counties:

"The martin and the swallow
Are God Almighty's bow and arrow."

Among the whole Germanic race the bird is sacred—the herald of spring and "God's fowl." In Ireland on the other hand it is called the "devil's bird," and the belief obtains, according to Archbishop Whately, "that there is a certain hair on every one's head, which if a swallow

can pick off, the man is doomed to eternal perdition." "The cows will milk blood," if you shoot a swallow. ("N. & Q." 25 Dec. 1858.) BAGDAD.

Fishing Sundries.

GERMAN PISCICULTURE; THE WICKERSHEIM FLUID (p. 19.)—The hatching-troughs and tanks for artificial fish-breeding, for a very lucid description of which the readers of the "NOTE-BOOK" No. 2, were indebted to Mr. Broughton of Sugwas Court, are exciting much attention at the Berlin Fishing Exhibition, where the system is in full operation, and the ova of Rhine salmon and salmon trout are being daily hatched out to the astonishment and delight of a crowd of sightseers. The chief burgomaster Schuster of Freiburg, the proprietor of the fish-hatching establishments at Selzenhof and at Radolfzell on the shores of Lake Constance is the exhibitor.

Besides the hatching apparatus he has supplied three large aquaria containing river and lake trout, grayling, hybrid salmon trout of from three to four years old, and Californian salmon half that age. These last are the produce of the first lot of ova received from America in the beginning of 1878. The fish now weigh over one pound and a half each.

The vessels used in transporting the ova and fish are also shown. They all have air pumps and ice boxes and their excellence may be considered established by the fact that "the entire loss sustained during the transport from Freiburg to Berlin consisted of one fish only—a young trout one year old." Herr Schuster's exhibits also include a hatching apparatus of wood lined with tin, with double sides and bottoms and the intervening space filled with refuse wool, in which ova can be safely sent to any distance, as the ice water steadily trickling over them from the reservoir makes the eggs hatch on very slowly.

Specimens of every kind of fish found in Lake Constance and many other objects preserved with the Wickersheim fluid are also displayed. These are "perfectly flexible and soft to the touch and can be kept in the open air for several months, handled, dissected and treated just as though they had just died, without any sign of decay or any unpleasant odour." This wonderful preservative, which is named after its inventor, the preparer of specimens for the Berlin University, is without colour or odour, and is now a Government patent and secret. T.

OYSTER FISHING, EXTENSION OF SEASON FOR.—The Board of Trade announce that the Governments of France and England have agreed

to follow the course pursued in former years, and not to enforce the regulations of the Convention of 1839, but to permit "oyster fishing during the season in the seas outside the three-mile or other territorial limit, until the 15th of June."

Queries.

CARP LIVING OUT OF WATER.—"One thing observable in a carp is, that it lives the longest out of the water of any other fish; and Mr. Derham assures us, that in Holland they hang them up in cellars, or other cool places, in a small net, full of wet moss, with only their heads out, and feed them with white bread soaked in milk for many days." This passage appears in "The Art of Angling," by Dr. Brookes (ed. 1766, p. 31) and has been repeated by later writers. What credence may be given to the statement? B. B.

A POLYNESIAN FISH LURE.—Perhaps some correspondent can localize or refer me to the writer to whom the Rev. J. G. Wood ("Nature's Teachings," 1877, p. 91) is indebted for a description of a method of fishing for the Coryphæne or Dorado and other species preying upon the flying-fish, practised by "sundry Polynesian tribes." A hook of bone, ormer-shell or other material is made with the body fashioned rudely in the form of a fish, with a bunch of stiff fibres passed through a hole in the shoulders to represent wings and another to imitate a tail. This artificial flying-fish, attached to a long and slender bamboo rod, is suspended about two feet from the water at the stern of a canoe, while a sham bird composed of a bunch of leaves and fibres is hung some twenty feet above it, having the appearance of one of those large seabirds which hover over the flying-fish, and giving confidence to the Dorado when about to spring at the bait. SILEX.

Replies.

SCENTED BAITS: THE GREAT PROBATUM (p. 24)

"Wouldst thou catch fish?
Then here's thy wish;
Take this receipt
To anoint thy bait.

Thou that desir'st to fish with line and hook,
Be it in pool, in river or in brook.

To bless thy bait and make the fish to bite,

Lo, here's a means! if thou canst hit it right:
Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid in soak

In oil well drawn from that which kills the oak.

Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill;

Where twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.
Probatum.

It's perfect and good,
If well understood;
Else not to be told
For silver or gold."—R. B.

This is appended to "The Secrets of Angling" by J[ohn] D[ennys] 1613, (reprinted in Arber's "Garner" vol. i.) and signed R. B. (Who was R. B?) William Lauson, in his *Comments* added to the second edition of 1653, writes "I have heard much of an ointment that will presently cause any fish to bite; but I could never attain the knowledge thereof. The nearest in mine opinion—except this *probatum*—is the oil of an Osprey, which is called *Aquila Marina*, the Sea Eagle. She is of body near the bigness of a goose; one of her feet is webbed to swim withal, the other hath talons to catch fish. It seems the fish come up to her; for she cannot dive. Some likelihood there is also in a paste made of *Cocculus India*, *Assafetida*, honey and wheat-flour. But I never tried them. Therefore I cannot prescribe. That which kills the oak, I conjecture to be Ivy: till I change my mind. This excellent receipt divers anglers can tell you where you may buy it." (!)

BAGDAD.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. J. M. (Bournemouth); Rev. J. P. W.; F. O. M.; T. P. C. (Doncaster); Piper; A. R. O. are thanked.

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A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. 10.

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Concerning Fishing.

[From the Latin Tractate of Conrad Heresbach, entitled, *De Venatione, Aucupio atque Piscatione.*]

(Continued from page 135.)



JOVIUS holdeth opinion that the *Hearing* (otherwyse called *Clupea*) was of the olde felowes called *Sperling*. They are taken about the moneth of August in the northern seas above *England* and *Scotland*. The fishermen of the sea-wastes of *Batavia* and the *Morins* do furnish forth ships (that they call *Buocha*) of purpose for this sort of fishing, taking with them vittail for a moneth and for so many as twentie or thirtie men and lykewise their nettes, and other their needful fishing furniture. The nettes

they occupie are of a length often of twelve elles to four in breadth, and their lowermost part is furnished with a long and strong corde. And several of these nettes being joyned together, the weight of the corde causeth them to sink saving the upper parte which remayneth fleeting, by reason of the cork bestowed about it.

The nettes are cast in towards the twilight of the evening, when the hearings flocking thereinto very readilie, they are presently caught by the ears. The fishermen drag the nettes out to sea many miles, but when they begynne to wax heavie (a shrewd token of abundance of fish) they draw them up with pulleys and all that is in them, and here I give you this note that, wanting the pulleys, the fishers would possiblie be frustrated of their praie, for the nettes are ofttimes so heavie as they are neare breaking in the midst, for of this fish there is sometime taken as many as a hundred tonnes. The fishermen must have good regarde that their businesse be all despatched before the morning, for at the very first dawning of the day, the hearing seeketh the open sea. This kind of fishing is very dangerous, insomuch as everie day it costeth divers of the fishermen their lives, yea of the women (as they say) some be made widows five or six times in a yeere.

The *Stockfish* is found in the North sea, near unto *Island*, in the regions of ice. His flesh is dried and ere it be dressed (for lessening of the hardnesse) they wont to beat it with sticks and

maules, and hence he is called of the Germanes *Stockfisch*. Howbeit some do take him to be all one with the Whiting. He is caught (as they say) with nettes.

Plinie teacheth us (and likewyse *Oppianus*) that the *Sponge* is a fish, whose blood standeth still in his waynes and cannot flow. Of others it is witnessed that being affrayed by any noyse he goeth straight to the place whence the sound proceeded, and voyding a great quantitie of licor, afterward he shrinketh and becometh lesse. They cannot possiblie be plucked away from the rocks except they be cut, and sure the taking of them is not without great difficulty and danger for (as *Oppianus* saith) the fishermen being trayned to hold and keep in his breath, doth dive down into the waters, having a belt girded about his loins, carrying in his right hand a peece of lead, in his left hand a syckle, his mouth being filled with oyl; and one end of a rope being made fast to the said belt, the other end is held by the fishermen his comrades, and being got to the bottom, he voydeth some of the oyl from his mouth, and straightwaie the water shineth as it were with a flame in the night-time. Then, with his syckle, he sheareth off the *sponges*, that commonlie cleave unto rockes that are covered with weedes, and being cut, their licor escapeth, whereby there ariseth such an ill-savour as oftentimes choaketh the fisherman. And he who cometh to land agayne, without wounds or other harmes, of a truth he may count himself happy. I let alone the mischiefs that may arise from the jaws of sea-monsters, for the avoyding which such as use to make their trade of this sort of fishing (as you may see in *Aristotle*) do make choyse of such places as are frequented of the *Anthie*, for there they find no sea-monsters at all.

The *Anthie* is a fish whereof is found great store in the isles of *Illyria*, and on the rocky shores of *Asia*. They are easilie taken, and the manner is one. The fisherman being attyred in garments of one colour, saileth about in a little boat, some certayne daies together, starting forth alwaies at the same hour, and keeping the same course; and still he casteth foode into

the sea. In the beginning, the fishes are distrustful, but being lured and deceived by the fishers long continuing in one course, bye-and-bye, one of them ventureth to taste of the meate. And having so done twice or thryce, in the end he turneth mediator, and bringeth after him a greet companie of fishes, that presently losing their natural wildnesse do waxe tame and venturesome insomuch as they will take the meate from the fishermen's hands, who, very deftly and discreetly thrusting the hook into the baite, catcheth as many as come unto it, having a care he stow them away cunningly from the sight of the other fishes, and fayling not to spare the mediator. He must likewyse take heed he affray not the others by any sudden noyse or by touching of them with his hands. It is reported that such as die from the bite of the *Anthie* do endure as terrible tortures as though they fell into the handes of common ruffians and robbers.

The *Sargus*, being very amorous of the she-goat, may lightly be taken either with the shadow of a goat, or with a counterfeit presentment of a goat, fashioned of her skin. And therefore such as desire to catch this fish do place upon the high banks of the sea, or upon the rocks, goats or some semblance of the same. Howbeit some do take them in baskettes interwoven with branches of laurel and of myrtle (as *Oppianus* saith.) The crafty shifts that are used of this fish are well knowen, for if he be taken with the angle, or the nette, he sticketh not to bite through the line or the meshes; agayne if one of them chauce to see his fellowe imprisoned in a maunde, he hath this witte, as to stand upon his head and turning his tayle toward the captive in the maunde, the rogue seizeth it betwyx his teeth and so escapeth.

The *Sea-barbel*, the *Sea-chub*, the *haddock*, called of the Germanes *Schel-fisch*, of the Italians *Capitelli*, and of the Frenchemen *Egrefins*, and others belonging to the order of the *Mugilidae*, are caught principallie in winter, in the baies and creekes of the sea. For at the ebb of the sea they use to dig pits, and when the sea hath flowed and ebbed a second time they find the fish taken in the pits. There is yet another sort (whereof

Ælianus speaketh) that is found in the gulf of *Livadia* and is caught after the selfsame manner as the *Scarus*. *Aristotle* writeth that the cold, as it were, blindeth the barbel, and that he may be taken with pieces of bread fastened to an hook, or with pellets of earth wrapped in the entrayles of sea-fishes.

The *Mullet* is of a passing nimblenesse and swiftnesse, insomuch as there must be heed taken lest he overleap the nettes and baulk you of the fruit of your labour.

The *Cuttle* or *Inkfish* is killed with the speare, and if the female be wounded, the male straightwaie hasteth to her aide and succour, and both together they seek the open sea. And when they perceive that they shall be taken, they voyd from them in black humour, as if it were their own bloode and so are hid from the fishermen's eyes.

The *Torpedo*, or *Cramp-fish* benumbeth the right arm of the fisherman insomuch as he is constraigned to leave and let go his weapon. His touch hath this power in it as to take away all the force and strength, and this waie he overmastereth and devoureth the praie. Notwithstanding *Ælianus* affirmeth that he who dippeth his hande into the licor of *Cyrenaicum* doth turn to nought the power of the *Torpedo* and may touch him unharmed.

The *Callichus*, the *Orcymus*, the *Cuntharus*, the *Crabbe*, and the *Preke*, or *Pourcontrol* are caught in maunds, and their baite is of roasted flesh, the savour whereof greatly draweth and allureth them.

The *Carreletes* and the *Trachures* are taken with baites of live fishes bestowed in maunds.

The *Barbel* delighteth in filth, speciallie in the dung of beastes, as *Oppianus*, amongst other matters, reporteth.

The *Plaice* is a kind of fish having a flat breast, and he is taken from boats, the nettes being cast into the open sea at the time of high tide, speciallie in the channel and on the coastes of the *Morins*. They use to hang them up in the sun and so to dry them.

The *Preke*, or *Pourcontrol* is taken with branches of the olive tree, for that he greatly delighteth in the sayde tree.

The *Hippurus* desireth to make his lodging amidst the reliques and old remaynes of shippes, insteade whereof the fisherman cast into the sea bundles of faggottes and fastened thereunto great stones, for so the weight causeth them to sink. He is taken with an hooke, bayted with the entrayles of dogges.

The *Aphy* is a fish that is found ever in troupes or hosts, and that in such incredible numbers as that ships oftentimes strike upon them as upon a rock and cannot be rid of them, but onlie by heaving them asunder with an axe.

Of all the fishes of the river the *Pike* or *Luce* (called of some the water-wolfe) is the King and Captain. The Greekes called him *Labrax*, for I am not ignorant that the same fish is oftimes diversely named. He is caught in the *Rheyne*, and in the neighbouring rivers, eyther with the angle, or the nette, and they that desire to take him with the angle, must look to it, lest he rid himself of the hooke (despising the payne) and leave them nought but vexation for their labour.

The *Salmon-troute*, which cometh unto us from *Ausonia*, and hath his back speckled (in other points also differing) is of some held to be all one with the fish called of *Ælianus* Troeta. *Ælianus* maketh him a sea-fish. He is the only fish that, being taken, hath the skill to deliver himself from that ill plight, and this, the fishermen well knowing, they are wonted to affix to their hookes long shankes or handles.

The *Italians* hold opinion that the *Carpione* is all one with the *Carpo* that is caught in the lake *Garda* and hath the savour of the *Troute*; onlie this is to be noted, that the *Carpione* (as *Jovius* wryteth) hath black spots, whereas the *Carpo* is flecked with red. Yet herefrom there is to be drawn no certain argument, for it is well knowen that of these fishes, like as of the *Troute* and the *Salmon-Troute*, some be spotted with black and some with red. *Theodorus* holdeth opinion (but wrongfully) that this fish is none other than a young salmon, giving for example that notwithstanding he hath a spotted skin, he is found in the *Rheyne*, in northern *Germanie*, especiallie about *Brisgard* and in many other places, but never in the small rivers, whereas the *Troute* is found neither in the

Rheine, nor in any other of the great rivers, but delighteth in rocky streams, notwithstanding he is sometimes kept in ponds and stews. Being driven into the holes of streames, he may very readilie be taken, so much as with your hand. He loveth to lurk beneath the shadowing bankes of streames, or under the covered rootes of trees. He is sometimes taken with nettes and sometimes with maundes, and beside sometimes they use to take him with speares in the night-time, by the help of torches.

There is likewise the *Sea-trout*, so called of the *Venetes*.

The *Funduli*, a little white-fish which hath his haunt beneath the pebbles, is taken either with the hand or els with nettes that are very small.

Some think the *Chub* (a little fish that is likewyse found in the rocky beds of streams) and the *Boithis* and such other like as live in companies, to be all of the same kinde. They abide all after the same manner beneath the stones, and they are taken by lifting up the stones with your two handes very tenderlie.

The *Bleak*, which is also a fresh-water fish, is taken with the angle, specialie in the spring-time, and with a baite of a manner of worms which take their name of the dew.

The *Gudgeon* is caught not onlie in the rivers of the country of *Trent*, but likewyse in the lakes and seas.

In the lake *Como* and in *Verbano* they use to feede them, by reason of the profite to be had of the sale of their livers, that are of the *Italians* held in great estimation. This fish is there called *Capitoni*, and the Greekes (if Aristotle is to be believed) did call them *Kokise*. They differ not greatlie from the *Funduli* that are caught in the *Rheine* or other rivers of *Germanie*, either with the angle or the nette.

The *Carpe* is a fish both of the sea and of the river. He desireth and delighteth in thick and muddied waters, and he may be taken either with the hooke, the nette, or the maunde. But oftentimes he mocketh the fishermen, by thrusting his head into the mudde, and so the nettes overpasse him. And you are to have a care you confound not this fish with the *Carpione* of

Benaco (on the lake Garda) whereof I told you before.

The *Pearch* (as Athenæus sayth) is taken with nettes or maunds. He hath his back armed with spines. There is likewyse a sea-fish of the same kind.

The *Crabbe* is taken in the small rivers. He lieth hid under the stones, or in the holes of the bankes. And there must a speciall regard be had of the water, whether it be warm or cold. If it be warm it is a shrewd token that you shall find the crabbe and the toad together, but if it be cold, he keepeth himself under the shrowd of the bankes. And he that desireth to take him must seize him by the back very sodainly, lest with his claws he lay a harmful gripe upon you.

(To be continued). E. H. E.

DIES ELYSIA.

A FRAGMENT IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF THE "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ."

SCENE—the banks of the Tay near Aberfeldy.
NORTH—threading his rod by the river side.

NORTH. "Morven and Morn, and Spring and Solitude." Such was the opening line of a deathless poem written by this hand!"

"Morven and Morn—and Spring—and Solitude," and laverocks lilt in the lift; and trouts jumping in the pools; health in my veins, strength in my limbs, money in my purse, and more at my Banker's; the cares of the world all left miles away behind, and what does a man want more to make him happy?"

"Hah! there's a good trout stirring yonder; and not a bad one underneath that bush; and two just in the tail of the stream; another; and yonder another! Wait but a minute my neighbours! Christopher is quick at the tackling on; and ere the hungriest has snapped three flies more, Kit will engage to have made a nearer acquaintance with one of you speckled

beauties, who will doubtless esteem it, not perhaps actually a pleasure, but certainly an honour, to have succumbed to the prowess of the 'King of Anglers'!"

Two small boys come walking along the bank and stop, half-shyly, evidently admiring the taper rod and other accoutrements of "His Majesty."

North. "Atweel, my braw men, and what think ye of our chance this bright May morning?"

Ambo tacent.

North. "What! no tongues? had ye noo, been twa lassies I wadna hae askit twice afore I'd gotten an answer!"

1st Small Rustic:—"We are na lassies."

2nd Small Rustic:—"We're laddies!"

North. "Aye—and braw laddies too, noo ye've fanden yer tongues. What'n ye ca' this River?"

1st Small Rustic:—"Tay!"

North. "Atweel, I live in hope I'll hae sic sport that fra this day, lang's I live, I sall always be able to tell Tae fra' Tither!"

(Christopher handles his rod with the air of a master, brings a long line, with a sweep, twice or thrice around his head, and proceeds in a few careless casts to wet it in the stream. But some vein of thought seems to come over him, his arm is suddenly motionless, the line sinks slowly beneath the surface and he stands at the edge of the water in meditation lost.)

North (musingly.) "Three score years and ten! For three score years have I, as surely as spring relaxed the earth, paced by the margin of some troutful stream. For three score years, as May came round, have I listened to the lark beneath his cloud, as now I do! gazed on the swelling buds of bush and tree, as now I do; and marked as now—and not more eagerly than now—the dimpling eddies of the feeding trout.

"A boy, a youth, a man, an aging man, at which period of existence was enjoyment the most keen? And now, an aged man, reached at length the scripture-designated term of human life; here I stand once more, my first fishing-day of the new season, and seem, God knows! once more a youth,—a boy! The intervening space, all those hours, those days, those

years of peaceful pleasure passed by the purling stream, are *gone*—forgotten, vanished to a point! And were some spirit of the flood to rise up now before me and tell that this present balmy May-day was the very next to that blissful day, for ever marked by whitest stone, on which I first, on Ettrick's Banks, a ten-year-old, dared call myself "*an Angler*," it seems as tho' perforce I must believe him, so faint, so dim, so ghostlike—Nay! so utterly gone and past seems all the interim! And such is life! and such the pleasure of life! Aye, even the purest pleasure that perishing man may know! It seems as tho' it were not! had not been!"

"The boy is father of the man." Not so! The boy is rather brother of the man, nay! is the man himself! Seems as I stand here as tho' *no* interval were spread twixt boyhood and manhood, even old-manhood! Here stand I by Tay, as yon old time by Ettrick, the same thoughts, feelings, hopes, fears. I *am* what I *was*. The long drawn sixty years are gone, are nothing, have not been! Yet life is not to come! Is it then past?"

(The old man turns from the stream and sits on a mossy stone.)

"I will not fish to-day!"

T. P. W.

FISHING A SCOTCH LOCH.



WHEN the fly-fisher first arrives at the dark rippling wavelets of the Loch overshadowed by the dear Scotch mountains of which he has dreamt so long and sought with so many hopes and fears from his Southern home, he is apt to feel somewhat diffident at beginning operations. We will give him a few hints. The Loch may be fished in three ways, by walking round the edge, by wading and from a boat. If the first method be chosen, unless the edges are very boggy, skirted by beds of reeds, he may hope to catch fish; but not so many as he would from a boat. Trout are not so frightened at a boat

at the human form at the edge of a loch projected against the sky, and, it may be, looming to their dim perceptions like the Spectre of the Brocken. Keep as far back from the water as you can, and fish gradually up to it, thus throwing out your furthest casts from the very edge. Then retire, walk on a few steps and repeat the same procedure. Or you may advance slowly along the edge, taking care, however, not to indulge in more lively action of the arms and legs than is absolutely necessary. Anything of the wind-mill mode of throwing about the arms is certain to terrify every fish within thirty yards. Cast very carefully round big stones, at the edge of weed-beds and the like. Always use a landing net ; to drag a fish out by the line is almost always to lose it in a Loch. Above all remember that if the bank rises behind you, or is studded with low bushes, trees &c, you must be very careful in throwing or you will certainly lose a fly, if not break the top of your rod on these obstacles. Similarly if the beach be of stones, you will infallibly break your line or the barb off a hook upon them, in a backward cast, if not very cautious. With these provisoes a ramble by the edge of a Loch is a very pleasant procedure and the angler needs no gilly, if he be at all self-reliant.

As for wading, we have never tried it in a loch, but it must be more or less of a trouble without a gilly to reach it in wading stockings and to fish its banks which will often be broken and covered with brake, brushwood, &c. Besides many lochs are so tremendously deep even at the edge, and others sink from a shallow bottom to a great depth so suddenly that an immersion even to a good swimmer, burdened as he would be with bag and tackle and often far from help, would be very dangerous. Our advice to fly-fishing tiroes therefore is, unless you know the shore of the Loch well, or have a man with you, do not adventure yourself in its waters in wading stockings.

At the fishing inns the landlord naturally expects his visitors to hire a boat. Any Scotchman, young or old, out of work has forthwith *his pocket filled with lunch* and is called a gilly

for the occasion. He takes it for granted that he can row, but he often knows nothing of the way to manage the boat, or to procure his master good fishing. His style is always marvellous in the eyes of a man who has pulled on the Isis or Cam, and the less said about the oars the better. First, see that the boat does not leak before you pull into the deeps. If she does, have her turned bottom upwards, and with some thick cord from your pocket, a knife and a stick cut from the nearest bush, caulk the seams a little. This often saves much discomfort, let alone danger. Remember that fish do not lie in the deep dark waters of the centre of the loch, but round the edges about ten or twenty yards from the shore, round weed, little islands and the like. Make Donald row you very slowly down the loch where the bottom seems abruptly to shelve into deep water, and cast well in front and to each side. Indeed, instead of rowing, if there be much wind, he will have to back water rather than to row. In this way proceed from one end to the other, (if a small loch), or as far as you intend fishing. Then lay your fly rod down ; set out a trolling rod, (or two if you like, one from each end of the stern,) baiting one with a phantom minnow, the other with a natural bait, the smallest of the trout you have taken. Now make Donald row up smartly over the same water, but a trifle further in the loch. In this way you utilize all your time and may take a *ferox* (if any exist in the loch), or certainly a good trout or two. Arrived at the upper end ; land and lunch. Donald will do the same ; give him half-an-hour for his pipe and snooze, while you botanize, sketch, or write a sonnet. Then make him cross over to the other side and follow the same procedure down and up again along it. If the loch has an outlet at either, (or both ends), fish them separately, very carefully and slowly ; the best fish always lie there and many of them. If a "burn" runs into the loch at any point, approach its debouchure very cautiously and fish it also carefully. There, you are nearly sure of a fish. It is a good plan if at all cramped to land at the outlets of the loch and fish the big pool above it. There too nice fish lie, and

Donald will be charmed to wait for you while he once more lights his everlasting pipe.

It is a good thing first to let the gilly row you about for half-an-hour or so his own way; then quietly and unassumingly take the command and follow the above routine. This saves the poor fellow's feelings. It is well for a stranger to remember that all browbeating, swearing, and rough ordering about is especially hateful to a Highlander. Treat him like one of nature's gentlemen (as he is,) not a cringing, tip-loving, tourist-corrupted hanger-on of an inn, and he will respect you and cordially do his best on your behalf. There is nothing he so much likes as to find a patient listener to his legends of rock and castle around; but he will only tell them when he has a congenial master. One caution more, do not give him too much whisky, or in any way spoil him for your successor in the boat. So, (to conclude in dear old Dame Juliana's words), you shall "se the fayr bryght shynynge scalyd fysshes dysceyved by your crafty means and drawen upon lande;" so shall you enjoy a happy holiday, and leave behind pleasant remembrances and many kind hopes that you will come again.

M. G. WATKINS.

ANGLO-SAXON FISH-NAMES, No. I.

RETURNING to Ælfric's Colloquy, of which I have already given a modern English version—as far, at least, as relates to fish, I will now notice the fish-names more particularly. The river-fish are these following.

1. Lat. *anguilla*, A. S. *ael*,* mod. E. *eel*.
2. Lat. *lucius*, A. S. *hacod*. This is the *luce*, a kind of pike; prov. E. *haked*, a large pike. The A. S. *hacod* is allied to *hake*; the sense is 'hooked,' perhaps from the formation of the jaw. The Norwegian word *hakefish* is used of salmon and trout; and literally signifies 'hook-

* I denote the accented or long æ by printing the component letters a and e separately; the short æ is printed in the usual manner.

fish.' We here come to a first principle as regards fish-names, viz., that they were, in former times, given to various fishes in the most loose and hap-hazard way. Our ancestors were not naturalists, and it is therefore a mistake to suppose that it is always possible to say precisely what fish is meant by a given name. Messrs. Britten and Holland, in their English Plant-names, lay down as their two leading principles, (1) that the same name is applied to quite different plants; and (2) that the same plant may have as many as thirty different names. It is just the same with fish; and I particularly wish it to be understood that my remarks are made solely from a philological and lexicographical point of view, and may frequently prove of no value whatever to the naturalist; because, from the very nature of the case, accuracy is either impossible or was never intended. I believe that naturalists are frequently misled in *philological* points, by their own special knowledge.

3. Lat. *mena*, A. S. *myna*. Probably the A. S. *myna*, better *mina*, is our modern E. *minnow*. If so, the Latin *mena* is hardly the same, being a borrowed word from Greek. This introduces us to yet another principle, viz., that the English glosses to Latin words in old vocabularies are frequently incorrect, inadequate, or unsatisfactory. It is often impossible to reconcile the interpretations, because they are wrong from the beginning. But they have their value as evidence nevertheless; and sometimes one vocabulary corrects another. The right way is to collect *all* the evidence; the conclusions can then be drawn at leisure.

4. Lat. *capito*; A. S. *aelepūta*; E. *eel-pout*.
5. Lat. *tructus*; A. S. *sceōta*. The Latin word is our *trout*; the A. S. word means 'a shooter,' i.e. a darter, and is very expressive.
6. Lat. *murēna*; A. S. *lampreda*; E. *lamprey*. We next come to the list of sea-fish which is as follows.

7. Lat. *alex*; A. S. *hæringc*; E. *herring*. The Lat. nominative is also *alec*, *allec*, *hælex*. The usual explanation of *herring* is doubtless the correct one, that the fish is named from its coming in large shoals; from A. S. *here*, an

army, with the common suffix *ing*, used with various powers.

8. Lat. *isicius*; A. S. *leax*; Aberdeenshire *lax*, a salmon; Danish and Swedish *lax*, a salmon.

9. Lat. *delphinus*; A. S. *mereswyn*. The Latin word is our *dolphin*; the A. S. word is 'mere-swine,' i.e. sea-swine, sea-pig, sea-hog; a name often applied to the *porpoise*, which has the same signification.

10. Lat. *sturia*; A. S. *stiria*. The A. S. name is probably not a native word, but merely the Latin *sturia* rewritten. Yet the name is certainly of Teutonic origin, *sturia* being quite unknown to classical Latin. Hence, with a French suffix, comes our *sturgeon*.

11. Lat. *ostrea*; A. S. *ostrā*; E. *oyster*. The A. S. word is borrowed from Latin directly; the E. word is from French, and so from Latin indirectly. But the Latin word itself is borrowed from Greek, and has reference to the 'bony' shell.

12. Lat. *cancer*; A. S. *crabba*; E. *crab*.

13. Lat. *musculus*; A. S. *musla*; E. *mussel*, *muscle*. By the spelling *mussel*, we mean the native English name, A. S. *musla*. By the spelling *muscle*, we mean the French spelling of the Latin *musculus*. The A. S. word, in this case, is not borrowed from the Latin, but both words belong to the same Aryan stock, and have the same sense, viz., 'a little mouse.' The name is fanciful; but hardly more so in this case than when it is applied, as in Latin, to a muscle of the body.

14. Lat. *torniculus* (from *tornare*, to turn, wind); A. S. *pinewincla*. The A. S. name ought to have become *pinnywinkle* in modern English, but has become *periwinkle* by confusion in sound with a certain flower. The name of the flower, *parvenke* in early English, is a corruption of the Lat. *pervinca*.

15. Lat. *neptigallus*; A. S. *saecocca*; E. *sea-cockle*. *Cockle* is a diminutive of the A. S. *cocca*, borrowed from the Welsh *cocs*, with the same sense.

16. Lat. *platesia*; A. S. *fage*; † supposed to be a flounder or plaice.

† *So* in Wright; Thorpe has FAGG; probably FAGG is right; as will appear hereafter.

17. Lat. *platissa*; A. S. *flōc*. From the Lat. *platissa* comes (through the French) our *plaice*. The A. S. *flōc* is now *flake*, Lowland Scotch *flook*, used for various sorts of flat fish; sometimes a flounder.

18. Lat. *polypus*; A. S. *lopystra*; E. *lobster*. The proper Lat. name for a lobster is *locusta*, sea-locust; and the modern E. *lobster* is merely a corruption of this, put for *lopster*, A. S. *lopystra*. The change from *locusta* to *lopystra* presents no great difficulty, since *c* and *p* are frequently interchanged. It only shews that the Latin name was unfamiliar, and was turned into a form which gave a sort of sense; *lopystra* may have conveyed the notion of 'leaper' to a Dane, from association with the Scandinavian word *lop*, a flea (literally, a leaper) which is well known in the North of England. The true A. S. form for 'leaper' is different, the verb being *hleápan*.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

VERSES.

ON SEEING AN OLD MAN ANGLING IN THE
RIVER WHARFE ONE DAY IN LATE AUTUMN.—

AS late by Wharfe's romantic stream
The autumn boughs were sighing,
And frequent in the eddying breeze
The leaves fell dead and dying,
An aged Angler took his way
Adown the lovely river,
Flowing serene as still it flows
And shall flow on for ever.†

The sun shone bright o'er hill and vale
It seemed all nature smil'd,
Rich golden tints lit up the grove
The air was calm and mild;

† "Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum"
(Horace Ep. I. 2, 43.)

And thus he commun'd with himself,
That peaceful Angler grey—
Cheerful of mien tho' bow'd by years,
And verging to decay.

"In Childhood's day I roam'd these banks
A happy blythesome boy ;
Each flower and tree and insect bright
A source of love and joy ;
A Youth—these streams could solace yield
To all my youthful care,
Their murmuring voice would whisper peace
And hope 'mid Love's despair.

"A Man, I still could rapture feel
To throw the mimic fly,
And practis'd many a cunning art
To lure the speckled fry ;
And ever as I onward trod
The down-hill path of life,
I'd hither haste to seek relief
From worldly care and strife.

"And now that years have told their tale
And youth and strength are past,
And gathering aches and pains remind
That life is ebbing fast—
The latest of a happy band
Of friends and brothers dear,
Who lov'd, as I, fair Nature's charms
And, with me, angled here—

"Alone I wander by the Wharfe
And ply the frequent rod,
Content to breathe the balmy air
And pace the flowery sod—
And list, delighted as of yore,
The wild-birds warbling round ;
And mark with sense undimm'd by years
Each rural sight and sound.

"And as in rapid ceaseless flow
The River hurries on,
Till, mingling with the mighty main,
Its devious course is run—
I think—so glides the stream of Time
To join a mightier Sea,
Silent as death, as midnight dark—
Wide as Eternity !

"And as the current bears along
The leaves, some sere, some green,
Which having flourish'd here awhile
Shall never more be seen,
I think—by Time's resistless force
So Man is swept away,
Nor Young, nor Old may here abide
Beyond th' allotted day.

"So live we that as Death draws near
We calmly bide the time,
Nor Mem'ry's retrospective glance
Accuse us of a crime ;
No worldly cares, no vain regrets,
Thankful for mercies given ;
The mind withdrawn from things of earth
And steadfast fix'd on Heaven."

T. P. W.

HOW TO FLY-FISH FOR GRAYLING, AND WHERE.



OME little while ago a paper which I sent to the "NOTE-BOOK," "How to fly-fish for Trout and where," was well received. I now offer the above as a companion ; though not knowing quite so much of the subject. I should like to read what a writer from the Teme at Ludlow might say ; that river I am told is a paradise for grayling fishers. I have never been to Ludlow ; my experiences are in Derbyshire chiefly. Only twice have I strayed beyond for grayling ; to the Wiltshire Avon, and the Yorkshire Rye.

The essentials in every grayling river are pools with slight shallows at the head ; and deeps ; mill-dams here and there. The Wye at Litton and at Cresbrook, is of this character. So it continues to its junction with the Derwent. There are dams ; there are deeps ; there is alluvial soil and a fair quantity of water weed in the bed of the river, favourable to the production of insect life ; the river itself flowing through a country abounding

with meadows, superb woods—almost forests—and high agriculture. The Avon above Salisbury resembles this, with the addition of some considerable natural advantages; and also the Rye at Helmsley. The Derwent at Rowsley and Baslow has goodly store of grayling, but these features do not so much prevail.

Grayling are far more uncertain in feeding than trout; but when fairly rising are easily taken. The best months, "all round," are September and October.

November is good, if fine, but generally full water is the rule; this spoils sport. Avoid March, April, and May. During that period grayling are either going to spawn, or are spent, and not good. Any other month will do.

Grayling fishing is practised successfully up stream and down; give me the latter. Grayling are not so easily scared as trout, and may be caught within a yard of the wader. Whichever mode he adopts, a man need not be scientific in his fishing, as he must for trout. Begin at the head of a stream, or in a weir hole, close to the bottom stones of that weir. What applies to the one will fit the other. Cast into, but not beyond the middle of the highest portion of this head stream, and rather above the position occupied—which should be at starting, near the bank. Let the current carry your flies, you working then gradually across and towards, until they are brought parallel to, but below where you are standing; or, still nearer to the bank, for grayling often lie close to it. And throughout the working, be particular to "dibble" the nearest dropper on the top of the water; always see it trembling, naturally, there. If a fish is rising and a well selected dropper be fairly presented, it is nearly sure to come up. Don't strike, but rather give the fly. A peculiar action in the rise causes grayling to hook themselves, striking tends rather to lose than secure. At this spot, and in this way, repeat several casts. Unlike trout, one cast is not sufficient to attract. I have frequently made six; and after pricking the fish, got him. Of course, in down stream fishing *it is necessary to guide a hooked grayling into still, or thin, water as soon as convenient; so*

that the other portion is little disturbed. Then proceed 3 yards down stream—or say about the length of a lash—and cast again, working the flies as before. So on, until moderately still water is reached. If my notes have been followed it will be seen that only one half of the river has as yet been fished. Now walk to the stream head where you started and begin again; but this time, wade over the ground where your flies have travelled before; and similarly, fish the other half. There will not be equal success, but it is worth while. For deeps and dams there is nothing like commencing at the bottom; casting above, and across. Then, if a fish rise, strike; it is different from down stream fishing.

A word or two as to the lash and flies. Grayling have a way of "wobbling," much to the fly-fishers discomfort. They will often, if hooked on a dropper, roll into the lash, involving that in almost inextricable confusion. If the lash be of gut, much valuable time is lost, and temper spoiled. I always use transparent round single hair taken from the tail of a once favourite grey mare. Tangles with hair are easily adjusted; but not so with gut. Hair also has the advantage of never fraying, and if the knots are looked to occasionally will—with most careful striking—last an extraordinary long time. I have hair lashes in use now that have done duty for six years. The lash as intimated should be 3 yards, with a length of twisted hair—3-strands—between it and the reel line. Furnish with not over 5 flies or less than 4; the former preferred. I must write some words about flies and shall have occasion to mention names, but with no purpose to serve, beyond this paper. Very few flies are wanted for grayling. Indeed with shades of Eaton's (Starkholmes, Matlock Bath) bumbles—and fish in the humour—you are well equipped. This bumble is an imitation of no fly that I know of, but is a miniature palmer or hairy caterpillar. It is, the most attractive fly ever presented to grayling. The maker—not the originator, who was one Joseph Turton a most successful Sheffield fly-fisher—has several other capital grayling flies for the Derbyshire rivers; notably

the "Little Chap." David Foster, Ashbourne, is a good man to consult. W. J. Cummins of Bishop Auckland—a most practical manufacturer in every branch of supply—makes the Derbyshire flies very well—and I question if these would not kill everywhere.

Settled and bright weather, preceded by a frost that brings the leaves from trees, and also growls from fly-fishers, who then can scarcely make a cast without hooking a leaf; such are the best days for grayling. NOOE.

CATS.

IN a recent number we were favored with sundry curious particulars respecting our bow-wow friends, and it is but fair that the other home and household pets, the cats, should have their innings. The cat was originally brought from Persia and appears to have been unknown to Pliny and the Roman writers. The term "puss" is thought to be a corruption of "Pers." She (for we must choose our gender and—*place aux dames*) is an emblem of the moon, from the changeableness of the pupil of her eye, which, in daytime, is a mere narrow line, but dilatible in the dark to a luminous globe. For this reason she can, like most beasts of prey, see best at night. The tip of the cat's nose is always cold except on Midsummer day. It was formerly a countryman's trick to substitute a cat for a sucking pig, and bring it to market in a bag; so that he who, without careful examination, made a hasty bargain, was said to buy a pig in a poke and might get a cat in bag. A discovery of the cheat gave rise to the expression of "letting the cat out of the bag."

In allusion to her unfitness for food, it is said "what *can* you have of a cat but her skin?"

A small kind of fiddle is called a "kit," for obvious reasons. A plate-warmer, of whose six legs three always stand on the ground however it may be placed, is called a "cat" from the belief that however a cat may be thrown, she

always falls on her legs. She usually does so because in the middle of the foot is a large ball or pad in five parts and elastic; she has also a similar pad at the base of each toe. In addition she has great facilities for balancing herself when springing from a height. From her great powers of resistance she is said to have nine lives.

"'Tis a pity you had not ten lives, a cat's and your own," says Ben Johnson in "Every man in his humour."

The proverb of making a cat's paw of one, arose from the well-known story of the monkey and chestnuts. The cat is subject to vomiting, and any one who drinks to excess knows what is meant by "shooting the cat." Contrary to ordinary ideas, she prefers meat to fish, and is not infested with fleas. A black cat is highly charged with electricity. White cats with blue eyes are generally deaf.

Cats like the sun, and it is related of Charles James Fox that, walking up St. James' Street with the Prince of Wales, he made a bet that he would see more cats in his walk than the Prince, although the latter should take which side he liked. When they reached the top, it was found that Fox had seen thirteen whilst the Prince had seen none. Asked for explanation, Fox said, "Your Royal Highness took, of course, the shady side as most agreeable; I knew that the sunny side would be left for me, and cats always prefer the sunshine." G.

ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD (*Archibuteo lagopus*.)

—A female of this widely distributed bird, was shot at Stiffkey (North Norfolk) during the early part of February in this year; specimens are not uncommon in Norfolk in the spring and autumn. The Rev. R. Lubbock in his 'Fauna' says "In some hard winters it may almost be called common. Nine or ten have sometimes been brought to Yarmouth in the same week from warrens in the vicinity: in almost all instances these are immature birds." The above bird was seen for some days previous to its being obtained, and spent some hours each day on the top of a large barley stack; after it was shot the remains of rats, &c., were found on the thatch. T. J. M.

STONECHAT (*Saxicola rubicola*).—The east winds and cold nights have not prevented this restless noisy little bird from breeding at a date which must be considered very early. On April 27th, I saw a young bird fly strongly across the path in which I was walking and alight on a clod close to me; my attention was attracted by its quivering wings and open mouth, the latter was soon filled by its mother which proved to be a Stonechat; the young bird must have been out of the nest some days; the only down on the youngster (seen through my field glass) was on the upper part of the neck. Yarrell vol. i. page 280, says "The young are usually hatched by the middle of May." Have any of your readers seen a young one on the wing at this date, May 10th?

T. J. M.

Bournemouth.

JADE SPECIMENS IN THE INDIA MUSEUM (p. 34).—"In the centre cases are specimens of jade, many of them unique examples of the best period of Mogul art in India. The collection was bought from the late Colonel S. Guthrie for about £6,000. There can be no manner of doubt that its intrinsic worth is not less than £70,000. The large bowl with a cover has a very interesting history. It was purchased about 30 years ago by Colonel Guthrie without the cover, which had disappeared for generations. Some years ago it turned up at a sale in London, and was purchased by Mr. Arthur Wells, of Nottingham, who possesses the finest collection of Indian agates in existence; and he, on hearing of the transfer of the India Museum, at once offered the cover to the Science and Art Department for the price he gave for it, about £30. It takes a year or two years to bore a single hole, or cut the smallest portion of ornament in jade, and this bowl, with its cover, occupied three generations of one family of artists in the employment of the Mogul Emperors in its manufacture, and must have cost the Emperors Jehanghir, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzib, between them, not less than £6,000. It would at this moment fetch probably double that price in China or Japan. The weight, dimensions, and photographs of all the older pieces, of the Mogul period, of this collection of jade, should be carefully taken and recorded."

The above cutting from the *Times* of May 15th, may be read in connection with the interesting paper by the Rev. M. G. Watkins which appeared in No. 3 of the NOTE-BOOK. G.

CRAY-FISH: WIRING THEM IN NATAL.—As the "NOTE-BOOK" freely gives space for all matters relating to angling and natural history, I hope that a somewhat novel style of capture which circumstances caused me to adopt when

in Natal, may not prove unacceptable to your Readers. A few years since I was quartered at Durban, and was in the habit of wandering along the Coast with a Brother Officer, always hoping to find some indulgence for the strong piscatorial instincts which we had cultivated when in Old England. One of our favourite resorts was a Headland called "the Bluff," and here we found a large number of Cray-fish that had taken up their residence in the rocky-pools which were left by the receding tide. The sight was quite sufficient to excite our destructiveness, and casting about for tools with which to effect our object, we decided to unite those of the wire-loop and pole, so effective for "lifting pike," and the stick-hook and worm-plan, by which eels are sniggled out of old mill-walls, and weirs. From the end of a switch or supple stick, we suspended a loop of fine wire, and to a second stick, we fastened a short length of string with a hook, attaching to the latter a piece of Shell-fish, as the most tempting bait we could think of. The Cray-fish is by nature of careful habits, and his first idea is to provide himself with a residence from which he can survey the movements of the various creatures he means to prey upon. For this he has ready facilities at hand in the numerous crevices and crannies of the rocks. Our object was as stealthily as possible to induce the wary watcher to approach the delicious morsel which we displayed, and having succeeded in this, then to gently pass the pendant wire loop over his tail, when with a sudden jerk we cast him upon the bank. We were generally successful in this manœuvre, but it did sometimes happen that he became jealous of the ruse, when he at once commenced a retrograde motion, backing till he reached his hole, from which nothing could tempt him to emerge; clearly the Cray-fish is of a suspicious nature, and could he have seen the satisfaction with which a few hours later a dish of his friends was served at Mess, he would have found good grounds for caution. Our usual daily capture was about a dozen-and-a-half or two dozen.

SANDY.

LIZARDS.—The uncultivated land round here seems to swarm this dry spring with the common lizard and also the large bright green species; some of each I kept for some days in a glass bowl. My boys wishing to have some fish for a change, the lizards were taken some 40 yards from the lobby where they had been kept, and turned out. A few days after, two found their way under the door into the lobby again; there are no bushes, or grass enough, to hide them close to the door. Their return to where they had been confined seems curious to me.

T. J. M.

LIONS' LOVE OF ASS-FLESH--THEIR FAT MAKES MEN BRAVE.—Lady Barker mentions a recontre with some *trekkers* from the land of the Ama Swazi and the Thorn Country, in South Africa, and adds:—"Although camped in the very heart of the lion country, the hunter had neither seen, nor heard anything of his big game until this donkey chanced to be added to the stud, and then the lions came roaring round, half a dozen at a time. Lions can resist anything except ass-flesh, it appears, but it is so entirely their favourite delicacy that they forget their cunning, and become absolutely reckless in pursuit of it. . . . In spite of all legends to the contrary, a lion never attacks a man first, and this lion turned and moved away directly he saw the sportsman's levelled rifle. . . . I don't think I ever understood the *weight* of a lion until I was told it took two strong Kafirs to lift one of its ponderous fore-feet a few inches from the ground, and it was almost more than ten men could manage to drag it along the ground by ropes back to the tent. . . . The Kafirs prize the fat of the lion very highly. . . . I saw the crafty Kafir scooping out the tiniest bits of lion's fat in return for a shilling. One of my Kafirs asked leave to go down and buy some. . . . "Not for me, ma, for my *brudder*; make him brave, ma; able for plenty fight, ma."—"A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa." 1877, p. 301.) V. M.

PEREGRINE FALCONS AT SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.—A pair of these fine birds have taken up their abode in the tower of Salisbury Cathedral, and may now be seen constantly flying round the spire and perching on its pinnacles. Every precaution has been taken to preserve the birds from molestation and they will no doubt rear a brood during the season. O. P. C.

SUMMER MIGRANTS &c.—Chiff-Chaff, March 17th; Wheatear, March 23rd; Wryneck, April 3rd; Willow Warbler, April 15th; Swallow (*Hirundo rusticola*) April 15th; Yellow Wagtail, April 14th; Sand-Martin, (*Hirundo riparia*) April 16th; Nightingale, April 18th; Wood Warbler, April 22nd; Common Whitethroat, April 22nd; Land-rail (*Crex pratensis*) April 27th; Redstart, April 27th; Cuckoo, April 20th; Swift (*Cypselus apus*) May 4th. I heard a cuckoo and sky-lark in full song a few mornings since at 2. 35; it was almost dark. T. J. M.

Bournemouth.

[The sky-lark and cuckoo are well known nocturnal singers: the former all the summer night; the latter some time after darkness falls and just before day.—Ed.]

Folk-Lore.

THE FOLK-LORE OF THE OWL.

IN every part of the world the owl has been deemed a bird of ill-omen, though "why such an exquisite type of Creative Wisdom," observes Mr. Lord, ("The Naturalist in Vancouver," 1866)—"beautiful in plumage, retiring in habit, harmless and gentle, should inspire terror and aversion is a mystery."

Virgil makes it prebode the death of Dido:

"Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces."
Pliny (*Nat. Hist. lib. x. cap. 12*) says: "Bubo funebris et maximè abominatus, publicis precipuè auspiciis deserta incolit: nec tantum desolata, sed dira etiam et inaccessa: noctis monstrum, nec cantu aliquo vocalis, sed gemitu. Itaque in urbibus aut omnino in luce visus, dirum ostentum est."

So Shakespeare, in "Julius Cæsar," makes Casca, alluding to the events preceding Cæsar's death, say:

"And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noonday, upon the market place,
Hooting and shrieking."

Spenser speaks of:

"The ill-fac'd owle, death's dreadful messenger." In Reed's "Old Plays" (vi. p. 357) it is said that:—

"When screech-owls croak upon the chimney tops, .

It's certain then you of a corse shall hear."

A correspondent of the "Book of Days" (vol. ii. p. 732) informs us that two of these birds "of enormous size, premonish the noble family of Arundel of Wardour of approaching mortality. Whenever these two solemn spectres are seen perched on a battlement of the family mansion, it is only too well-known that one of its members will soon be summoned out of this world."

Pliny however continues (*l.c.*): "privatorum domibus insidentem plurimis scio non fuisse feralem." He adds that when Sex. Papellius Istrus and L. Pedanius were Consuls, an owl entered *cellam ipsam* of the Capitol and the city was consequently lustrated, *nonis Martiis* in the same year.

All the Indians without exception, observes Mr. Lord in the admirable book which we quoted above (vol. ii. p. 32), hold the little owl known to naturalists as the *Glaucidium gnoma* (Wagner) in terrible dread. "To see one in the day, or to hear its feeble cry, not unlike a stifled scream is a fatal omen to brave or squaw; the hearer or near relative is sure to die ere the end of the

moon. To kill one is an unpardonable heresy. I nearly got into very serious trouble for shooting a specimen of this little owl. An Indian deputation, headed by their Chief, waited on me, and protested against my risking theirs and my own inevitable destruction." The same writer remarks, without however giving his authority, that "In Egypt, in bygone years, if the Pacha presented a gentleman with a drawing or any representation of an owl, it was meant as a polite hint to the recipient of the gift, that if he did not dispose of his own life, the powers supreme would save him the trouble" (p. 33.)

It was a custom in some parts of England to hunt and kill owls on Christmas Day, and a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (3rd S. v. 71) quotes entries in the churchwarden's accounts of St. Mary's Church, Beverley, showing that in 1642 & 46 the sexton and others were paid for killing them. In the days of Apuleius (see the Third book of the "Golden Ass") the polished Greeks crucified them alive!

That the body of a bird so potent in life should be regarded as efficacious after death, is not surprising. In some parts of Yorkshire, Mr. Dyer tells us ("English Folk-lore" p. 154) "owl broth" is prescribed as a certain cure for hooping-cough; and Pliny (perhaps the first folk-loreist) has much to say of ancient Roman superstitions touching the poor owl's feet, and heart, and blood.

"But to returne againe," he says, in the quaint rendering of Philemon Holland, "to our receipts and medicines against serpents: the flesh of young Pigeons newly hatched, as also of Swallows, is very good: so are the feet of a Scriche Owle burnt together with the hearbe Plumbago (which some take for the wild Tayzell.) But before I write farther of this bird, I cannot overpasse the vanitie of magicians which herein appeareth most evidently: for over and besides many other monstrous lies which they have devised, they give it out, that if one doe lay the heart of a Scriche-Owie upon the left pap of a woman as she lieth asleepe, she will disclose and utter all the secrets of her heart: also whoever carie about them the same heart when they goe to fight, shall be more hardie, and performe their devóire the better against their enemies. They tell us moreover, I wot not what tales of their egges, considering that it is holden for an uncouth and straunge prodigie to have scene the bird it selfe? And what might he be that tried such conclusions and experiments, especially in the haire of his head? Furthermore, they affirme assuredly, that the blood of their young birds will curle and frizzle the same haire" (*lib. xxix. cap. 4.*)

The owl, says the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer in his "English Folk-Lore" (1878, p. 88), "according to various old legends, was originally of noble parentage," and Waterton, in his "Essays on Natural History" (1838, p. 8), quotes the following ballad:

"Once I was a monarch's daughter,
And sat on a lady's knee,
But am now a nightly rover,
Banished to the ivy tree.
Crying Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo,
Hoo, hoo, hoo, my feet are cold;
Pity me, for here you see me
Persecuted, poor and old."

Shakespeare alludes to another legend, making Ophelia ("Hamlet," act iv. 5), exclaim: "They say the owl was a baker's daughter;" and Douce gives this legend as follows:—"Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat: the mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for Him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size; the dough, however, immediately began to swell, and presently became a most enormous size, whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh?' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour to transform her into that bird for her wickedness."

These notes may be taken as supplementary to Brand, whose "Popular Antiquities" have not been used in preparing them.

BAGDAD.

THE OGRESS SQUIRREL—"One of the liveliest, prettiest, merriest, and to judge from appearances, the happiest little animals one meets with in North-western wilds," says Mr. J. K. Lord, in his "Naturalist in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia," (1866.) is the Storekeeper or Missouri Striped Squirrel (*Tamias quadrivittatus*) To the Indian it is known by a name that may be translated the "Ogress squirrel," which originated according to tradition in this way. A prominent character in all the Indian legends is a terrible old woman half-witch, half-ogress, armed with the teeth of a wolf and the claws of a grizzly bear, who wages unceasing war on the good and virtuous and doats on the flesh of children. This amiable old lady one day spied a "fat dainty young redskin, the son of a brave and good chief, playing by the side of a mountain burn, not far from the wigwam of his parents. With wily words of endearment, and holding out a basket filled with ripe berries and gaudy flowers; the witch-woman coaxed the

baby-savage within reach of her terrible claws : as she clutched it, the father and mother saw their loved one's peril, too late to rescue, to save, beyond all human power. There was but one chance, one last frail hope to cling to : falling on their knees, both prayed, and, in the agony of despair, besought the "Great Spirit" to use his power and save their child—give it back to them, or change it into any form, so that it escape the teeth and talons of the dreaded ogress. The prayer was heard, and the boy, assuming at once the form of a tiny squirrel, deftly slipped from out her grip, but not unscathed, the marks inflicted by four of her claws remain to this day on its back, as evidence of the story's truthfulness." The "medicine men," wear the skin of the "Store-keeper," as a potent and all-powerful charm, and the Indian boys for fear of ill-luck refrain from killing it.

A. E. S.

Fishing Sundries.

LIGULOSIS : A PARASITIC FISH DISEASE.—Dr. T. Spencer Cobbold, F.R.S., the President of the Quekett Microscopical Club, has recently examined a *Salmo ferox* found dead in the river Brathy, bearing signs of the fungus disease which has not hitherto appeared in the rivers running into Lake Windermere. The immediate cause of death was, however, the presence in the muscles of numerous cestode worms (*Ligula*), and Dr. Cobbold, in reporting the result of his investigation, (*Field* May 8th, 1880), remarks that death from this disease—ligulosis he calls it—must be regarded as exceptional. Some of the worms were in capsules, whilst others had been liberated, but all, whether encysted or free, were sexually immature examples of *Ligula digramma*. The researches of M. Duchamp have shown that the larval *Ligula* residing in the bodies of various fresh-water fishes are the young of the *Ligula monogramma* of water birds. Thus, by experiment, M. Duchamp succeeded in causing the larval forms which abound in the tench (*Tinca vulgaris*) to become sexually mature in the common duck. He says : "Cette évolution est extrêmement rapide : quatre jours suffisent pour que es œufs soient aptes à la reproduction."

Dr. Cobbold thinks that the present exceptional occurrence is to be accounted for in this way : the trout had eaten a dead water-bird, together with the *Ligula* it contained ; or "had swallowed part

of the strobile of a *Ligula* which had escaped a living bird *per vias naturales*. The ingestion of of the *Ligula* set free their contained ciliated ova. The six-hooked scolices in their interior migrated from the intestine into the flesh beneath the peritoneal membrane and there underwent the usual transformation."

This form of disease, as M. Duchamp has shown was the case with the tenches in the pond of La Bresse, is recognised as capable of affecting fishes fatally.

REMARKABLE ANGLING INCIDENT.—Mr. Clayhills Henderson, while fishing, May 17th, on Loch Leven, had his rod lying in the boat with his flies in the water, when a trout took the lure, and went off with rod and tackle. On the 18th, the same gentleman, rowing over the same ground, found his rod in the water with a trout of three-quarters of a pound attached to the line, and still alive.

Replies.

STODDART'S SONGS ; THE POETRY OF ANGLING (pp. 109. 130.)—With all deference to Mr. Bentley, and to Mr. Westwood, I venture to question the high commendation bestowed on the verses of Stoddart, and to quote the opinion of a recent critic, whose delightful article on "Trout and Trout-fishing," in the *Quarterly Review* for 1875. (vol. 139. pp. 361. seq.) must be known to most of your readers : "Mr. Stoddart's Angling verses are somewhat sentimental and too palpably artificial to adorn their subject. An Angling song is nothing, if it be not natural and simple. We prefer meeting him rod in hand on the banks of Tweed, rather than with the poetic *afflatus* strongly developed, seeing him toil up the steep of Helicon." "After all," the reviewer continues, "each fisherman must find out for himself the true poetry of Angling as he practises the art, and if he can fish much without finding secrets hitherto undreamt of in insect, flower, and bird, without imbibing, it may be unconsciously, a deeper reverence for the Author of nature and a wider love for his fellow-man, he is no worthy follower of Izaak Walton. Let him know as little of the literature of fly-fishing as Dr. Knox knew of the life-history of the *Salmonidae*, still, if he possesses the receptive, meditative, self-collected disposition of the scholarly angler, every fishing ramble is an excursion into Fairy-land. But we must not relapse into ecstasies inevitably called forth by the remembrance of the fishing days of the past : their cherished memories haunt the heart, as

the echoed cooing of the airy wood-pigeons (what sweeter epithet could Virgil have chosen than "*Aeria palumbus*"?) which we were then wont to hear by the streamlet's side; again in fancy falls upon the ear over the dim retrospect of departed summers:—

"Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ."
Pera.

THE EULACHON OR CANDLE-FISH (p.124).—These fish rarely come to the surface except in the night when they rise to sport in the moonlight. It is then that the dusky Indian fleet glides out, "the paddles stealthily plied by hands far too experienced to let a splash be heard. There is not a whisper, not a sound, but the measured rhythm of many paddlers, as the canoes are sent flying towards the fish." ("Naturalist in Vancouver Island" 1868, p. 90.) Mr. Lord describes the straight comb or rake, but makes no allusion to the form figured in Wood's "Nature's Teachings," and adds, "it is wonderful to see how rapidly an Indian will fill his canoe by this rude method of fishing. The dusky forms of the savages bend over the canoes, their brawny arms sweep their toothed sickles through the shoals, stroke follows stroke in swift succession, and steadily the canoes fill with their harvest of 'living silver.'" When filled the canoes are overturned on the beach and relaunched whilst moonlight continues. The squaws cure and dry the fish which are not gutted or cleaned in any way, but strung on long smooth sticks passed through the eyes and then hung in the thick cloud of wood smoke which fills the top of the sheds where the Indians live during the fishing season. "No salt is used by Indians in any of their systems of curing fish." When dry the fish is carefully packed in large frailts made of cedar-bark or rushes, and are rarely touched until the winter. The natives use them for lighting their lodges, with a piece of rush-pith or a strip from the inner bark of the cypress, drawn through them. When lighted they burn steadily until consumed. The fish not required for winter food are converted into oil. Heaps of partially decomposed fish are placed in large boxes with water and hot stones in alternate layers. The oil rises to the surface and is skimmed off. It is then stored in the hollow stalks of the great sea-wrack cut into lengths of about three feet. Some of these natural bottles hold three pints. Before steamers plied on the Columbia vast shoals of Eulachon used regularly to enter the river. But the Indian and the Candle-fish have now both disappeared, and the latter is seldom caught south of latitude 50 deg. N.

A. E. S.

EPITAPHS ON DOGS (pp. 11. 47).—The following is placed over the grave of Louis, a favourite dog buried under the walls of Berkeley Castle:

"No cold philosophy, nor cynic sneer,
Checks the unbidden and the honest tear.
What little difference, and how short the span,
Betwixt thy instinct and the mind of man!"
F.

Answers to Correspondents.

F. H. C. CONRAD HERESBACH.—Your friend is fortunate in possessing a copy of the "original edition of the translation," which has appeared in our recent numbers. The book is certainly more than "rare." It is difficult to estimate the value of old books; much depends too on the binding. If fifty guineas would be accepted, we should, however, be glad to acquire your friend's copy for our own hoard.

Mr. J. Barker will be glad if any reader can inform him where he can obtain a good list of provincial Angling Societies.

Rev. H. H. L. We shall be glad to examine the paper offered.

H. H. (will be considered); P. C. (declined with thanks); S. S. S.; J. E. P.; J. P. (received.)

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NORHAM CASTLE ON THE TWEED.

The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and subjects of Natural History.

"Fast bind, fast find."

No. II.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1880.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

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Concerning Fishing.

[From the Latin Tractate of Conrad Heresbach, entitled, *De Venatione, Aucupio atque Piscatione.*]

(Continued from page 152.)

The *Eele* is taken in baskettes baited with entrayles and such other meate. A quicker despatch is to take them with a speare, what time they lie sunk in the mud of the river. *Ælianus* witnesseth that in the river of *Po* they use to catch them with the entrayles of sheepe, of a length of three or four cubittes after this sort. The fisherman casteth into the water one end of the gutte, rolled together in coyles. The other end he holdeth in his hande thrusting up thereinto a reed, not above the length of two fingers. Then the *eele*, falling to to devour the baite, the fisherman bloweth into the reede and

maketh the gutte to swell in such sort, as that it sticketh in the *eele* his throat, so as he can neither breathe nor set his teeth free of the baite, and so he is choaked.

The *Murenus* is also taken in baskettes and sometimes in nettes.

And in like manner they also take the *Lamprey*, called in the old times *Mustelle*.

The *Mona*, also called *Surmullus*, of the English, *Surmullet*, likewyse delighteth in the small rivers, notwithstanding they take great store of them in the river of *Rheyn*. He is caught with nettes, hookes, and also with maunds, and sometimes, in the littel rivers, with the speare in the night-time.

The *Tench*, in Italian *Tinca*, is of some called *Merle*: others give him the name of *Grive*, others the name of *Colyphon*. He is taken with the angle, the nette, or the maunde, and chieflie in the spring-time, or in summer. He delighteth in ponds and marishes.

The *Prasinus* is also counted in the number of river fishes. He is likewyse called *Comprimus*. He may be caught all the yeare, but speciallie in autumn with the angle or the nette.

The *Barbel* is caught in the rivers of Germanie with the nette, the hooke or the maunde.

The *Thymallus*, or *Eschius*, in English *Grayling*, is a fish that there is to be made no reckoning of, seeing he hath but an ill juice. He is taken after the self-same manner as the *Mullet*. *Ælianus* writeth that there is a kind of them caught in *Tessin*, in the countrie of *Italie*, that is highly esteemed because of his sweet smelling savour.

The *Salmon* is a very well-known fish and of a very firm and fast flesh. He aboundeth in the rivers of *Germanie*, and he is taken with baskettes that are very great, fastened to long lines, made of rushes, and commonly when the water is low and the wind blowing softlie from the southward and that from the entering of the sun unto the summer, and hence he taketh his name of *Lassus*.

Some have taken the *Sturgeon* to be all one with the *Silurus*, and some call him the *River Dolphin*, but if you would know the playne truth, he is neither the one nor t'other. For *Aristotle* alloweth the *Silurus* to have teeth, which neither the *Sturgeon*, nor the *Dolphin* hath.

The *Sturgeon*, instead of a mouth, hath onlie a little opening that is round and that serveth him to the same purpose. He is the greatest of fresh-water fish. Sometimes he rovethe as far as the sea, sometimes, on the contrary side, he advanceth very high up the river. He is taken with the nette.

Amongst the *Mysiens* (it is reported) there is in use this ordering for taking of the *Silurus* in the *Danow*. They hang about the necks of two oxen yoked together, a strong hooke, baited with a peece of roasted flesh. Then, con-strayning the beastes to enter the river, and presently perceiving by the stirring of the rope, whereby they be held, that he hath hooked a fish, the fisherman hayleth the oxen and secureth the praie.

Plinie affirmeth that the *Silurus* is found in the *Rheyne*, as well as in the *Danow*, and that he is all one with the fish that the Germanes, in their language call *Linhuse*, albeit others do give him the name of *Marion*.

FINIS.

E. H. E.

INSOMNIA. No. II.

TO command sleep is the privilege of the few, and is a gift as enviable as it is rare. It would not be easy to calculate, but it would be still harder to over-estimate, the "pull," which this

power gives to a man above his fellows in the race of life. As a matter of fact almost all who have ever achieved reputation for prolonged endurance whether of mental or physical strain, or of both combined, have been endowed with this invaluable gift.

It were easy to cite instances innumerable in support of this assertion, but it would also be tedious, so let it pass. Now it so happens that we ourselves possess this faculty in no ordinary degree, and have consequently always considered ourselves destined for greatness. True the greatness has not yet come—perhaps because other still more necessary elements are wanting—but we live in hopes, confident in the proud possession of an almost unlimited capacity for going to sleep. It is in no spirit of vain-glorious boasting that we thus make known the grounds of our claim for glory. We have no desire, not the faintest, to exult over others less blest than we. Soberly and dispassionately we place on record our conviction, **that we are good at going to sleep.** In any place, under any circumstances, in any attitude, we can, when occasion serves, and, indeed, sometimes when it does not, "drop off" with a cheerful alacrity not to be excelled and hardly to be equalled.

This being so, and priding ourselves on an accomplishment which long years of diligent exercise, has brought well nigh to perfection, imagine our dismay not to say disgust, when but a few nights ago, we found our powers had departed! We laid our head at the wonted hour upon the accustomed pillow, but—sleep came not!

Now such is man's happy adaptability to circumstances that he can learn to endure almost anything. And so it may be that when a man suffers from sleeplessness, for long years, at last he learns to take it patiently. Not so however was it with us. We were more than *astonished* at the unusual phenomenon, we were *hurt*, our pride was touched, and we *could* not submit to fate without a struggle. It only required a determined effort of the will, we said hopefully: "We *will* go to sleep," but—we didn't. We turned the pillow until it was more than 'done,' on both sides. We flung off

the clothes, we tore them on again, we sprang out of bed (making ourselves thereby more wide awake than ever, for did we not kick our unprotected big toe, *the* one in which podagra is not regarded as altogether an alien, against the extreme corner of the brazen fender, and did we not have something vehement to say about fenders, ironmongers, the world at large, yea, even concerning our own offending eyes which would not go to sleep ?) We drank all the water in the ewer down, and threw all the windows up, only to bang them down again in impotent rage when three moths—premature but monstrous—“mad with joy came dashing down” upon our Child’s night-light, thereby instantaneously extinguishing it, and then proceeded to buzz and bump along the ceiling in a futile attempt to escape by the way of the attics. One audacious imp (Beelzebub—by the way is the “god of flies”) flew in our very face and sent us cowering back to bed in much perturbation, for it felt like personal contact with a ghost! Oh, the miseries of that night! Then we tried to repeat the Lady of the Lake, but lo! a new horror. Our power of concentration was gone! our mind went straying off and the poor Lady got mixed past disentanglement, with the ‘Conqueror worm,’ ‘Drink Puppy Drink,’ and portions of the Communion service. Every known dodge we tried and tried in vain. We counted till we could count no longer. We played a round at golf, on each of the links we knew, an infallible receipt say golfers, and though we honestly admit we never played so steadily and well in our lives, experiencing nothing of “foozle drives and putts not in,” and playing out of bunkers as easily and certainly as from the tee—still we were awake. We tried the Bishop’s A. E. I. O. U., and fully appreciated T. P. W’s,† difficulties with respect to the I. O. U! Ah! a happy thought: T. P. W’s receipt!!! ‘Tis well! ‘We are as good as asleep already,’ we gleefully exclaimed as we proceeded forthwith to put it into practice. So in imagination we betook ourselves to a well known stream, and set out on a gentle stroll sea-

wards—trying to recall the scenes thro’ which it follows its downward course. Confusion! We could recall *nothing* distinctly. All was misty, indistinct, unsatisfactory. A general idea was the best we could achieve unto. Have we then unexpectedly hit upon a want in our nature, we cried, aghast at the bare idea of such a possibility. Is a real love of nature not in us, or is it memory that fails us in our need? Neither, we find, for when we tried to conjure up other scenes we had not the slightest difficulty in producing plate after plate, of astonishing fidelity by the “instantaneous process.” Nay! when we permitted our mind to dwell upon the stream itself—a thing expressly forbidden by T. P. W. as too exciting—(and he is wholly right), we could picture its every feature in their every variety—every stone—every stump—each dark pool melting away into sparkling ripple—every bush where we had ever been hung up, every snag that had ever detained our “Angell” unawares, and “thrice we slew the slain.” Much and long did we ponder on this curious discrepancy in our idiosyncrasy for we would yield to none in our love of nature and the conclusion to which we came was, that though by care and culture we are a lover of nature yet are we a bloody-minded angler first. When we take the “limber gad” in hand, we mean business. Our business is with the stream and its inhabitants, on these our whole attention is rivetted and like the good little gleaner of our childhood “we never look up nor leave off from our work.” And so it comes to pass that though the *stream* is known and can be recalled to memory at any moment, with its environment we have but a sort of bowing acquaintance, enough perhaps to enable us to recognize the scene when met with again, but not to picture it vividly in the mind’s eye, like the face of a well loved friend.

Now in support of this theory which we adduce to account for a peculiarity we confess, but cannot altogether deplore, we would call attention to the following curious phenomenon. While endeavouring to carry out T. P. W’s instruction and failing grievously as above narrated, we were surprised to observe,

† Vide “Insomnia” ANGLER’S NOTE-BOOK March 31.

that while as a *whole* our recollection of the stream-side—as distinguished from the stream—was hazy and imperfect, there were nevertheless, certain spots on every stream we tried conclusions with—which stood out in wonderful relief. We could call to mind with most minute accuracy—every feature and item of the surroundings—the very wilding flowers that lent their charm to the scene—the very songsters that enlivened it with their minstrelsy, yea the very songs they sang. Here was a curious problem, and we nearly achieved our purpose and fell asleep before we accomplished its solution. When suddenly, as almost all really great discoveries come, it flashed upon our mind with the force of inspiration—that these oases in the indefinite wilderness, these rare *relievi* standing out from the general dimness, were the spots where we had *lunched*. Consecrated for ever by the pouring out of libations and the offering up of incense!!

That we may not be regarded as a mere Philistine—as one whose soul is not touched by the beauties of nature, and entranced with her infinite harmonies—let me try to recall just one of the many mind-pictures that faithful memory held up before us during those wakeful hours. It was a stream in the North cuntrye and the merry month of May was the time “a many years ago.” In the foreground a gravelly shallow, deepening gradually towards an earthy bank which, undermined by the never-ceasing wash of waters, affords ample harbourage for many a “lusty trout.” But they have no lust for food just now, and we, my companion and myself have. An inward monitor proclaims it the hour for luncheon—and the spot itself seems specially designed for it in the eternal fitness of things. A gently sloping bank clad with burdock, (and mark you! where burdock is, you catch good trouts) leads to the foot of a steep rocky bank, that is almost a precipice. Thorns and birch trees are dotted about; and primroses, and even a rath red-robin here and there in sheltered nooks, gladden the eye. The new fronds are pushing up out of the withered braken, and the young Jackdaws in *their nests above* are clamorous for food, while

Mavis and Merle make music in the coppice that fringes the summit. No sound but the voice of birds breaks the stillness, and the eternal Cheviots, green and grand, stand listening round. In a quiet corner a thin column of smoke ascends, and appetising odours are already diffusing themselves around. It is a trout of mark, wrapped in wetted folds of the *Daily Telegraph*—that lies a-cooking in the embers there. Overhead hangs a sombre cloud and already premonitory drops begin to fall. Hastily we betake ourselves to shelter. A small sort of cave or hollow in the bank presenting itself—we squeeze in and lighting the trusty cutty we abide in patience and in peace until the rain be over-past. Our companion contents himself with the somewhat meagre cover of a thorn-tree in the immediate vicinity of our subterranean retreat, and much we chuckled, as safe and unharmed, we listened to the anathemas—both loud and deep—which he hurled incessant, at the whole family of gnats, past, present, and to come—especially present. Nor were they unprovoked, for next morning his eyes were so utterly be-bunged he could not open them to wake! Now who should our companion on that occasion have been but the identical T. P. W. the writer of *Insomnia* No. I.!! It was just at this point, when we were making up our mind to smile a grim smile at the recollection, that we at last fell asleep.

BLACK GNAT.

ANGLO-SAXON FISH-NAMES, No. II.



LIST of fish-names is given in Wright's vocabularies, vol. i. p. 55, printed from one of the MSS. of Junius, in the Bodleian library. The MS. is only a late copy; the original MS. is lost. The forms are of the end of the tenth, or beginning of the eleventh century. I shall number the names, in order that I may more easily refer to them for the purpose of noticing some of the forms. The names in italics are Latin; those in roman type are Anglo-Saxon. Some of these mediæval Latin words are very

curious, and quite as hard to explain as the English ones. It frequently happens that neither the Latin nor the corresponding English name has ever been understood or explained.

19. * *Balena, vel cete, vel cetus, vel pistrix, hwæl.*

20. *Cetarius, hwæl-hunta.*

21. *Delphin, vel bocharius, vel simones, mere-swin.*

22. *Rombus, styria.*

23. *Lupus, vel scardo, bærs.*

24. *Gobio, blæge.*

25. *Murena, vel murina, vel lampreda, mere-næddra.*

26. *Murenula, tigde.*

27. *Mulus vel mugilis, heardra.*

28. *Platesia, facg.*

29. *Esocius, vel salmo, lex.*

30. *Sparus, thunor-bodu.*

31. *Lucius, hacod.*

32. *Tinca, sliw.*

33. *Tructa, truht.*

34. *Capito, myne, vel aelepute.*

35. *Tornus, forn.*

36. *Rocca, scylga.*

37. *Cancer, crabba.*

38. *Foca, seol.*

39. *Musculus, hran.*

40. *Polypus, loppestre.*

41. *Allec, vel jairus, vel taricius, vel sardina, hæring.*

42. *Pansor, floe.*

43. *Fannus, reohhe.*

44. *Sepia, cudele, vel wase-scite.*

45. *Conchæ, vel cochlæ, scille, vel sae-snæglas.*

46. *Murice, vel conchyllum, weluc.*

47. *Nassa, aewul, vel boga-net.*

I do not pretend to explain all these names, nor to say all that can be said. I merely offer a few brief notes on the more obvious points. It will be seen that several of the names mentioned in a former article recur here, and have been already, to some extent, discussed.

* These numbers are in continuation of those in a former article. The A.S. words are left unaccented, as in the MS.; the accent is, strictly speaking, of importance, and may make all the difference in etymology. In some cases it would be easy to supply it, but in others there is uncertainty.

19. A whale. 20. A whale-hunter; added as relating to the whale. 21. The same as 9. 22. The same A.S. word as in 10.

23. The A.S. *bærs* is the modern *barse*, or *bass*, or *brasse*. To whatever fishes the name be applied, the *word* remains the same; and it is clear that *bass* is an improper spelling. The word *bream* is closely related to it, being a mere extension of it.

24. The E. *gudgeon* is derived, through the French, from the accusative case of *gobio*. The A.S. *blæge* is now spelt *bleak*, *bleek*, or *blay*. If there be any difference between *bleak* and *blay*, it is the latter form which agrees with the A.S. name here given.

25. *Lampreda* is lamprey; but the A.S. name is *mere-nadder*, i.e. *sea-adder*, *sea-snake*; one of the very numerous forms which proves that the modern English *adder* has lost an initial *n*. It is not easy to pronounce a *nadder* differently from an *adder* in rapid speech.

27. *Mulus* is *mullus*, a mullet; *mugilis* is also supposed to mean the same fish. The literal sense of the A.S. word is *harder*, i.e. rather hard, toughish.

28. The same as 16; on which see the note.

29. The same as 8; *esocius* (formed from Lat. *esox*) explains *isicius*.

30. *Sparus* is explained as gilt-head or gilt-bream. In form it resembles the Middle-English *sperring*. But the A.S. name is very remarkable; it means 'thunder-boder,' i.e. precursor of thunder, and thus preserves to us a specimen of folk-lore.

31. The same as No. 2.

32. *Tinca* is our *tench*. The A.S. word would be spelt *slue* or *slew* in modern English.

33. *Truht* is merely an A.S. spelling of Lat. *tructa*, a trout.

34. The same as 3 and 4, which are completely confused; see note on 39 below.

35. *Tornus* is not in the usual Latin dictionaries. It is supposed that *forn* may be related to the G. *forelle*, a trout.

36. *Rocca* is probably a roach.

37. The same as 12. 38. *Foca* is for *phoca*; *seol* is a seal.

39. Probably the scribe may have missed his

place here, and inserted the gloss to the wrong word. *Musculus* is a *mussel*; see No. 13. But *hran* is a kind of whale or grampus.

40. The same as 18. 41. The same as 7; but remark the confusion of *sardine* with *herring*.

42. *Floc* is a fluke; as in No. 17.

43. *Reohhe* is the A.S. form of *roach*.

44. This is interesting. *Sepia* is the cuttle-fish; but A.S. name is *cudele*, shewing that the modern English name ought rather to be *cuddle* than *cuttle*. *Wase* is the old spelling of *ooze*, i.e. soft mud; and *scite* is 'a shooter;' so that *wase-scite* is 'ooze-shooter,' or darter of mud, a very significant name.

45. *Sae-snaeglas* are *sea-snails*.

46. *Weluc* is our modern *whelk*.

47. This is not a fish-name, but only relates to fishing. *Nassa*, in Latin, means a wicker basket for catching fish, and *boga-net*, modern English *bow-net*, aptly translates it.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

A FISHING SONG.

Tune, "The Boatie rows,"

OH! lucky be the Angler
And happy may he speed,
Kind Fortune choicest blessings show'r
Around the Angler's head.
The River flows—the River ro's,
The River flows indeed;
And happy be the lot of those
Who wish the Angler speed.

In Tweed ae day I coost my flee
To grup a trout or twain,
An' lash'd and thrash'd—and thrash'd and
lash'd

But trooties heuck'd I nane;
Then dowie was the Angler
And waefu' hung his head;
Fra morn till noon I'd swat and toil'd
As tho' t'were for my bread!

Wi' spinnin' menad next I sought
To cheat the gleg-ee'd prey,
For hours three I spun like mad,
An' still they said me Nay;

Mair dowie hung the Angler's head,
Mair trouble on his brow;
Now wae is me! I sighin', said
What mair can man do now?

The Burnie ro's, the Burnie flows,
The Burnie ro's indeed;
Prais'd be the Powers!—the Angler cries
For here I'll may-be speed;
The trooties rise—the trooties rise,
The trooties bite fu' free,
My gude auld creel that hing sae slack,
Hauds now its three times three!

What music in that rinnin' brook,
What music in those trees,
As waving gently fra' the steep,
Responsive to the breeze;
What pleasure in that shelter'd dell
Thro' which the burnie flows,
What rapture in the Angler's heart,
The Angler only knows!

And havin' trac'd the Burnie's course,
Out thro' the windin' glen,
In sport of purest joy the source,
I turn me back again;
The troots still rise—the troots still rise,
The troots still bite fu' fine,
My creel that late had three times three
Has now its nine times nine!

Then lucky be the Angler,
And joyous may he speed,
And Fortune all her blessings pour
Around the Angler's head;
The Burnie ro's, the Burnie flows,
The Burnie ro's indeed;
Thrice happy be the lot of those
Who wish the Angler speed.

T. P. W.

VIPER SWALLOWING HER YOUNG.

SOME time since a friend of mine
brought me a fine viper, (*Pelias*
Berus), which in his ramblings he
had come across and killed. It
was chiefly remarkable for its rotundity of

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stomach, so I placed it on the window sill for dissection in the morning, expecting to eviscerate some mice, or frogs, or small-birds, its usual prey. Judge my surprise at finding instead, six pretty little vipers, well developed and varying in length from four to six inches. It must be remembered that in the serpent tribe we do not usually find a distinct and definite sac for stomach, but a scarcely noticeable enlargement of the alimentary canal capable, however, of enormous dilatation. The ovaries and oviducts are very distinct from the alimentary tube, though they have a common outlet at the cloaca. I will not go further into the anatomy or physiology of the race, my only object being to illustrate and confirm a point in its history which I had doubted in the face of much good and strong testimony. The viper is, we know ovo-viviparous, the enveloping membrane inclosing the young being burst at the time of parturition. My publication of this interesting *find* in a local print drew much correspondence confirmatory of the fact that the viper and many others of its tribe do in time of danger or fright receive for safety their young into their stomachs. I might fill many pages with the evidence of field-naturalists, gamekeepers, woodmen, &c., who have witnessed this swallowing of the young by its parent.

Only a few days ago I happened on some wood-rangers at their meal, and two out of the three gave positive testimony to this curious but much disputed fact in natural history. My discovery sets the matter, to my mind, beyond all doubt. One witness described to me the scuttling off of the young ones to the open jaws of the mother.

Izaak Walton writes : "Concerning which take this observation, that the land-snake breeds and hatches her eggs, which become young snakes, in some old dung-hill, or a like hot place ; but the water-snake which is not venomous, and as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets does not hatch but breed her young alive, which she does not then forsake, but bides with them, and in case of danger will take them all into her mouth, and swim away from any apprehended danger, and

then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be past : these be accidents which we anglers sometimes see, and often talk of." ("Compleat Angler, Part I. chap. viii.)

Gilbert White, (Letter xvii.), says "several intelligent folk assure me that they have seen the viper open her mouth and admit her helpless young down her throat on sudden surprises, just as the female opossum does her brood into the pouch under her belly, upon the like emergencies." Again in Letter xxxi. he relates how "we surprised a large viper which seemed very heavy and bloated as it lay in the grass basking in the sun. When we came to cut it up we found that the abdomen was crowded with young, fifteen in number, the shortest of which measured seven inches, and were about the size of full-grown earth-worms. This little fry issued into the world with the true viper-spirit about them, showing great alertness as soon as disengaged from the belly of the dam."

I find in Jonathan Couch's Journals the following notes.

"Mr. John, a well-known and highly respected solicitor of Penzance informed me as a fact that three young adders were seen to take refuge in the mouth of the parent, that the animal was killed and they found in it alive. They hissed when they was taken out." 1844.

"I am informed of an adder which was found asleep, and which, when struck with a rod, yielded up nine young ones from her mouth." 1848.

A gentleman writes me thus : "I remember at my own place at Yorkshire I was helping to make some peat compost of dead leaves, ferns and soil for my Rhododendrons, (of which I have a splendid collection), and in turning over the dead leaves I saw a viper steal out. I made a blow at her with my spade and cut her in half, when to my astonishment several little ones ran about. They must have been born some time for they were a good size."

Another gentleman, Mr. Fortescue Arnett Graham, informs us that when in Canada he has seen the garter snake swallow its young.

Much proof on this subject is collected in that enjoyable book "The Romance of Natural

History" by Mr. Gosse; the pages of "The Field" are flooded with evidence in favour of its truth, and as there is no anatomical or physiological reason against its possibility, I think it should be received as a settled fact.

This habit of sheltering the young against danger has been observed in many foreign viviparous snakes, and even in our own common lizard.

While on this subject I may mention a circumstance which was related to me by a friend, no naturalist but a man of undoubted veracity. He was on a yachting cruise, and fishing, caught a dog-fish which from his description I take to have been the Rough-hound (*Squalus catulus*.) This he threw into a bucket and was much surprised a few minutes after, to find two fish, his capture and a smaller one. Oppian, in his *Halieutics*, mentions this as common with the Blue Shark, and our sailors and fishermen are not disposed to alter their belief in it, "by the doubts or disbelief of the scientific naturalists of the land and closet."

The ancients observed the same habit in many of the Ophidians. Sir Thomas Browne in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, (chap. xvi.), considers the old belief "that young vipers force their way through the bowels of their dam," and says that it was entertained "in the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, affirmed by Herodotus, Nicander, Pliny, Plutarch, Ælian, Jerome, Basil, Isidore, and seems countenanced by Aristotle and his scholar Theophrastus. All which is perverted in this eruptive generation; for the dam being destroyed the younglings are left to their own protection; which is not conceivable they can at all perform, and whereof they afford us a remarkable confirmance many days after birth: for the young ones, supposed to break through the belly of the dam, will, upon any fright for protection run into it, for then the old one receives them at her mouth, which way, the fright being past, they will return again; which is a peculiar way of refuge, and although it seems strange is avowed by frequent experience and undeniable testimony." T. Q. COUCH.

"EHEU! FUGACES...LABUNTUR ANNI."

The wind may howl adown the street,
The driving rain or frozen sleet
May chilly 'gainst my lattice beat,
I care not, I, but lounge the while
In cushioned chair and heedless pile
The ever-ready log and smile

On thee, Old Pipe!

Tried friend and true! in every clime
Morning or noon or evening time,
In Winter's depth or Summer's prime
To me the same. There's nought can
smooth

The wrinkled brow, nor sweetly soothe
The soul devoured by care's fell tooth
Like thee, Old Pipe!

And as I watch thy cloud upwhirl,
With wreath on wreath in many a curl,
I scorn not clown, nor envy earl
Nor sigh for wealth: for I can hail
In fancy thro' thy fragrant veil
Old friends whose loss I did bewail
Full sore, Old Pipe!

And memories come trooping back
Of olden times that were—good lack!
'Ere I was grey, 'ere thou wast black,
My trusty friend; of happy days
By babbling burn and bracken braes
'Mid rugged rocks and mountain ways
With thee, Old Pipe!

How happy we, when, rod in hand,
By Tweed or Tummel's pebbly strand,
We lured with gentle art to land
The speckly Trout. Ah me! I sigh
To think those days are all gone by,
Those far off days that seem so nigh
Thro' thee, Old Pipe!

Yes! those old times are past and gone
Of those old friends there is not one
Remaining now—all, all are flown
For aye—and age creeps on; I doubt
If e'er I'll land another trout,
My fire fast fails, is going out
Like thine, Old Pipe!

BLACK GNAT.

BIRDS IN THE PEAK DISTRICT.



ANY one who has read the life of Charles Kingsley, or his "Chalk Stream Studies" or "Water-babies," or almost anything that emanated from his pen, must have been struck with the charming way in which he combined the pleasures of a keen angler and true sportsman, with a study of practical natural history, and a close observation of the varied fauna and flora that he met with in his piscatorial rambles. I have often thought that if fishermen would do more in this way, they would not only add very much to their own enjoyment of a day by the water side, but add also to the store of general knowledge, by giving an account of their observations from time to time in some such journal as this.

Having been a fly-fisher now for thirty years or so, without professing to be anything of an ornithologist in its scientific sense, the notice of birds in the different localities in which I have fished, has always added very much to my pleasure, and filled up a blank which the most perfect of fly-fishers have occasionally to experience, if they have nothing to depend upon, but the pursuit of the gentle craft. There are always *hours*, if not days, when the fish will *not* rise, and it is useless to tempt them. How can you then, spend the time better, than quietly lighting your pipe or cigar, to sit on the bank, and study the animal life around you, until the fish will rise. There is also the ride, there and back, if the journey to the river is some distance, and you have to drive, as I usually have done. My drive has generally been a two hours' one, right over the Derbyshire moors in the very heart of the Peak district. One half at least of my pleasure on these long drives, has been watching the habits, and listening to the songs and call-notes, of the different birds, particularly of those migratory ones that only spend a portion of the year with us.

In this short paper I can only just enumerate a few of the principal ones that attract your attention in this district, leaving more detailed particulars for some future article, should I ever

write one.—When taking our first journey to the river, which for a great many years has been in the first week of April,—the road is almost a blank as regards birds, nothing being seen ~~but~~ a few of the ordinary sparrows, finches, robins and thrushes that pervade everywhere. But when we get to the second and third week, and especially to the first week of May, we notice a wondrous change in the bird life around us. Thousands of feathered visitants have arrived during these few weeks, and throng every copse and wood, and field and wall.

The first perhaps you will notice on the road-side, flitting from the wall, is the meadow-pipit, which is here very abundant, and his little song as he rises like a penny rocket in the air, to come down again directly, is as sweet as it is short. The ring-ouzel is also one of the earliest to arrive, and you see him hovering about amongst the large boulders that lie scattered over the moors, showing his snow white bosom as he turns his face towards you. His song also, is very short and feeble, although last year I heard one making a somewhat unusual effort to increase its volume, but I think the reason was, that a cuckoo singing in a larch tree beside him, stimulated him to exertion and roused his jealousy. You will also notice the wheat-ear occasionally though it is not very common, keeping pretty much to certain parts of the moorland district.

The whin-chat too is also pretty common, and you can almost fancy he is talking to you, instead of singing, as he perches on the stone wall by the road side. On summer evenings you will often hear the whirr-whirr-whirr of the night-jar; reminding you of the pleasant whirr of your salmon-line as it runs off the reel when a large salmon is hooked. As we get down into the valley by the river-side, the sweet plaintive notes of the willow-warbler, will strike you, at every turn. They literally swarm in this neighbourhood, and I often wonder if they abound as much in other parts of the country, as they do here. Can any reader of this journal inform me? I should say they are at least twenty to one of any other of our migratory warblers. The wood-wren is fairly numerous, but nothing like

the willow-wren. Also the grasshopper-warbler you hear now and then, but this not nearly so often as even the wood-wren. Strange to say, that although a bird-nester, man and boy, all my life, I never remember finding the nests of either of these last two named birds, although I have sought for them scores of times. The whirr of the latter bird is very much in character like that of the night-jar, although of course very much feebler; more like the grasshopper from which it is named. Sand-martins are also very numerous, and the banks by the river-side are literally honey-combed in some places with their nesting holes.

Ever and anon, too, you hear the sweet little song of the garden-warbler, and occasionally, but not often, (and then only when the river winds through some wood or plantation) the richer notes of the black-cap warbler—second only to the nightingale. The latter bird is never heard in the Peak district, although common about Worksop. The water-ouzel is also pretty common on the Derwent, and many a time, while quietly smoking my pipe in some snug retreat under the bank, have I watched his antics, as perched upon some big stone in the river, he would take repeated "headers" into the water all round, often staying a minute or two and appearing again several yards off. Query, does he walk on the bottom, as some assert, or simply dive? I could not myself make out. Sand-pipers abound also on the river, and their alarmed cries as you encroach on their nesting domain, often startle the fisherman who is not used to them. Of the other birds you will hear and see, that visit us during the summer, I can only briefly mention the red-start, tree-pipit; the wag-tail family—pied, grey and yellow, (the two latter in my opinion the most beautiful birds on the river); the cuckoo, fly-catcher, white-throat, swallow, martin and swift. We have also a few kingfishers, but not many. The keeper's boy told me one day, that as he lay on the bank, he watched one dive into the water and bring a trout out about six inches long, and then deliberately take him in his beak, by the tail, and dash his head against a stone, to *take the life out of him* before eating, (was he not

a sensible bird?) We have also a few herons visiting us occasionally and relieving us of a few trout, but I need hardly say our keepers by no means encourage such visits.

J. H.

Sheffield.

THE NOISES AND HEARING OF FISH.

DR. BROOKES, the *quondam* rector of Ashney in Northamptonshire, remarks in his "Art of Angling," (Ed. 1766, p. 225), that the Red Gurnard "makes an odd sort of a noise, which some fancy to be like the singing of a cuckoo, others like the grunting of a hog; others again affirm that when it is taken out of the water and touched, it erects its prickles and cries *Curre* very plainly; whence, in some parts of England, they go by the name of *Curres*." Many other fishes when captured grunt like a pig. Mr. Day ("Journal of the Linnean Society," March 30th, 1880), instances the Scad or Horse-Mackerel (*Caranx hippos*) and a Globe-fish (*Tetrodon*.) A Siluroid found in the Rio Parana, and called the Armado, is remarkable, according to Dr. Darwin, ("Nat. Journal," vol. vii.), for a harsh grating noise which it emits when caught by hook and line: this can be distinctly heard while it is still beneath the water. Another Siluroid, the Fiddler-fish (*Macrones vittatus*) which Mr. Day obtained in Mysore, became very irate when touched, "erecting its armed spines and emitting a sound resembling the buzzing of a bee."

The Maigre (*Sciæna aquila*) not only while being removed from the water but "when swimming in shoals, emits grunting or purring noises that may be heard from a depth of twenty fathoms. Herrings when the net has been drawn over them, have been observed to do the same."

In the river in which Brunei is situated in the Kingdom of Borneo proper, St. John remarks that he "most often heard the Singing or Humming fish, which sticks to the bottom of

the boat, and produces a sound somewhat like that of a jew's harp struck slowly, though sometimes it increases in loudness, so as to resemble the full sound or tones of an organ. My men have pointed me out a fish about four inches long as the author of the music. It is marked with alternate stripes of black and yellow across the back." ("Life in the Forests of the Far East," vol. ii. p. 276.) Pallegroix observes that in Siam the Dog's-tongue is a fish shaped like a Sole: it attaches itself to the bottom of boats and makes a sonorous noise, which is more musical when several are stuck to the same boat and act in concert. While on board the brig 'Ariel,' observes Adams, in the "Journal of the Samarang," then lying off the mouth of the river of Borneo, "I had the good fortune to hear that solemn aquatic concert of the far-famed Organ-fish or Drum-fish, a species of *Pogonias*. These singular fishes produce a loud monotonous singing sound, which rises and falls, and sometimes dies away, or assumes a very low drumming character, and the noise appeared to proceed mysteriously from the bottom of the vessel. This strange submarine chorus of fishes continued to amuse us for about a quarter of an hour, when the music, if so it may be called, suddenly ceased, probably on the dispersion of the band of performers."

That fish can hear sounds as well as make them, and possess organs sufficiently acute to distinguish one sound from another, was known to the ancient naturalists. Ælian tells us that the shad (*Clupea*) appears to take pleasure in the sounds of musical instruments; while should it thunder when they are ascending rivers, they quickly return to the sea. "Lacépède relates how some fish, which had been kept in the basin of the Tuileries, for upwards of a century, would come when called by their names." In many parts of Germany, trout, carp and tench were summoned to their food by the ringing of a bell; and by bells or musical sounds, fishes are called to be fed at many temples in India. Lieutenant Conolly ("Journ. As. So. Beng." vi. p. 820) saw numerous fishes coming to the ghaut at Sidhnath

to be fed when called. The fish in Burma, in the Irrawadi river, are "so tame that they come to the sides of the boat and even allow themselves to be handled," and they assemble when called by the Fakeers. By making a noise like chopping with a cleaver, Carew is said to have called his Grey mullet together, and Sir Joseph Banks collected his fish by the sound of a bell. A. C.

A SHARK STORY.



newspaper paragraph stating, on the authority of the "Fisherman's Magazine," that in the museum of the United Service Institution are "exhibited the jaws of a shark, wide open and enclosing a tin box," to which a singular history is attached, caused me this morning, to journey to Whitehall, for the purpose of satisfying a rather incredulous habit of mind. Admitted to the museum by the courtesy of the Secretary, I spent some time in examining the battle-fields, ships and weapons of warfare there deposited; but the shark's jaws were not visible. An inquiry of an attendant, however, resulted in the production of a bunch of keys and my introduction to a room usually closed, where, in a corner, hung the gaping jaws of a huge shark, with a small box or cupboard with a glass door underneath, through which could be seen a bundle of faded papers. A card suspended near, bore the following inscription:

"This shark was killed by Lieut. Tritton R.N. when commanding the Tender of H.M.S. 'Abergavenny,' off San Domingo, in August 1799. In its maw was discovered a bundle of papers, which papers on being recorded in the Vice-Admiralty Court, in Jamaica, led to the condemnation of the brig 'Nancy,' and cargo. This vessel had been a few days previously detained by Lieut. Whyllie, R. N. of the "Sparrow cutter," and sent to Jamaica for trial."

The "Nancy" was a slaver, and the bundle of papers had been thrown overboard during the chase. She would have escaped condemnation and perhaps obtained damages for illegal detention, had the papers not been thus fortunately recovered. The tin box must, however, be left out of future editions of this story.

JAS. JONES.

BARKER'S DELIGHT.



THE ART OF ANGLING. Wherein are discovered many rare secrets, very necessary to be known by all that delightin that Recreation. Written by Thomas Barker, an ancient Practitioner in the said art.

A brief notice of this predecessor of the venerated Izaak and a few extracts from the little book which he published in 1651, will not be without interest to you readers. Barker states in "The Epistle to the Reader" that he was born and educated at "Brac-meal in the libertie of Salop, being there a free man, and Burgesse of the same Citie;" and adds "if any Noble or Gentle Angler, of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse on any of these experiments; I live in Henry the Seventh's gifts, the next door to the Gate-house in Westminster, my name is Barker, where I will be ready to satisfie them." He speaks of the experience gathered "these fifty years," "having spent many pounds in the gaining thereof;" of "the losse of my time, with great expenses" and craves pardon "for not writing Scholler like." He was then old, and poor, after a life "with many crosses, as is now known to many."

The "many rare secrets" promised on the title-page are scarcely discernible to eyes surveying the past with the knowledge gathered up during the past two centuries. That there were secrets then first revealed, to Barker's readers in 1651, we may cheerfully assume, for Walton quotes his book and mentions the writer with approval.

Here is one: "Hee that angles with a line made with three haired links at the bottom, and more at the top, may kill fish; but he that angles with one hair shall kill five trouts to the others one; for the trout is very quick sighted, therefore the best way for night or day, is to keep out of the sight. You must angle alwaies with the poynt of your rod down the stream; for a fish hath not the quicknesse of sight so perfect up the stream, as opposite against him."

Here another: "Be sure you do not overload yourself with the length of your line: before you begin to angle make a tryall, having the winde in your back, to see what length you can cast your flie, that the flie light first into the water, and no longer; for if any of the line falleth into the water before the flie, it is better unthrown than thrown: be sure you be casting alwaies down the stream with winde behinde you and the sun before."

Our author tried trout fishing by night and pronounces it, "the surest Angling of all and killeth the greatest fish." "A Lord," he says,

"lately sent to me at sun going down to provide him a good dish of trouts against the next morning by six of the clock; I went to the door, to see how the wains of the air were like to prove, and returned answer, that I doubted not to be provided (God willing) at my time appointed." He went presently to the river and "it proved very dark," baited a large hook with two lob-worms, "the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark;" "angling with the lob-worms as I doe with the flie, at the top of the water," he had "good sport." When it grew lighter he tried a "white Palmer Flie," then a "red Palmer" and when it grew very light, a "black Palmer." He made up his dish of fish, put up his "tackles and was at my time appoynted for the service."

Barker recommends for trout bait, "the red-knotted worm," though "Brandlins are better;" also a "menon" which is "a pleasant sport, and killeth the greatest fish;" and the artificial and natural fly, giving directions for finding the one and making the others. He tells in a few lines how to take carp and perch; and pike by "trouling" and liggers, and with the "barehook" when they "goe a frogging up ditches."

But "the principall sport to take a pike," he says, "is to take a goose or gander, or duck: take one of the pike lines I have shewed you before; tie the line under the left wing, and over the right wing, about the bodie, as a man weareth his belt; turn the Goose off, into a Pond, where Pikes are; there is no doubt of sport, with great pleasure, betwixt the goose and the pike: It is the greatest sport and pleasure that a noble Gentleman in Shropshire doth give his friends entertainment with."

Though angling appears to have been more than a mere diversion with our author, his calling was probably that of a cook. "I have been admitted," he writes, "into the Kitchens to furnish men of most Nations, when they have been in England," and he gives many ways of dressing fish which he had himself practised. These "men of most Nations" were ambassadors for many of whom, "for forty years," he had "drest fish," and been "duly paid by the Lord Protector." (Edition 1657.)

In one place he tells of "waiting on my Lord, with a great dish of Trouts, who meeting with company, commanded me to turn Scullion and dresse a Dinner of the Trouts we had taken; whereupon I gave my Lord this bill of fare," which, at the risk of exhausting the patience of my readers, is too curious to be omitted.

"Trouts in broth, which is restorative: Trouts broyled, cut and filled with sweet herbs chopt: Trouts calvored hot with Antchovaes sauce; Trouts boyled; out of which kettle I make three Dishes; the one for a Soused Dish,

another for a Stew'd Dish, the third for a hot Dish; the Sauce is Butter, Vinegar, beaten Cinnamon, with the juice of a Lemmon, beaten very well together, that the Sauce is white and thick, or else it is no Sauce for a great mans Table: Trouts fried, which must be done, and not put into the Pan, untill the Suet boyl very high, and kept stirring all the time they are frying, being flowr'd fish. Trouts stew'd: Trouts close, boyled with the calvored Trouts, all in one Kettle and the same liquor: Trouts buttered with Eggs: Trouts roasted; Trouts baked: these are for the first course, before the Salt. And these are for the latter course. Trouts calvored cold; Trouts flat cold; baked Trouts; Trouts marilled, that will eat perfect and sweet three moneths in the heat of Summer: if I did say, for the whole yeare about, I would make it good."

A second edition, with considerable additions, appeared in 1657 with the title "Barker's Delight, on the whole Art of Angling."

Both editions were reprinted in 1820 for "I. H. Burn, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden."

A. C.

THE BITER BIT.—The "NOTE-BOOK" has contained many instances of birds of prey which in their endeavours to capture large fish have miscalculated their powers and perished in the attempt, being dragged under water and drowned, or rent asunder by their intended victims. But small fish also sometimes turn the tables on their devourers. The Miller's Thumb (*Cottus gobio*) frequently proves a fatal mouthful. Mr. Clutterbuck of Long Wittenham recently found a dead grebe in the Isis with one of these fish fast in its throat. The fish had been swallowed head foremost and the spine-like processes on the sides of the head, had enabled it to withstand the grebe's attempt to accomplish the act of deglutition. Mr. Buckland has recorded a previous case in an early number of *Land and Water*, and mentions his examination of several kingfishers destroyed by fish sticking in their throats.

The Editor of *Afield and Afloat* states (May 4th) that when returning from a ducking expedition down the Delaware, a gull was shot which was found to have "a cat-fish, about eight inches long firmly fastened in its throat, head first and partly decomposed." "The gull was very poor of flesh, being almost starved, and would ultimately have died of starvation."

There is also on record the case of a fisherman, who, annoyed at finding a Father-lasher (*Cottus scorpio*) among his shrimps, attempted to

bite off the head of the fish, which struggled down his throat and expanding its spines, became fixed in the larynx and suffocated him."

A similar fate would have befallen a duck which had dipped its bill into the shell of the Great Clam (*Lutraria maxima*) with the intention of devouring its owner, had—but the incident will be best told in the racy language of the old settler in British Columbia by whom it was noticed:

"You see, sir, as I was a-cruising down these flats about sun-up, the tide just at the nip, as it is now, I see a whole pile of shoveller-ducks snabbling in the mud, and busy as dog-fish in herring time. So I creeps down, and slap I let 'em have it. Six on 'em turned over, and off went the pack, gallows scared, and quacking like mad. Down I runs to pick up the dead uns, when I see an old mallard a-playing up all kinds o' antics, jumping, backing, flapping, but fast by the head, as if he had his nose in a steel trap; and when I comes up to him, blest if a large clam hadn't hold of him, hard and fast, by the beak. The old mallard might a' tried his darndest, but may I never bait a martin-trap again if that clam wouldn't a' held him agin any odds till the tide run in, and then he'd a' been a gone shoveller sure as shooting. So I cracked up the clam with the butt of my old gun, and bagged the mallard." (Lord's "Naturalist in British Columbia," 1866, i. 191.)

PERA.

TAME GULLS AND POULTRY.—I have in my garden a Gull, (commonly called the Sea Cob). I had occasion to take him out of my garden as he sucked the ducks' eggs in a pond hard by, and also would have feasted on the ducklings. I put him with the fowls; as soon as he was in the pen, two hens got him down and would have plucked him had I not been near. He afterwards had another narrow escape, but my servant rescued him. The fowls were Golden pencilled Hambro. I never saw such a gourmand, he eats dead rats, moles, and even kittens. I caught him sucking some call 'ducks' eggs today.

EAST ANGLIA.

May 21, 1880.

A pet Sea-gull was kept for some years in my father-in-law's garden whose habit of disgorging its prey when chased (p. 132) was quickly discovered by the children. A little boy having on one occasion missed one of a young brood of chickens assured his father that he would soon find it and proceeding to chase the gull, the latter after a run of some minutes disgorged the chicken, dead of course, but otherwise quite whole and uninjured.

J. Francis Foster.

Foxearth.

Folk-Lore.

SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING THE MOON.

TN Suffolk it is considered unlucky to kill a pig in the wane of the moon; if it is done, the pork will waste in boiling. Many persons will courtesy to the new moon on its first appearance, and turn the money in their pockets "for luck." It is not agreed what form of words is proper to be used on the occasion, but it is understood that there *is* a proper formula. It is also considered unlucky to see the new moon for the first time *through glass*. The origin of this idea, and of the following saying, is alike unknown, "A Saturday moon, if it comes once in seven years, comes once too soon:" but it means that if a new moon comes on a Saturday, the weather will be bad for the ensuing month. Some sayings anent the weather are, doubtless, founded on observation, as: "Rain before seven, fine before eleven."

Another saying is "there never was a Saturday without sunshine," which might be said of any other day of the week as truly.

Another weather-guide connected with the moon is that to see "the old moon in the arms of the new one" is a sign of fine weather; and so is the turning up of the horns of the new moon. In this position it is supposed to retain the water which is imagined to be in it and which would run out if the horns were turned down.

The shades of light often seen when the sun shines through clouds are believed to be pipes reaching into the sea, and the water is supposed to be drawn up through them into the clouds ready to be discharged in the shape of rain.

This superstition is an instance of the truth sometimes concealed in such popular sayings: for although the streaks of sunshine be no actual pipes, yet they *are* visible signs of the sun's action which, by evaporating the waters, provides a store of vapour to be converted into rain.

G.

FOLK-LORE OF THE OWL.—The following story illustrating the popular idea of the longevity of the Owl I have translated from a collection of Welsh traditions &c. entitled "Cymru Fu" (Wrexham, 1862), where it is ascribed to Thomas Williams, of Trefriw, a writer who flourished some two-hundred-and-fifty years ago. It is highly probable, however, that the materials are borrowed from "Ystori Cilhwh ac Olwen," in the old Welsh *Mabinogion*.

The Eagle of Gwernabwy having lost his mate, to whom he had been for a long time married,

and by whom he had several children, at last became tired of his widow-hood and resolved to marry the Owl of Cwmcaulyd. But lest he should have children by her, and so contaminate his species, he went beforehand to the antiquaries to enquire her age. He first went to the Stag of Rhedynfre whom he found lying alongside a decrepid old oak, and asked of him the Owl's age. The stag replied, "I have watched this oak spring up from the very acorn; you perceive it now absolutely decayed, bearing no leaf and having no bark; and yet there has been nothing in the world to destroy it beyond my rubbing against it every morning as I get up; within my recollection, the Owl of whom you enquire, never appeared nor older nor younger than she does to-day: but there is one that is older than me, and that is the Salmon of Glyn Llifon."

Away went the Eagle to the Salmon and questioned it, who replied, "I believe that I am a year old for every gem that is on my skin, and for every particle that is in my roe, but I never saw the Owl only as she is now? However, there is one that is older than me, and that is the Ousel of Cilgwri."

The Eagle went in search of the Ousel and found him sitting on a small stone, when he put the same question to him. Says the Ousel, "Do you see this stone I am sitting on? it is not larger than a man would be able to bear on the palm of his hand; I once saw it large enough to form a load for a hundred oxen! And yet there has been no wear upon it beyond my wiping my beak on it every night, and touching it with the tips of my wings as I ascend in the morning; but never in my long life have I seen the Owl nor older nor younger than she appears this very day. But there is one that is older than me, and that is, the Toad in the Fochno swamp; if he cannot tell her age, there is none in the world who can."

The Eagle found the Toad and put the same question to him, when he replied, "I never ate anything in my life but what I found in the earth, and I am satisfied with very little indeed; but do you see those two great hills at the extreme end of the swamp? I remember that spot a perfect plain, and yet those two hills have I made myself by what I cast out of my body, though I eat so little. For all that, that Owl, through the whole of my recollection, has been the same screeching old witch—frightening the little children with her horrid 'too—hoo—hoo as she is to-day.'

The Owl of Cwmcaulyd is therefore older than any of these creatures, and they are the oldest in the world. A result of his inquiries which the Eagle could not fail to deem satisfactory.

Jas. Jones.

"The Snowy Owl still laments the Golden

Age when men and animals lived in perfect amity until it came to pass that they began to quarrel, when the Great Spirit was disgusted and sailed across the seas to return when they made up their differences. So every night the Owl repeats to this day his "koo koo skoos!" "Oh, I am sorry!" "Oh, I am sorry!" ("Field and Forest Rambles" [in New Brunswick] by Leith Adams p. 58.) W.

"The keeper also destroys Owls—on suspicion. Now and then someone argues with the keeper, assuring him that they do not touch game, but this he regards as pure sentimentalism. 'Look at his beak,' is his steady reply, 'Tell me that there bill weren't made to tear a bird's breast to bits? Just see here—all crooked and pointed: why, an owl have got a hooked bill like an eagle. It stands to reason as he must be in mischief.' So the poor owls are shot and trapped, and nailed to the side of the shed." ("The Game-keeper at home," 1878, p. 157) T.

FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS: MANXMEN AND WRENS.—"Manks herring-fishers dare not go to sea without one of these birds [wrens] taken dead with them, for fear of disasters and storms. Their tradition is of a *sea spirit* that hunted the *herring-lack*, attended always by storms, and at last it assumed the figure of a wren and flew away. So they think when they have a dead wren with them, all is snug. The poor bird has a sad life of it in that singular island. When one is seen at any time, scores of Manksmen start and hunt it down." (Mac Taggart's "Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia," p. 157.) X.

Fishing Sundries.

THE SALMON DISEASE, THE GROUSE DISEASE, AND THE BALANCE OF NATURE.—Mr. Rutherford, of Jardineton, has communicated to the Dumfriesshire Natural History Society, a very valuable paper on the Salmon disease, which was read at the meeting of the Society on the 30th April. His microscopic investigations showed that while the roots of the fungus (*Saprolegnia ferax*) cannot be traced beyond the skin that covers the scales, yet the stratum of muscle immediately beneath the skin, was literally swarming with a species of bacteria. He came to the conclusion that a morbid condition is the disease and the fungus a sign of its existence and evidence of its progress. After the reading of the paper Mr. Robert Service, summarized the results clearly and admirably; and drew the practical conclusion, to be taken,

however, with some reservation, from the prevalence of this disease and from the periodical ravages which parasitic disease makes among the grouse, that by destroying the otter and the various raptorial birds, we had disturbed the balance of nature and permitted weakly parents to breed and perpetuate a still weaker progeny.

Mr. Service said: It seems to be a rule, almost without exception, that before a race of animals, or plants, is attacked by any epidemic of fungoid or other origin, they must have become predisposed to such attack by a weakened constitution or actual disease. Mr. Rutherford's discovery of bacteria in countless myriads in the flesh of salmon attacked by the fungus, at once takes us a step nearer the origin of the mysterious disease. The presence of bacteria at once accounts for the luxuriant growth of the *Saprolegnia* which has had such a fatal effect on the salmon. The spores of this fungus are always present, ready to germinate into active life when a proper nidus—such as the skin of a sickly or wounded fish—comes into contact with them. It is familiar to all who have kept small aquariums, but in much less virulent form, than that which has attacked the salmon. We have now to endeavour to ascertain what has so impaired the constitution of the salmon and other fish as to permit of animalculæ living in their flesh. An idea which has often occurred to me, and which may account for the prevalence of disease to a certain extent, I may explain as follows:—Take the case of the red grouse on our moors. The birds are protected by law for the greater part of the year, and their natural enemies, the various raptorial birds, are so assiduously hunted down as to have become in some cases practically extinct in this country; and the consequence of this destruction of their natural enemies has been, that all the weakly birds which in natural circumstances would have been picked off by the larger hawks, have remained to breed and perpetuate a still weaker progeny. In a race of birds thus weakened the parasite (*Strongylus pergracilis*) found everything to favour its propagation, and the grouse disease became an epidemic; and many proprietors recognising this are now protecting the peregrine falcons as strictly as they preserve the grouse. Something very similar has taken place with the salmon. The otter is the natural enemy of the salmon in the fresh waters, but they have been hunted, trapped, and shot, till not one remains, where formerly there were dozens. I know of four or five strongholds in Troqueer alone which are now tenantless. The otter, like the peregrine, takes the prey most easily captured, thus removing the weakly, the sick, and all those which, from whatever cause, would cause a degeneration of the breed. If there had

been otters in the district in the numbers in which they once were, those wretched looking salmon to be seen along the sides of the Nith would all have been dragged out and eaten by them. I am confident the disease would be checked if the otters, just for a change, were protected for a year or two. The course of the salmon disease and the grouse disease tells us in unmistakable language to beware of altering the balance of nature. Left to herself the great law of the "survival of the fittest" would always keep Nature's numerous family in a prosperous and healthy condition."

It may be observed, however, that the analogy between the salmon and the grouse is not quite perfect, for while the latter pairs and weakly birds are naturally compelled to mate together, the salmon is a gregarious animal, and as the male fish far outnumber the females, the stronger and more able male always begets the offspring.

It has not been explained, how it happens that the salmon disease is more prevalent at present than formerly. The assumption that it is of recent origin is without foundation. Conversing the other day with an intelligent person, named Hall, in the service of the Crown, whose father farmed fisheries on the Lune forty years ago, he informed me that diseased fish—fish with "white nightcaps,"—were then frequently taken in the nets. The Indians on the Pacific Coast of America appear to have always been familiar with the disease, which has existed in the rivers from time immemorial.

After the spawning season the Sacramento and other rivers are filled with diseased salmon, and it is supposed that ninety-nine hundredths, if not all, the fish in the upper tributaries, die immediately after their first spawning. S.

AN INDIAN FISH-LURE.—At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences Mr. Redding exhibited a specimen of an artificial fly used by the Indians of King's River, in California, for trout fishing. He said we had supposed that civilized people were the only ones familiar with this method of decoying the wary *Salmo fontinalis* but the Indians probably used it before it was invented among us. The hook is now made from pieces of old iron, but before the coming of the whites to this coast it was made from the tibia or shank of the deer. The fly, or more properly the caterpillar, is obtained from the "wart" of the deer. This "wart" is the same as that of the horse, a horny excrescence on the inside of the forelegs, just above the knee, but differing from that of the horse, which is bald, *in having long, fine hairs, growing upwards instead of down.* These hairs are attached to

the hook, and as it floats upon the water they are caused to open and shut in such a manner as to strongly resemble the wriggles of a caterpillar. Their manner of trouting is the same as ours. The string is made from the fibres of a nettle that grows throughout the State, and is much stronger and finer than any we use for the same purpose. With all the arts that our fishers resort to, the Indian is uniformly most successful in competition.

Answers to Correspondents.

F. M.—The 1659 edition of "Barker's Delight," is merely the 1657 [1656] edition with a new title-page.

X. X.—The announcement of a *Bibliotheca piscatoria* to be issued in July, 1822, was made on the cover of one of the publications of Mr. Burns of Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, who published several Angler's books about that date. We have never met with a copy. The book had evidently been some considerable time in preparation, for on the cover of a reprint of Barker's "Art of Angling," issued in 1820, now before us, we find the following notice:—

"Preparing for the Press and speedily will be published 'A Biographical List of all the books written either for the improvement in, or that are descriptive of the Art of Angling,' commencing with the Treatise attributed (though perhaps erroneously) to Juliana Barnes, or Berners, published in 1496, and continued to the last work which has appeared on the Subject, with notices of the various Editions and Peculiarities of each; with Brief Biographical Sketches of Authors and Editors; and copious extracts, comprising the most interesting portions of the rarest and most valuable works."

N.B.—As a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication, unless desired, we require the names and addresses of our correspondents. Communications will not be returned unless stamps accompany them.

All business communications should be addressed to "The Publisher;" and all matter for publication, to "The Editor of THE ANGLER'S NOTE-BOOK," at No. 12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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The Angler's Note-book and Naturalist's Record:

*A Repertory of fact, inquiry and discussion on Field-sports and
subjects of Natural History.*

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ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF ANGLING LITERATURE.

"THE SECRETS OF ANGLING, BY I. D."



SOME fifteen years ago, I contributed to 'Notes and Queries' and to the 'Fisherman's Magazine,' certain bibliographical data connected with the above rare and curious book.

Neither contribution was complete in itself, and the 'Fisherman's Magazine,' having, since then, vanished into the limbo of lost and forgotten things, I propose, on the present occasion, to collect, in a more exhaustive form, the results of my various researches, in the hope, thereby, of rendering the bibliography of the work and of its authorship somewhat less vague and nebulous than it has been hitherto.

The English poets of the Art of Angling perplex us neither with their multitude, nor their magnitude. To some three or four of them may be assigned a place—shall we say midway, by courtesy?—on the ledges of Parnassus; the rest are innocent of all altitudes whatsoever, except those of Grub-street garrets, or the stilts of an absurd vanity.

Foremost among the select few, by right of

seniority, and perhaps by poetic right as well, we have "I. D.," who in the cool dawn of the seventeenth century, and when the Elizabethan men were passing, one by one, into the shadow, "sang to the echo," (for he seems to have had no other audience in his own day and generation) these "Secrets of Angling," himself being destined to become a greater secret than any he revealed.

His publisher, "R. J." (Roger Jackson) states, in his dedication of the poem to Mr. John Harborne of Tackley, that the author "intended to have printed it in his life, but was prevented by death." Other motives of reticence, however, besides that final one, may have had their weight; some faintness of heart, for instance, and some wisdom of discretion. The epoch was a trying one for the minor muse. The Elizabethan bards, as I have said, were dying out, but the national air still vibrated to their divine singing—the national heart was still at fever-heat, with "Fairy Queens," and "Passionate Pilgrims," with "heavenly Unas," and heroic "Lucreces." It would scarcely have been strange, if a poet unknown to fame, had recoiled from bringing into competition with these and such as these, a simple song of bleak and bream. But whatever the real motive may have been, I. D. ended by closing his eyes on all the shows of this world, if not a "mute," at least an "inglorious" poet, and unconsolated, perchance, by the conviction that his modest rhymes would be brought into favour and acceptance, at a fitting time.

In 1613, appeared the first edition (12mo.), a pocket volume, with the following title : "The Secrets of Angling: Teaching the choicest Tooles, Baytes and Seasons, for the taking of any fish, in Pond or Riuer : practised and familiarly opened in three Books. By I. D. Esquier. Printed at London for Roger Jackson, and are to be sould at his shop neere Fleete Streete Conduit 1613."

In this title is an allegorical wood-cut, representing two men, one treading on a serpent, and with a sphere at the end of his angle, and over his rod a label with this inscription :

"Hold hooke and line
Then all is mine."

The other figure has a fish on his hook, and is labelled thus :

"Well fayre the pleasure
That brings such treasure."

At the back of the title is a copy of verses. "In due praise of his praise-worthy skill and worke," signed "Jo Daves," followed by the dedication we have before alluded to. In this the publisher says :

"Being loath to see a thing of such value lye hidden in obscuritee, whilst matters of no moment pester the stals of every stationer, I therefore make bould to publish it for the benefit and delight of all, trusting that I shall neither thereby disparage the author, nor dislike them. I need not, I thinke, appologize either the use of the subject, or, for that it is reduced to the nature of a poeme, for as touching the last, (in that it is in verse) some count it by so much the more delightful ; and I hold it every way as fit a subject for poetry as husbandry, and touching the first, if hunting and hawking have been thought worthy delights and arts to be instructed in, I make no doubt but this Art of Angling is much more worthy practise and approbation, for it is a sport every way as pleasant, lesse chargeable, more profitable, and nothing so much subject to choller or impatience as those are ; you shall finde it more briefly, pleasantly, and more exactly performed, than any of this kinde heretofore. Therefore I referre you to the *perusing thereof*, and myselfe to your good *opinion which I tender as that I hold most*

deare ; ever remaining at your gentle command, R. J."

It is difficult to fix with any certainty, the number of copies extant of this edition. There is one in the Bodleian—another was purchased by Mr. Toovey ("imprint cut off") at the dispersion of Mr. Prince's Collection (1858) and another, complete and uncut, has also passed through the hands of the same bookseller. There are besides several imperfect copies.

Of the 2nd Edition* there is, I believe, but one known copy. It is supposed to have appeared about 1620. It was edited by W. Lauson, and the title-page states that it is "augmented with many approved experiments." Lauson's additions to the work are an address "To the reader," and some notes and recipes. In the subsequent issues no important alteration, that I am aware of, was made either in the poem or the notes.

The 3rd Edition bore date 1630.† The 4th, 1652.‡ Several copies of the latter are extant. The woodcut here figures as a frontispiece and its place in the title is filled with the bookseller's mark, "The Hare and Sun."

The poem was reprinted *in extenso*, from the preceding edition, in Sir Egerton Brydges's "British Bibliographer," § and a hundred copies were struck off separately, with title and Index. It was also noticed with large citations in the same *bibliophile's* "Censura Literaria" || in an article which was appropriated by Daniel, in the supplement to his "Rural Sports," in 1813.

The fact of the second, third, and fourth editions being distinct, is proved (if any proof were wanting) by the variations both in the title and in the leaf containing the mystical recipe—"Wouldst thou take fish?" Thus in the second edition we are told—

"This excellent recipe you may buy ready

* "Printed at London for Roger Jackson and are to be sould—" the rest cut off.

† "Printed in 8vo. for John Jackson in the Strand, at the sign of the Parote, 1630."

‡ "London, printed by T. H., for John Harrison, and are to be sold by Francis Coles at his shop at Old Bayley, 1652.

§ 1812, Vol. II. p. 465.

|| 1809, Vol. X. p. 266.

and truly made at the signe of the Black Lyon an Apothecaries', in Paule's-Churchyard neare the Great South dore."

In the third, we are referred for the same to the "Signe of the Flying Horse an Apothecaries' in Carter Lane."

While the fourth informs us that "This excellent receipt, divers Anglers can tell where you may buy them."

Beloe, speaking of the edition of 1652, says, "Perhaps there does not exist in the circle of English literature a rarer book than this." He seems to have ignored the former editions—though how this could have been with Lauson's "Augmented" in the title page, is not clear.

Pickering, in his "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" (1836) also ignores the second and third editions, but rectifies the omission in some MS. addenda to his list, which were once in my possession.

That Mr. Bohn should have been guilty of the same short-coming in his recent reprint of Lowndes, is less excusable, as the fact had become patent to any diligent seeker.

In summing up the editions, we have omitted to include Mr. Arber's re-issue in his "English Garner" Vol. i. (1877).

The authorship of the "Secrets" remained a vexed question until a comparatively recent period (we believe about 1811). It was attributed by Walton to Jo. Davors, Esq., several verses of the poem being quoted, with variations that were not improvements, in his "Compleat Angler." Robert Howlett, in his preface to the "Angler's Sure Guide," (1706) assigns it to Dr. Donne, whom he styles "that great practitioner, master and patron of Angling," and he adds, "indeed, his seems to be the best foundation of all superstructures of this kind, and upon that basis chiefly have I raised mine."

To one or other of the six poets of the name of Davies, the poem has also been ascribed; but all these conflicting hypotheses were finally set aside by the discovery, in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, of the following entry:—

"1612, Feb. 28th.* Mr. Roger Jackson

† According to others. March 23rd.

entered for his copie under th'andes of Mr. Mason and Mr. Warden Hooper, a booke called the Secrets of Angling, teaching the choycest tooles, baites and seasons for the taking of any fish in pond or river, praktised and opened in three bookes, by John Dennys, Esquire. vjd."

Sir Harris Nicolas, who, in his edition of Walton's *Angler* (1836) begins by asserting (very gratuitously) that the poem, "though entered in the name of Dennys, is by John Davors," adds a subsequent note of recantation: "There are strong reasons," he says, "for believing that the 'Secrets of Angling,' was not written by John Davors, but by John Dennys Esq., who was lord of the Manor of Oldbury-sur-Montem, in the County of Gloucester, between 1572 and 1608. He was a younger son of Sir Walter Dennys, of Pucklechurch, in that county, by Agnes, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Davers or Danvers. It has been observed by Mr. James Williamson, that the author of the 'Secrets' speaks of the River Boyd as "washing the cliffs of Deington and Week." There is, in fact, a beautiful rivulet called Boyd, which is formed by four distinct streams, rising in the parishes of Codrington, Pucklechurch, Dyrham and Toghill, in the southern part of the County of Gloucester, between Bath and Bristol, which join in Wyke or Week Street, in the parish of Alston and Wyke, near a bridge of three large arches, and thence, by the name of Boyd, descends to Avon, at Kynsham Bridge, and which river passes through the village of Pucklechurch and thence flows on to Bitton. At Alston and Wyke there are many high cliffs or rocks, and in the north Aisle of the Ancient Church of Pucklechurch is the burial place of the family of Dennys. John Dennys was resident in that neighbourhood in the year 1572, and so continued till 1608 during which interval he was lord of the manor of Oldbury-sur-montem, and of other places in the county of Gloucester."

There seems great and serious cause to doubt the accuracy of Sir Harris Nicolas's hypothesis, as given in the above extract.

I was favoured, some time since, by the Rev.

H. N. Ellacombe, of Bitton, with a portion of the Dennys pedigree, showing six descents from the Sir Walter in question, and Mr. Ellacombe infers therefrom, and with great show of reason, that the real author of the poem was more probably Sir Walter's great-grandson, the John Dennys who was buried at Pucklechurch in 1609, four years, that is to say, previous to the publication of the volume.

The pedigree, as extracted, is as follows :

Sir Walter Dennys.	= Agnes, daughter and heir Robert Davers, or Danvers.
John Dennys of Puckle- church.	= Fortune, widow of Wm. Kemys, of New- port, and daughter of Thos. Norton of Bristol.
Hugh Dennys, died 1609.	= Katherine, daughter of Edw. Trye, of Hard- wick, co. of Gloucester; died 1583, at Puckle- church.
John Dennys, died 1609, buried at Puckle-church.	= Elianor, or Helena, daughter of Thos. Mil- let, co. Warwick.
Henry Dennys, son and heir.	=
John Dennys eldest son and heir, died 1638.	= Margaret, daughter of Sir George Speke, of Whitehackington, co. Somerset.
John Dennys owner of Bitton Farm, died 1660.	= Mary, daughter and co-heir of Nat. Still, of Hutton : died 1698 <i>annis plena</i> : buried at Pucklechurch.

No date, it will be perceived, is associated with Sir Walter Dennys, but on referring to a more detailed pedigree from the same source, I find that his eldest son, Sir William Dennys, "founded a guild in the year 1520." We may therefore reasonably assign his birth to the *latter part of the fifteenth century*, or to the *very beginning of the sixteenth*. These pre-

mises are borne out by the fact that John, his second brother (author of the 'Secrets,' according to Sir Harris Nicolas) left a son, Hugh Dennys, who died in 1559, and at no immature age, since he was married and had four offspring. If, therefore, Sir Harris Nicolas's assumption be correct, we must ascribe the poem to the early part, or at the latest to the middle of the sixteenth century, whereas its style and general character belong, assuredly, to a later period. Collateral evidence, on the side of Mr. Ellacombe's opinion, is to be found in the fact that R. J. (Roger Jackson) in his dedication, does not throw the poem far back, in a posthumous sense, but merely says :—

"This poem being sent unto me to be printed after the death of the author, who intended to have done it, in his life, but was prevented by death," &c. &c.

Had the 'Secrets' been in existence half a century, some allusion would surely have been made to the circumstance.

Mr. Carew Hazlitt, in his "Handbook to Early English Literature," cites the bibliography of the book under notice as being "very unsettled." I had hoped he would have contributed something to its settlement, but such is not the case. "There seem to have been four editions," he says, "the second and third undated." I have shown that the unique copy of the second is, in all probability, undated, only through the misdoing of the binder's knife, and that of the third a copy is extant *with* the date. In Mr. Hazlitt's description of the Bodleian Copy of the first edition, he appears to have been guided by Bohn's Lowndes, for he adopts (as I did myself, in the first instance, from want of evidence) one of the blunders of that authority. The copy in question is *not* Milner's copy, which is thus described in his sale-catalogue :—"Denny's *Secrets of Angling*, a Poem, augmented with many approved Experiments by Lauson, *frontispiece, date cut off*." This was evidently, therefore, a mutilated copy of the edition of 1652, in which alone the woodcut figures as a frontispiece. The Bodleian copy, on the contrary, is complete ; has no mention of Lauson on the title-page and bears the

imprint of 1613. It must have found its way into the library at an earlier date, for two compilers of Angling-book lists, (in MS.) Mr. White of Crickhowell (in 1806-7) and Mr. Appleby (in 1820) refer to it. The former states that it was entered under the name of John Davies, of Kidwelly.

In further corroboration of Mr. Ellacombe's view, I must add that it is adopted by Mr. Tomkins, a descendant of the Dennises of Pucklechurch. (See *Notes and Queries*, 4th. Series, Aug. 28th, 1869.)

The only contemporary recognition of I. D., that I am acquainted with, is in the "Pleasures of Princes, or good Men's Recreations, containing a discourse of the General Art of Fishing with the Angle, or otherwise, and of all the hidden Secrets belonging thereunto. Together with the Choyce, Ordering, Breeding, and Dyeting of the Fighting Cock,"—the latter being added, peradventure, for increase of princeliness. This scarce tract is commonly considered to be the transmigration of the "Secrets" into prose. It appeared, in separate shape (sm. 4to.) in 1614, 1615, and 1635, and was also incorporated with Markham's "Country Contentments," in 1615 and afterwards. In the latter form it is entitled: "The whole Art of Angling; as it was written in a small Treatise in Rime, and now, for the better understanding of the Reader, put into Prose and adorned and enlarged." The transmuting process (for there can be little doubt of the correctness of the general surmise) was effected by no unskilful hand, and without too much sacrifice of the precious metal of the original. Sir Philip Sidney's ordeal has, indeed, seldom been undergone, with so little deterioration. The quaint character of the poem is preserved in the prose version and the passages added (especially the introduction) have a striking merit of their own.

It is proof of the vitality of Dennys' verse, that it retains its strength, sweetness and savour in its more sober form. Those curious in parallels may compare "The Qualities of an Angler," in the third book of the poem, with chapter 2. (its corresponding passage) of the "Pleasures of Princes."

It is not needful that I should enter on a critical appreciation of this little poem, the finest passages of which are well known and highly esteemed. Thus much, however, may be said, that, so replete is it, in its higher moods, with subtlety of rhythm, sweetness of expression, and elevation of thought and feeling, that even from the angling point of view, we cannot but consider it a notable piece of condescension, and marvel at the devotion of so much real poetic genius to a theme so humble. With the exception of the 'Compleat Angler,' no higher compliment than this poem has been paid to the sport. Subsequent rhymers, indeed, have achieved analogous feats, but from other heights, or rather from other depths—witness the "Innocent Epicure," a polished piece of artificiality, and often grotesque, by force of polish; and "The Anglers, Eight Dialogues in Verse" by Scott of Ipswich, in which the technical and humorous are dexterously enough interwoven; but such trifling in verse, as these and other poems of their kind display, is not to be confounded for an instant with the art and heart-work of John Dennys, (the Angler's "Glorious John") who could not have been more in earnest, had he sung of men and angels; who drapes himself in his singing robes on the very threshold of his theme, as by an assured vocation, and only doffs them with his ultimate line:—

"And now we are arrived at the last,

In wished harbour where we meane to rest;

And make an end of this our journey past;

Here then in quiet roade I think it best

We strike our sailes and stedfast Anchor cast,

For now the sunne low setteth in the west."

And "in quiet roade," in the grey old aisle of Pucklechurch, the poet sleeps his sleep. Will no one, for the sake of him, strike a blow, in good Angling and poetic duty, at the manufacturing misdoing that has defiled the pretty stream he loved and sung—his Boyd, that with "crooked winding way," past cliff and meadow,

"Its mother Avon runneth soft to seek."

T. WESTWOOD.

Brussels.

"THE FISHING SEASON."

What fishers find to make them fish—in fishing where the fun,
I never yet could understand—nor shall till life be done ;
Success uncertain—trouble sure—"uncertain"—did I say ?
'Tis certain-sure the day we fish is Disappointment's day !

I fain would ask of those who know—the number must be few—
Where buy a fishing-rod prepared to do its duty due ?
I hear of shops where "flies" they sell—I buy them and am sold—
'Twas thus in days of youth 'tis much the same when now I'm old !

The gut oft brittle, crinkly, flat, fluff-feathered, tying slack,
I grumble—always do—but no ! they will not take them back ;
O ye who enter tackle-shops, take this advice conclusive,
Buy not the flies that meet your eyes, if pretty yet delusive.

The poets sing of early Spring the multifarious charms,
Their strains my prejudice dispel, their praise my spleen disarms,
To-day is March—the first of March—I've try'd Drake, Gnat, Dun—
The only victim, I myself—Hah ! echo says—'done brown !' [Brown

Icy the water, cutting wind, a hailstorm every hour,
One only fish the live-long day at my March-brown might glower ;
I felt the fish was fairly mine—but while I paus'd to strike,
That wretched little starveling trout was taken by a pike !

Poor little fish ! kind friendly fish ! thy fate I much deplore,
Better have supp'd with me at nine than dined with him at four ;
I'm almost sure—but will not swear—I caught another's eye,
I saw I think a something wink—perhaps it was the fly !

But anglers nevermore complain—they take things as they come—
And tho' in early March, at times, one thinks of fire at home,
One perseveres ; some thousand times I threw a long M.B.[March-brown
Yet here again, for all my pain, my creel is home M.T !

But April now, when, all allow, there's hope of better weather,
When lads and lasses flower'ts seek, a lad and lass together.
The lark on wing and thrush shall sing, the blackthorn blossom white,
I streamward hie—what's this ? oh ! my !—the pools are frozen quite !

May Day ! so May-flies should be forth with every sunny gleam,
To dance delighted in the breeze, or sail a-down the stream ;
I peer on bush, on bank, on rush, I peep 'neath every stone,
I've lost the month in seeking flies, yet not a fly hath flown.

But June—fair June—brings all in tune, sweet June shall make amends
Juno the happy month controls, sunshine and shower sends ;
I hasten twenty ways at once—then lay me down and weep—
In dale and vale the same sad tale—"go home ! they're washing sheep!"

In bright July the sun is high, the water more than low—
 'Thunder about,' no chance of trout unless the worm you throw;
 I seek a well-proportioned worm—a lovely lob I find—
 Eight inches when his work began and twelve ere he—resign'd.

Too small ! too small ! in vain was all ! I saw them speed away,
 As deeming such a modest worm too puny for a prey ;
 Oh ! had I now a spade at hand ! I then might dig and find
 A fourteen incher, *he* would soon induce a change of mind !

Friends bade me seek a happy week at happy Coquet-side,
 Where trouts abound, and jump around, and every stream untried ;
 I'm here, in pride, on Coquet-side than rods no pea-sticks closer,
 The Gentleman is here, the cad, the Clergyman and grocer.

August remains, but now I'm ill, disgust and spleen have done it,
 And so my Fishing Season ends—I wish I'd ne'er begun it !
 The moral that my verse conveys "dismiss all flattering unction,
 Nor ever think or dream of joy and fishing in conjunction."

T. P. W.

AN OLD ANGLING-BOOKSELLER.—Mr. W. Miller now of 6, Stanley-road, Kingsland, who for upwards of fifty years has been a dealer almost exclusively in books on Angling, claims a brief record in the NOTE-BOOK. The old gentleman was 81 last month, and speaks doubtfully of the appearance of the next number of his curious catalogue, usually issued in the beginning of the year. Though now in feeble health he continues his long daily rounds among the dealers in old books from whom he largely replenishes his stock, and who know him as a certain buyer of all angling books that come into their hands. Many days he may return home without any increase to his treasures. He has like the angler, "blank days," compensated, now and again, by others, when his 'takes' are many and weighty and in fine condition. His customers are in all parts of the world, and perhaps the best of them in America, where choice books find a better market than at home. English collectors for instance, would content themselves with an ordinary "Henderson," while an American would think his collection incomplete without that most superb of all angling books, a "large paper copy." The Rev. J. F. Manley remarks in his "Fish and Fishing," 1877, (p. 69.) that Mr. Miller is "not only a Biblioplist, but a Bibliophilist, and an Angler of the old school, who can show many a record of his deeds of other days. I shall always entertain most pleasant reminiscences of a visit I recently paid

him, and of the couple of hours I spent in his little room, lined on all four sides from floor to ceiling, with the "Literature of Fishing" and piscatorial curiosities."

Should any reader of the NOTE-BOOK think this note an advertisement of the old worthy—he is welcome.

APER.

PERIWINKLE AND PINNYWINKLE (p. 156).—In Professor Skeat's article on "Anglo-Saxon Fish Names" in No. 10 of the NOTE-BOOK, he remarks that "the Anglo-Saxon name [pinewincla] ought to have become pinnywinkle in Modern English but has become periwinkle by confusion in sound with a certain flower." This statement is of great interest to me for I have often observed that the fishermen of New England, particularly those of Cape Cod, most of whom can trace a pure lineage from ancestors who removed from England prior to the year 1680 or 1700, invariably pronounce the word as if spelled *pinnywinkle*. The "pennywinkle" of our coast is usually our largest gastropod mollusk, *Busycon caricum*, or the allied species *B. canaliculatum*, though the name is sometimes applied to other shells. G. BROWN GOODE.

Internationale Fischeri-Ausstellung in Berlin.

[Although the word has become periwinkle among the educated classes, pennywinkle is in common use and probably half the inhabitants of London know the mollusc by no other name—often pronounced pinnywinkle—unless it be the abbreviation "winkle."—ED.]

CAT NURSING SQUIRRELS.—A few days ago an innkeeper of Meriden, found in the adjoining woods a nest of three young squirrels, which he brought home and very cruelly gave to his cat for food. Some hours afterwards, however, he was surprised to find that the cat which had recently been deprived of all her own kittens save one, had not eaten the squirrels, but was suckling them. They have since remained in her motherly charge and form with the kitten a Happy Family.

F. J. Phillips.

Whitmore Park, Coventry.

"BARKER'S DELIGHT" (p. 178)—You have missed one of the "gems" of this eccentric old fellow. It is contained in his second edition (1657 and 59), and will make your readers "merrily smile," if you can find room for it.

"A ten-feet rod with a ring of wire,
A Winder and barrel, will help thy desire,
In Killing a Pike : but the forked Stick,
With a slit and a bladder ; and that other
fine trick ;
Which our Artists call Snap ; with a goose
or a duck ;
Will Kill two for one, if you have any luck.
The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
With a bladder and goose the fish to beguile.
When the Pike suns himself and a frogging
doth go,
The two-inched hook is better I know,
Than the ord'nary Snaring : but still I must
cry,
When the Pike is at home, mind the
Cookery!"

H. W. BENTLEY.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. H., T. P. W., J. H., and others. One principal reason for suspending our labours for a brief period is to escape the objection to an interminable series of volumes, necessarily incomplete should one be wanting, which is not unreasonably entertained by many book-buyers. When cutting off this series of the *NOTE-BOOK*, from all connection with any subsequent issue, we therefore feel that we have produced a book complete in itself and removed a formidable obstacle to the advent of new subscribers, while enabling old ones to retire without any sense of loss. Not even a numerical ligature will exist between the series ; this will be the "Green," the next the "Blue" or the "Grey." With your approval of our past exertions we are highly gratified, and we hope to continue to

receive your contributions and to hold them in readiness for our next volume.

XX. The *Bibliotheca piscatoria* announced by Burns in 1820-2 was that mentioned by Mr. Westwood in our present number as compiled by the Rev. Mr. Appleby. The MS. was formerly in the possession of Mr. Westwood, who says that the list was "bald and barren, and signally incomplete." The non-publication probably arose from the want of subscribers.

H. Our object being to provide a book as readily available for familiar and fireside reference fifty years hence as to-day, this would be totally defeated by any considerable increase in the size of our volume. Your children's children will now be able to see, that, though no maker of books, you were a pleasant writer and an acute observer of nature. In the pages of a weekly paper your article would have been as safely buried, when the next number appeared, as though it had never been written.

J. S. H. **"LANDING A TROUT."**—If Dr. de Graft's enthusiasm seems overstrained and sentimental to our habitually chastened feelings and restrained temperament, it is well to remember that he is an American. Everything is on gigantic scale in the New World, and traces of Nature's immensity colours all American thoughts and literature. If you cannot accept the article seriously, however, it is open to you to consider the Doctor as "poking fun" at English angling writers, though he does not condescend to imitate their style, and to regard the account of the capture of this 21 ounce trout as a fine instance of "much ado about nothing," and so highly amusing as to excite roars of innocent laughter in its readers.

"HEY FOR THE COQUET!"—We inadvertently omitted to acknowledge (p. 138), and the occasion is the only one with which we can reproach ourselves, that this charming song is reprinted from "The Quest of the Sancgreall," London, 1868.

THE BIBLIOTHECA PISCATORIA, upon the new edition of which Mr. Westwood is now busily engaged, is nearly ready for the press, but the author will still be glad to receive particulars of privately printed and provincial books.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS are specimens of the fine woodcuts inserted in the text of Mr. Henderson's "My Life as an Angler," of which the proprietors have kindly permitted the use.

END OF THE "GREEN SERIES."

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